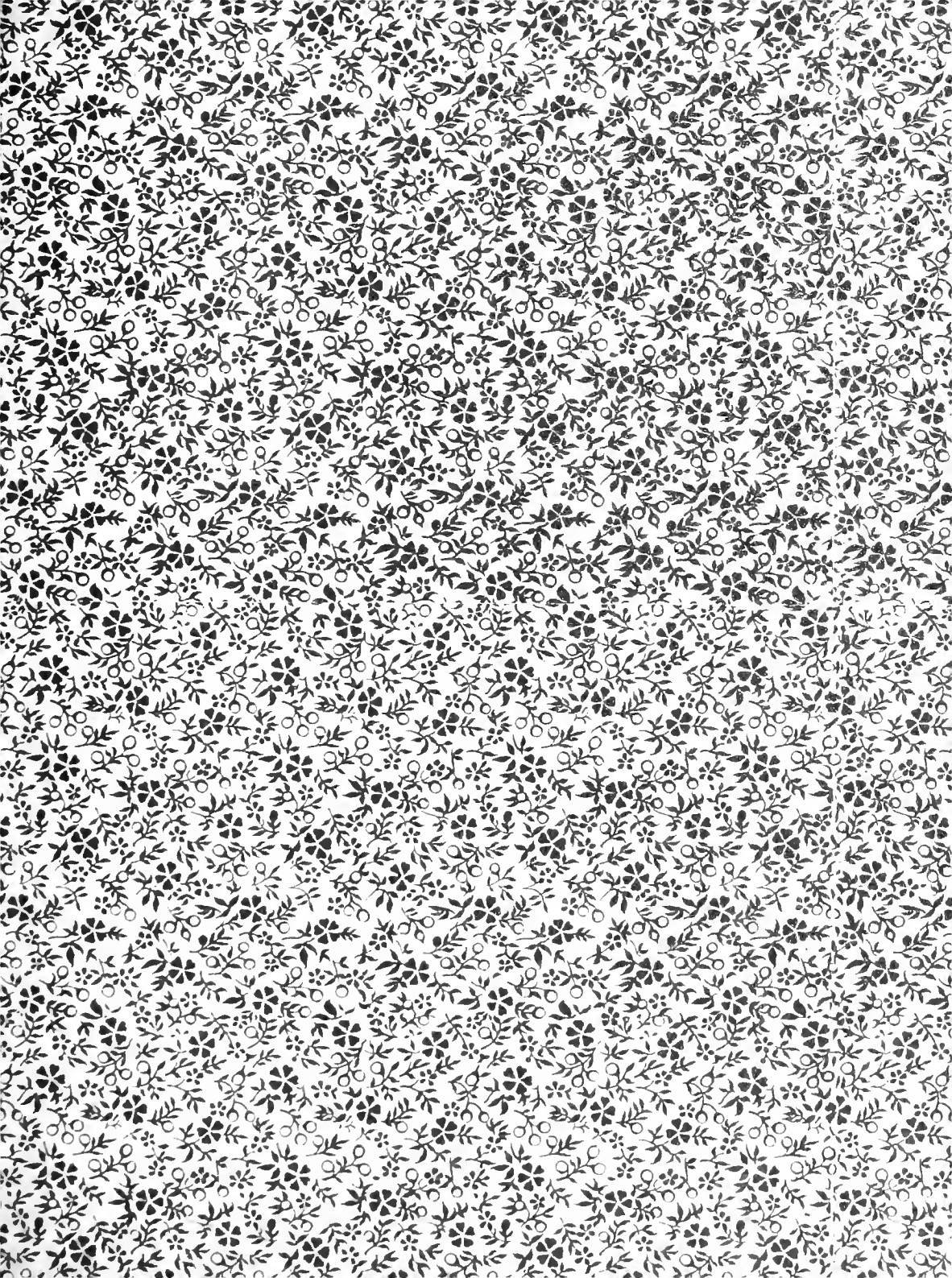


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November, 1907

# Tipyn o' Bob

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## *THE ORDINATION OF DAVID LANE.*

The walk from the seminary to Weston street was long and rather disagreeable, but for once David Lane forbore to phrase his usual distaste for the dirty streets and the ugly, old, unpainted houses, that seemed doubly hideous in the light of their past splendor. Once, when East Hill had been the fashionable district of the town, they had been separated by pretty, box-hedged gardens, but now the open places were filled in with squalid, little one-story shops or stables, and the houses themselves, shutterless and dismantled, had become either tenements or places of petty business. The scene was wont to grate on David's nerves as he came back, tired from his long day of study, but this evening he hurried on heedless of its sordidness, engrossed in the excitement of his own thoughts. Pauline must be at the house already, and in a few minutes he would see her again after the many years of



separation. It was not, however—he realized it with a certain sadness—any strong fraternal affection that quickened his footsteps, merely a feeling of mingled excitement and curiosity. For his acquaintance with his sister had practically closed with her marriage, twelve years before, when he had been only thirteen, and, though he had seen her once, four years later, after what the family termed, if they alluded to it at all, her “misfortune,” it had, naturally, not been a time auspicious to the renewal of their friendship. He recalled these few days now as a sort of vague nightmare, the tenseness of the atmosphere in the house, his mother’s attitude of silent tolerance, which, under the spur of his sister’s presence, he had, at the time, dimly resented, and, finally, Pauline’s total reserve on the subject of her divorce. Since then, however, in the busy years of study that had followed, she had dropped out of his life almost as completely as the memory of his father. Her infrequent letters were of a brief literalness that afforded little matter for conversation, and, except at the arrival of these, her name was seldom mentioned in the family. It had, therefore, been somewhat of a surprise to him when, a fortnight ago, his mother had suggested their asking Pauline to spend a week with them at the time of his ordination.

“We have been a little severe, Davie, perhaps,” she had said, putting her arms about his neck. “I am so happy in my dear boy’s success that I feel I should be a little generous with it to others.”

“Mother,” he had answered seriously, “you set a great deal of store on my taking orders because, of course, you have worked as hard towards it, if not harder, than I. But Pauline neither knows nor is interested, perhaps—”

“Yes she is, and she will come,” his mother had replied quickly.

“She will not refuse if you ask her. I am glad you are going to.”

They had said no more about it and the invitation had been accepted. It had all, of course, been so perfectly natural that he had since found himself often wondering why they had not done it before. Now, as he neared the house, so obviously in need of paint and repairs, he laughed a little at his own excitement. His life had been such a monotonous thing these last years, with its regular trip to the seminary in the morning, its regular return at night, its evenings of study, its few pleasures, its many petty duties around the house, that this coming of a stranger—for so she seemed—had, he realized, taken on monstrous

proportions. It had of late occupied almost as much of his thoughts as that other and so much more important event, his coming ordination.

"Here is Davie," he heard his mother saying as he went up the stairs to the living room, and, as he stood on the threshold, "Ah, the family pride!" a cold, clear voice exclaimed, ending in a ripple of laughter. A thin, pale-haired woman, dressed, in what seemed to David, a very elaborate lavender gown, rose to greet him. At her words, and the faintly mocking light in her eyes, he felt suddenly like an embarrassed child.

"How do you do, Pauline?" he said stiffly.

"I am very well, thank you," was the quiet reply, "and you are very good-looking—as I suppose you know already—but far more so than I had expected."

David blushed beneath the direct scrutiny of her keen eyes.

"I am not used to being told quite so plainly," he said.

"Forgive me," she laughed in return. "I have lost the knack of veiling my meanings."

"That is a good thing to lose," he remarked rather sententiously. She threw him a quick, amused glance.

"You are young and there is still hope for you," she said. Then, more seriously, "Your mother has been telling me how well you have done in your work. She is, of course, justly proud of you. I am sure you will be very successful."

"David speaks excellently," said his mother, who sat sewing on the other side of the room.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Pauline observed. "He has the presence that can always create the illusion of good speaking."

"Pauline!" Mrs. Lane remonstrated, and David turned away, wondering why he was not more shocked at her flippancy.

"Where is Elsa?" he asked his mother.

"She is down at the settlement. This is the night of their seamen's dinner, and she couldn't get away. I have promised to join her there soon, so I shall leave you to entertain Pauline."

"Surely you are more formal than need be," the young woman protested. "Why does not David go, too? I can amuse myself—or you might take me along to help."

"There is no necessity of that," Mrs. Lane rejoined, a note of

finality in her tone. "I will go now, if you will excuse me, and get ready."

As she left the room, Pauline sank back comfortably in a low chair, and regarded her brother a moment in silence.

"Your mother is very good to you," she said at last.

"By which you mean to imply—?" he queried.

"Nothing but the obvious," she replied. "All this work at the settlement comes well from the family of a young clergyman, does it not?"

"Better than that remark from you," he replied.

He was not angry, he was quietly excited. The lightly caustic tone of her words, the careless ease of her manner, her frequent laughter, the very grace of her position and the beauty of her thin hands, constantly in motion, all so foreign to his hitherto serious and rather angular existence, inspired him, at the moment, simply with a desire to "keep up" with her now.

"You are quite right," she said quickly; "I apologise."

"There is no intention of sincerity in that," he replied, boldly.

"Ah, so you *are* shrewd. You would have made a good lawyer, though, of course, your mother was right in turning you into a clergyman."

"Why do you say that?" he queried.

"It's so respectable, so intensely respectable," she rejoined laughing, as her mother came into the room, dressed for the street.

"What is respectable?" the older woman asked. Pauline bent slightly before her brother.

"The Reverend David Lane," she said. "Perhaps some day the Right Reverend David Lane, who knows?" Again her words ended in a laugh.

"You find it very easy to make light of a serious subject, Pauline." The hint of suppressed anger was in Mrs. Lane's voice. Then she turned to her son. "Supper is laid out on the table," she said. "Do not bother about cleaning up. Elsa and I will do that later. Good-night."

David took her to the door and returning found Pauline standing by the empty fireplace, a weariness in her attitude and dejection in her face, which vanished as she caught sight of him.

"Shall we go down to supper?" he asked, and she smiled her consent.

"The house is just as I remember it," she remarked as they entered the narrow, high-ceiled dining room, through the two windows of which a neglected back yard was visible, and the blank rear of another house.

"Just as what," he suggested.

"Well, if you will have the truth, just as hideous, I suppose," she laughed.

"You laugh a great deal," said David.

"Do I?" she asked, and they were both silent as they took their seats and began to eat.

"Do you think," she mused at last, "that we will be able to get through a week?"

"Who?"

"All of us. But your mother and I especially. I am afraid I annoy her very much."

"Do you try not to?" he asked.

"Oh, you are going to preach!" she exclaimed. "Remember you are not yet ordained."

"And it does not seem to matter to you whether I ever am or not. You do not even care to stay for the ceremony."

"Ceremonies," she said. "What do they amount to, after all?"

"Much, in the significance they hold of the presence of deeper things."

"Or the absence," said Pauline. "Well, you are right. I do not care particularly to stay for it."

"Why not?"

"I have no reason," she evaded, and again there was a moment of silence.

"Tell me," he said at last, "what you meant when you said mother was right in making me a minister?"

"Just that."

"But, my dear Pauline, did you think I had not chosen my own profession?"

She did not reply directly.

"It seems odd," she mused. "Father was so rabid a radical."

"I do not remember my father," he replied, and she read a prohibition in his curtness. Nevertheless she continued:

"I am sorry for that. You would cherish his name more if you

did. You remember his unfortunate end, and behind the misery of that everything else is hidden. For a priest you are not, after all, so merciful."

Her voice had grown very soft and the brilliancy of her eyes was now that of suppressed tears. Suddenly she stretched her arms across the narrow table and touched his hands with her finger tips.

"David," she said. "If you could isolate yourself entirely from your family, if you were free and wealthy, and unhampered or unburdened by any traditions of the past, would you unhesitatingly go into the church?"

He was silent, startled, gazing at her through troubled eyes.

"Answer me," she begged.

"That is an absurd, hypothetical question," he replied at last. "How can I tell how I should feel, were I so different from what I am now?"

"Ah," she said, drawing away her hands. "Your answer is exact, but it has not the divine inspiration."

"Every one who goes into the church cannot be divinely inspired. They may only more or less approximate it." He spoke hurriedly, tremulously, and she felt in his eagerness to justify himself the same doubt of his motives that she had been attempting to instil.

"Yes," she replied. "They may, of course, take orders as they take their entrance to the bar—"

"The two are not analogous," he began, but she interrupted him.

"No, you are right. One goes into the law to make a living, not as you are going into the church, for—"

"You don't understand what you are talking of," he broke in miserably. "How can you discuss my motives when you have not known me over an hour?"

"Oh!" she cried softly, "that is an evasion, not a defense. I know your surroundings, I know the environment in which you have been brought up, and I know, what you do not, that the altar before which every one in this house must prostrate themselves is set up to a false god." She spoke very quietly, sitting motionless, with arms outstretched and hands tight-clasped. David had risen and stood pale-faced before her, leaning heavily on the back of a chair.

"I do not understand you," he said tensely. "What I have done is my own responsibility. I can find nothing in all this but an attack upon my mother."



"Not upon her, but upon the false respectability she worships. Ah, David, when I first heard of your choice of a career I thought it meant your escape from being sacrificed, but of late I have seen that it is different. Now I am almost sorry I ever helped towards it."

"Helped towards it?" he wondered.

"Of course I was not here, but the money must have been a help, even though it wasn't perhaps all you needed."

He stared at her a moment in silence.

"Yes—to be sure—the money," he murmured. Then more quickly, "‘being sacrificed,’ what did you mean by it?"

"As father and I were," she replied quietly.

"Go on," he urged.

"Father would never have overreached himself as he did, if she had not demanded more than he could give. And in the end there would have been no suicide, had she not, instead of consoling, been the first to condemn. I know it—from my own case."

"Ah, your case?" he half queried.

"My marriage. But not till after the divorce did I see that I had from the beginning been a victim. When that nightmare of a time was over my mother neither chided nor approved. Her very silence ranged her perhaps with the rest, but the point is that the justice of the case never mattered an instant. It was enough for her that the law had condemned me, and I was therefore beyond the pale of respectability." Pauline stopped speaking, rose quietly from the table and joined her brother.

"It was only then, David, that I realized the extent of her worship."

"Ah, Pauline, what made you come here!" he exclaimed in impotent misery.

"The letter that asked me," she replied, "gave me a clue to your danger. Come, let us go upstairs."

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later Mrs. Lane, returning quietly with Elsa, found herself well in the living room before its occupants were aware of her arrival. Pauline was bending far forward talking softly to her brother, who sat with bent head on a stool at her feet. He sprang up as he saw his mother.

"Are we very late?" she asked. "The dinner was a great success. Elsa this is your sister."

The young girl came forward and greeted Pauline.

"I am glad to see you, and that you have come to stay with us."

"It will be only for a very short time, I am afraid," said Pauline.

"Till after David's ordination, anyway, so don't worry, Elsa," Mrs. Lane remarked. "Oh, I met Mr. Mathews at the settlement house. He congratulated me, David, on your work, said it had been so good." She gently sighed her satisfaction, then, turning to her elder daughter, "Do you know," she said, "I can hardly realize the time is so near at hand. We have toiled for it so long that I think we had almost lost sight of the end in the struggle. But it has come now—the end—and it is something to have worked for, is it not? I sent for you because I wanted you to share in our happiness." There was something vaguely triumphant in her tone as she ended.

"Thank you," Pauline replied, but David turned quickly upon her, his pale face clouded with pain.

"Why don't you tell her at once," he demanded, "that there is to be no ordination?"

Theresa Helburn, '08.

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### MARSH MISTS.

The yielding grass blades sway before the tide  
That winds reluctant circles towards the sea;  
All sound is hushed to a low harmony  
As swishing waters through the sedges glide—  
A sea-born mist, soft, drenching low and wide,  
The marsh grass, vanishes on higher lea.  
Above the mist a sea-gull wearily  
Drifts white and silent, winging paths untried.  
Not with unswerving current towards the deep,  
But languid in the marsh the ebb-tide's flow  
Lingers, where streaks of white float to and fro  
Soothing the hidden waters into sleep.  
The sea-gull poises o'er the cloud below  
A weary thought above a sea of dreams.

Shirley Putnam, '09.

*MY EARLY EXPERIENCES AS A HOSTESS.*

Some people—my father chief among them,—claim that I never had any childhood, that I was born an old maid. Personally, I am pretty sure that I was not born one, since of later years many latent tendencies of a childish nature have come to light, but my early surroundings were well calculated to make me one. My mother, wrapt up in the care of my younger brothers and sisters, and in the trials of moving from place to place as my father's restlessness dictated, left me for the greater part of the time in my grandmother's hands. My grandmother, living perforce in a country she detested, among people she felt to be barbarians, had more or less completely isolated herself; she did indeed often receive the many friends invited by my grandfather and my uncles, yet the burden of their entertainment, I was early shown, fell upon my willing shoulders.

At the time I can remember most vividly I could have been little more than six or seven years old. While I had had no regular schooling at all, for we lived too far away for any school to be available, and the only governess who had ever consented to come did not remain with us long, and left absolutely no impression behind her, I gloried openly in a rather varied list of attainments. A music teacher I had had, and she had painstakingly taught me the whole of the "Evening Star Waltz"; my uncle had with no trouble at all taught me some of my mother's wedding march; my father had contributed passages of *Hiawatha*, of which I was inordinately proud for the same reason for which I valued a Latin prayer taught me by the cook—because it was incomprehensible, although the prayer was dearer to me because of its mysterious efficacy in times of dire distress, such as having my hair cut or a dress fitted. Furthermore, I could lay before admiring visitors a large assortment of Berlin wool work, of paper flowers, and of water colors. But the very crown of all my achievements lay in my ability to recite the alphabet forwards, and then, just as rapidly, backwards, an accomplishment without which my uncle professed to consider no young lady's education complete.

With all these resources at my disposal I never hesitated to assume command of any situation. My uncle had repeatedly said that they were such as would insure a large measure of success in any line of activity into which I might be called, even though the most brilliant successes must always be denied any woman unfortunate enough to possess a snub nose and a large mouth. I had, however, heard my uncle's taste called into question by my mother, so that my appearance quite satisfied me. My grandfather, as well, seemed to show his approbation, if not perhaps in words, certainly in his conduct towards me, for as soon as a guest was announced it was his custom to send post-haste for me. I never failed him. Of course, if the guest were of sufficient importance, my grandmother herself received him, sitting in awful state in the very center of the large sofa in the parlor, while I, equally stiff and sedate, sat on a tabouret at her feet and filled in the pauses of the conversation with a description of my younger brothers and sister, or of the current events in my own life, carefully revised to suit the occasion. But sometimes my grandmother did not come down, and then the scene of action was the library, where it was possible for the gentlemen to smoke, and where my duties as hostess allowed me the seat of honor in a huge leather armchair, as well as the direction of the conversation. All my latent abilities were now called into life; from the Star Waltz to the alphabet my repertoire was gone through, and not until the visitor, taking his cue from the family, had adequately applauded me, did I suggest what I knew to be the inevitable tour of the grounds. Even though the moment of my keenest joy was now over, there were some compensations, such as explaining how the pinkest pig and the cow and a statue on the lawn all came to be named after me by various members of the household, so that it was as a very tired young lady that I sat at the dinner table later, and for once was silent, listening to, without yet being privileged to take part in, the long political discussions without which that meal could never be accomplished. And with my shattered vitality built up by this rest, I could live through the most trying ordeal of all, the serving of coffee in the cold and dreary parlor. This was a tedious formality, accompanied on my part by what I considered appropriate remarks, a running commentary on life in general, gathered from my uncle's conversations on German philosophy, and treasured for just such an occasion.

So it was that I lived through those long sunny Sundays of my childhood, allowed, while taught to retain my proper place within the very narrow circle of a woman's existence, to consider myself the soul of the home. But since it was my accustomed place, I never attached any peculiar glory to it; all my pride and self-esteem went out to the one day when our usual proceedings were somewhat varied, when my stock of accomplishments seemed narrow and faded beside a cherished ceremony in which I fully realized that I was playing the leading part. My grandfather was an ardent rider, and with his innate tendency to organize even his dearest enjoyments, he had for many years belonged to a riding club. The members of this club were on the whole too scattered to ride together every day, usually going out in twos or threes, but several times a year, on Sundays always, they were in the habit of riding out in a body and finally dining at the home of one of their number. About once a year they came to us, causing a grand commotion as they galloped up, keeping up their noise all the time they were at the house, applauding my programme, laughing at my uncle's stories; cheering my grandfather as they sat at table. All this heartiness of their appreciation of myself and of my heroes should have satisfied me. On the contrary, I never could wait until they were ready to go. I stationed myself high up on the kitchen shelf and urged the servants on to hurry, I entreated Henry to give them no more wine and cigars, I rushed over to the stables to see that their horses were all washed down and saddled and ready to go.

Finally it was all over, all the rushing about and the watching at the keyhole of the dining-room door: and then, when the hour of my greatest exultation was at hand, my heart failed me and I fled upstairs to grandmother's arms. And it was there that Henry found me when he came up with the news that the gentlemen were mounting and my grandfather wanted me. I crept downstairs, dragging my feet, and yet trying to impress Henry with my nonchalance. Then, as we reached the lowest step, I could see out through the open door where the horses stood drawn up in a long line facing the house, stamping and champing and wheeling about as their riders tried to mount. And there was grandpapa, and beside him John the gardener's boy, with a large black lacquer tray piled high with bright little bouquets. I have never since seen such nosebags as they were, made of a few flowers, a rosebud,



gardenia, heliotrope, candytuft, swansonia, flowers whose names I have forgotten or have never known, with a background of a stiff green leaf or a fern, and the stems tightly wound in tinfoil. With all the familiar smells of them as they lay there drenched with moisture, my presence of mind came back, and I was ready to walk, in a manner copied after the picture of the good Queen Louisa, down the steps and across the grass to where the horses stood. They were quiet now, each with his rider, in black velvet coat and cap, sitting erect as a soldier on parade. But as I came up beside each one in turn, he leaned down to help me, and with a quick lift from grandpa my foot was in his stirrup and I stood up to decorate him with one of the boutonnieres, chosen with solemn deliberation from the lacquer tray. I had a little set speech to make, as well, but it has gone from me with the years—something to the effect that we hoped to welcome him soon again. And he answered as gravely and as formally. At last we came to grandpa's own Abdallah, and he jumped up, leaving me to stand alone with the gardener's boy and his empty tray and return the silent salute of the company. It was hard to walk back, then, to the commonplaceness of it all; harder than it had been to walk out to face the unusual.

CAROLINE FLORENCE LEXOW, '08.

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*SONNET.*

Thou shouldst have lived in that far vanished time  
That lingers in old fading tapestry,  
Or parchment scroll all pictured curiously  
To suit the measure of black lettered rhyme  
When chivalry was at its earliest prime.  
Here seest thou knights that sue on bended knee  
To tall quaint maids in latticed greenery,  
Or touch the lute beneath scent-breathing lines.  
So thou, a high-born dame in ancient hall,  
Hadst sat among thy maidens, silent all  
Or low voiced, clothed in garments rich and rare  
Of palest green, thy braids of red-gold hair,  
Touched by the high-built casement's gilded beams  
While soft-stringed music brought thee waking dreams.

MARY NEARING, '09.

*CALYPSO.*

O nymph, come up, the amber dawn  
Breaks widely o'er the sea;  
Nay, call him not, for he is gone,  
Once more he wanders free.  
Haste up the cliff, it yet may be  
That you shall see his ship.  
Ah! there I see it rise and dip,  
He sails no more to me.

How eagerly tow'rd his own isle,  
Athwart the unpathed brine,  
Ulysses fares, nor thinks the while  
Of how from Circe, 'mid the swine,  
He came, storm-blown, to mine.  
From perils of the land and sea  
A harbour safe he found with me,  
Yet he nor looks nor gives a sign.

O sweet winds, bear him on his way,  
O wild waves, hush your roar,  
O haste for him the happy day  
When he shall reach the shore  
Where wait the ones he loved of yore,  
Penelope, the faithful one,  
Telemachus, the gentle son,  
To them he sails once more.

Come up, my maids, my footsteps fail,  
My braids weigh on my brow.  
Ah! vanished is his tattered sail,  
And vanished is his beaten prow.  
Alas! he leaves me now.  
O maids, my eyes grow dark and dim,  
No longer can I follow him;  
Come up, and bring a cypress bough.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

*WORDS AND OUR WAYS.*

Of all the charges made against feminine capacity, I dare say that the most generally resented is the charge which attacks a woman's sense of humour. It would be a pity, if—in our zeal to repudiate the charge—we should make ourselves ridiculous by instituting a type of wit which would be altogether mirthless. And yet “mirthless” is a happy word to describe that use of hyperbole and melodramatic language which we rather too commonly offer as a substitute for humour—or, if not for humour, at least, for point.

It is hard, indeed, to keep oneself reminded how flat a thing plain exaggeration is, because there is a sort of humour which actually makes most excellent use of subtle extravagances and untruths. If Noah, for example, had perhaps put his head out of the ark window and remarked facetiously that it was a pleasant evening, one can conceive how Shem, Ham and Japheth—never having heard anything described by contrasts before—might have slapped each other's back, and their own knees, and have declared that their father was the very dickens of a fellow to have his joke. But, unhappily, the device has been overtaxed since Noah's time, until now—while, of course, no one is even trying to be funny when she calls a damp evening magnificent—her word is, nevertheless, so lacking in subtlety that, to say the least, she cheapens her vocabulary, quite without point.

The difficulty, it seems to me, is this: When we come to college many of us undergo a quick enlargement of vocabulary. Immediately we find that we are altogether unable to express ourselves plainly and naturally, simply because our eyes are suddenly opened to half a dozen great, big, equally inexpensive ways of saying the same thing. We are as helpless before our new possibilities as we might be to pass by ten yards of yellow plush at the same price as the gingham which we are seeking for a morning gown. Now, of course, if any one is so situated that she can make really good use of yellow plush, no one has a right to quarrel with her taste,—and certainly, if anyone knows any nice, big, unusual words which exactly express her meaning—even if they do at

the same time gracefully convey the fact that she is beginning to study general philosophy, no one has, yet, a right to be dictatorial about her use of them. But the whole point is that, ordinarily, it is no funnier to say "verdure" than it is to say "grass;" that words must have a purpose, and, if that purpose is humour, it is too much to hope that it will be attained by the mere bigness and unusualness of the term.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

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*A PILGRIM.*

He came out of the wood, a lad tall and willowy. From between the closed fingers of one hand a delicate end of creeper hung down, and over the brim of his hat hung a plume which now shook, now stood still, like a vibrating curl of fine wire.

He proceeded for some time along the bank of a stream which led from the wood, until he perceived a hut, a clump of willows, and a very old and pensive man.

"Good man, I have lost my way," he remarked. "Could you direct me?"

"Toward what land do you journey?" inquired the old man.

"Toward the land of heart's desire." The boy's eye twinkled and grew dark, as he drew himself up, and half-turned to face the breeze. "It is a place," he said, "where people do as they please. The flowers gleam, and there are always poets about, and actors and artists and architects. Time is to be had for the asking, and the finding of an occupation is not short of a pleasure. And when a man grows tired of what he has been doing, and begins something new, a new and needful kind of luck is with him. Some say it is a sloping meadow, this land, which rises to a great height and looks over the sea, with a forest of pines behind it and a great pile of white cliffs in front of it. I have been there, and as I remember it, it was no meadow. I shall be able to tell more fully of that land, however, when I have got back there." The boy gave his cloak a hitch and folded his arms carelessly.

"I cannot direct you," said the old man. "There is a road beyond that cluster of trees, very wild and little frequented. It dips into the mist here and there, and is very much talked of by the venturesome."

The boy's mouth acquired a set look, and his arms fell slack, whereupon the old man said warmly:

"Give up this way-side existence, my boy. If you are willing to help me with my work you may come and live with me. The work before me is the pruning of yonder willows and the digging of a well."

"Ah, my good sir!" The youth shot an arch, haughty glance at the old man, and then, with careless patience, gazed aloft.

"The work is not hard," said the old man. "Compared with making verses and roaming the high-roads it is play."

"It is not that I cannot do it, but that I hate it." The lad moved back a step to gain the support of a tree. He glanced down and then up, and his face wore an arch expression, this time confidential, and his eye had a glint in it of latent capability.

"You would do nothing at all?"

The youth smiled and said: "Theoretically. I can't say just that," he added, "I merely object to working steadily." Then, fastening his eyes on the old man, "I—I shall help you for a week or two."

On the following day the sun shone brightly and the work began. It was not long, however, till the boy shook his head and sat down on the grass to rest. The old man reminded him that time was slipping by.

"If we had a time-piece we could watch time go, and it would then not go so fast," the youth replied, adding as he jumped up, "We shall have a sun-dial before night." Again, when at work upon the well, he stopped impulsively to build a stone foundation in the stream, in the form of an oval. But of this he soon tired. When he had brought the stones up even with the surface of the water, he said to the old man:

"When the elder-bushes bloom and are reflected in that, you will have a mirror with a lady's flowers across it."

He was always dropping down on the grass to rest. He was always consulting the half-finished sun-dial or interpreting the clouds.

"Now it's a sail-boat, and now the map of England, and now a lion rampant," he would say.

One day, when the trees had been trimmed and large stones had been laid in a circular mosaic about the mouth of the well, he looked into the black round of water and said, with his eye upon his reflection:

"You are rather young. You did not know it. Oh, yes, my dear." He then smiled contentedly. The childish turn of his mind and the



precise sound of his words pleased him. Upon glancing up, he was annoyed to find the old man beside him, and he was suddenly prompted to say, without the effort which he had expected the words to cost him:

"Master, I must leave to-morrow." One's own words are reassuring, and despite the lad's fondness for the old man, upon the following day he was all eagerness to be off. The old man watched him go, and then turned to his fishing.

It was toward evening when he came upon a bedraggled feather. He began to miss the owner of it. He had learned to love the boy's warmth of feeling, which smouldered and flashed by turns; and he was wondering how the youth might be faring, when a voice called from outside:

"I could not find my way. May I rest?" A figure leaned in the doorway, in its own shadow, and a dark thing like a hat flopped down on the floor. "The prince is obliged to content himself with the rôle of poor penny."

The old man looked dazed. The speaker paused, considering for a moment, and then went out. The old man had stared coldly.

"Heaven knows," the ruffled boy said, "it is the fault of luck that I am back here. It is not my custom to intrude." He took a seat on the grass and, resting his chin on his hand, gazed up at the crescent moon which was beginning to glimmer above the willows. "I stumble on the ideal life and curse myself," he meditated. "I recognize my mistake, and find it unselfrespecting, not to say impossible, to make amends for it. Patron Saints! He who dances—"

"Lad," called the man. The youth curled a hand about his knee and looked behind him. "Lad, will you draw me some water?"

"Yes," returned the youth wearily. "I should love to." The full meaning of his words then dawned upon him, and he laughed a ringing laugh. "Father?" he called. There was no sound, and he shouted out, "I really mean that, father. I should love to—."

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

*HAPPY JACK'S FLIGHT.*

It was thirty years ago that Happy Jack shot the Sheriff of Red City, but the cow-boys still tell the tale around the camp-fire, when the herd is in the corral, and the long day's work is done.

Red City was a small town in those days. On each side of what passed for the main street was a row of unpainted shacks, most of which were saloons. On the environing plain were perhaps a hundred cabins, built in straggling groups and connected by a network of dusty paths. There was little life in the town during the day, except around Jim Foley's saloon, which was always full. But there was excitement enough in Red City during any evening of the week, and on Sunday evening the peace-loving citizens—of whom there were few—withdrew to their own cabins and put out the lights.

It was on a Sunday evening that Happy Jack shot the Sheriff. There was a brawl at Jim Foley's—as commonly. There were shots fired on both sides, and it was simply that Happy Jack shot quicker. No one would have blamed him under ordinary circumstances, as any old-timer will explain to you with care. But in this case the Sheriff was popular among the boys, and Happy Jack—famous in the whole territory for several bold and clever cattle-steals—was not. Moreover, many of those present remembered that he had sworn long since to get even with the Sheriff, who had nearly caught him in the act of making off with some stray cattle. The quarrel had been picked intentionally then, and, in the judgment of the majority, had given the Sheriff no fair chance.

Immediately after the shot that killed the Sheriff, Happy Jack fired another, that effectually extinguished what light was left in the room. He then left the saloon and picked up the bridle of his black pony, which was standing quietly by the door.

"I done for him, as I said," he remarked to the pony. "And I guess, ef he's a thinking about it now in the other world, he knows why. Come up: Borrego: the air of this here resort ain't the best for our health just now; we'll be a driftin'."

He leapt to the pony's back and clapped his great silver spurs to the beast's side. Then, as he vanished into the darkness, he sent back a derisive shout to the chaos behind him.

"Now ef the Sheriff in the flesh come after us, Borrego, we'd be a-movin'. But as far as them d— fools be concerned, we ain't got nothing to fear."

In the meantime some light had been brought into Jim Foley's and the hopelessness of the Sheriff's case ascertained. "He's gettin' ready to be buried in the morning," said "The Kid," sorrowfully. "Now, if you boys will join me, we can give him the dyin' satisfaction of knowin' that Happy Jack'll be strung up before to-morrow night. It's no good starting now, for its too dark to pick up his trail: but we'll be hittin' the road early to-morrow."

"Sure thing," said four of the men promptly.

It was in the gloom of dawn that they started on Happy Jack's tracks. For mile after mile they travelled, over sand, sagebrush and malapai, with the neat hoof-marks of the black pony always before them. They camped by the Rio Grande the first night, and kept a careful watch lest their horses go down to water on the treacherous quicksands of the swift and silent river. Again they started early, and pressed on into the maze of rolling sand-hills and canyons beyond.

All that day they followed hotly, urging on their fagged and hungry horses. They drew near the mountains, that rise, green and blue, from the infinite yellow plain. The Kid spoke:

"Those tracks is fresher and that horse is faggin'," he said grimly. "He'll give up, when we reach the mountains, pullin' through that long canyon yonder."

At that moment a line of tracks, coming in from the East, joined those of Happy Jack's horse. "That's the trail of some Mexican's cayuse—unshod," said the Kid. "Look here, boys—they been a travellin' together. Oh, no! they ain't—here's them Mexican's tracks a goin' back from where he come."

They rode on faster, encouraged by the promise of speedy success. As they neared the mountains each man looked carefully at his six-shooter, cocked it, and put it back in his belt, touching his hand to it at every rustle of the leaves, or crackle of the branches, through which the trail now led.

It was a hard climb and a rough way. One of the horses stumbled and rolled over. The Kid spoke to the fallen rider:

"Better stay with him a while anyhow, Charlie. He may get up again." The four that were left rode on.

The sun dropped behind the mountains, leaving the canyon cold and gloomy. The tracks of Happy Jack's horse were so fresh as to give the pursuers hope of coming upon him at any moment.

"Funny thing, he's a-movin' so slowly," said Jake. "I'd a thought he'd make that horse go till he dropped, and not wander along a soldierin'."

"Not so funny," answered the Kid, "ef Happy Jack's a sittin' among the rocks somewhere and a drawin' a line on us while the horse waits for him below."

Suddenly he stopped speaking and drew his six-shooter. The sounds of something moving in the underbrush were distinctly audible.

"Jake and I'll go this side: You go that," said the Kid. All four spurred recklessly over the rocks and fallen logs to the right and left of the trail, and in a few leaps had overtaken Happy Jack's black pony. On his back was bound the body of a small dark-skinned Mexican.

The Kid simply swore. Jake spoke: "W'd a known, when those tracks joined——"

"We couldn't ha known," said the Kid. "He done a neat job that time."

"You bet," answered a third, who had caught the horse and was examining the body of the Mexican. "Shot him straight through the back of the neck: and tied him on with as neat a diamond hitch as ever I saw: and yet them tracks showed no signs of this horse havin' stopped a minute."

"We might as well just drift home now," said The Kid. "Its no good, when he's got a fresh horse and eight hours to the good."

Slowly they rode back, making long halts wherever they found a bit of grass for the jaded horses.

Eighty miles to the east Happy Jack was sleeping by a cool mountain stream, while an unshod Mexican pony grazed on the rich grass along its banks.

MARGARET CHARLTON LEWIS, '08.

*TO A FAIRY PRINCESS.*

Amid the fancies of a childish brain  
Supreme thou dwelt, thy jewelled sceptre swayed  
A tiny slave who worshipped and obeyed,—  
The humblest but most loyal of thy train.  
Didst thou but raise thy heaven-blue eyes or deign  
To bow thy stately head where sunbeams strayed  
In golden gleams, a kneeling subject paid  
Mute and impassioned homage to thy reign.  
Tell me, when other sweet illusions flee  
Must thou, the Queen among them, banished be,  
Or wilt thou stay to cheer a wearied heart,  
To rule an older and more stubborn will,  
To be the shadowy fairy princess still,  
And never from thy castle to depart.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

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*NOTICE.*

All unpublished manuscripts may be had upon application to the editor-in-chief.

We wish to announce for the benefit of entering students, that *TIPYN O'BOB* is the organ of the undergraduate body and that any undergraduate may therefore contribute to it without feeling it necessary to have been previously asked by an editor to do so. The quality of the magazine depends, of course, on the amount of interest and labor the students are willing to expend in its behalf, and we ask, therefore, for your earnest co-operation and support in maintaining a high standard for the *TIPYN O'BOB*.

*EDITORIAL.*

One of our most important duties as well as one of our greatest privileges at college is the making of friends. Everyone will probably at once acknowledge this—and yet very few will have really lived up to the responsibility that such an acknowledgment demands. Looking back, we will perhaps find that we have shown ourselves in the making of friends more indifferent, more haphazard, in fact, more lazy, than in any other effort of our college life. Not that *as* friends we are deserving of these epithets, on the contrary, a college friendship—as long as it lasts—is usually of the most enthusiastic and energetic kind. Nor do we make too few friends. Far from it. Sometimes perhaps we make too many—that, however, is another point. But our worse fault lies elsewhere. We have, for instance, heard a girl candidly confess that she came to college “to make friends,” and we have heard the same girl reply to a stranger’s question as to whether she knew a certain undergraduate, “No, I don’t know her. I have heard she is very nice, but, you see, she doesn’t live in my hall.” Bryn Mawr is the last place in the world where one should come across such a reply, and yet it and its fellows are constantly cropping up. “Oh, yes, we are good enough friends, but then, of course, she is not in my class,” we have heard one girl say of another; and once we even met with this remark, “I hope I’ll get to know her better now. She is going to sit at our table this year.” Is it not evident from this that at least two very serious obstacles lie in the way of our making the right friends in the right way? First, we are too lazy to seek the “choice kindred spirit.” In spite of the fact that at Bryn Mawr the paths of friendship are made easier than at any other college—by means of our unusually small and close community life—we choose to nullify these advantages by over-restricting an already limited field. The newcomer at college finds herself among a crowd of classmates, living in the same hall with her, eating at the same table, initiated into the same fascinating secrets and absorbed in the same immediate interests. She has perhaps never had so many congenial girls around her at the same time before, and she is quite content to rest satisfied with her lot, seeking no further

companionship. Later some may prove obviously uncongenial, but the majority remain, and from their community of interests with her she is perhaps deceived into thinking them more congenial than they really are. By her second year she has rather sifted the number of her chosen comrades still smaller than made new ones, and in many cases she will go through the rest of her college life without having made a single close friend outside of that original group. There are many girls she would have liked to know better, who promised well, she may reflect as the end draws near,—but she was too busy to see more of them. At home we do not find ourselves unequal—busy as our life may be—to walk half a dozen blocks, to ride a mile or so, just to keep in frequent touch with a friend. But here the hundred yards that separates one of our buildings from another, seem often to be as difficult of passing as a wide desert or a bridgeless stream. The second obstacle that we have set before us is our fear to break the conventional and arbitrary boundaries that surround us. An underclassman is afraid to seek the friendship of an upperclassman for fear she may be considered “fresh.” An upperclassman avoids often choosing a comrade from a lower class because it might be considered detrimental to her dignity. And fundamentally the general attitude seems to be that there is a distinct constitutional difference between the freshman and the junior or senior. We lose sight of the individual in the general distinction and such a superficial barrier as this, often keeps one away from the first steps which might lead to a sincere and valuable friendship.

After all, what can we find more worth while than true friends, and what more precious possession than these can we carry away from college? And the basis of true friendship is something deeper than contiguity of residence or community of college interests. These may be all very well while we are still at college, but when Bryn Mawr has become a lovely memory instead of a living reality—what will be strong enough in them to prevail against the preoccupations and separations of later life? Fortunately for us, we usually find at least one real friend among our immediate associates—perhaps more. Yet this should not hinder us from looking further—and looking soon, so that we shall not have years of possible companionship left empty, to reproach ourselves with later. The possibility of finding a friend is far too precious to be surrendered, and once found, “the road to a friend’s house should be well trodden.”

# DULCI FISTULA.

## THE WICKED SOPHOMORE.



The wicked Sophomore appears

At dead of night, in cap and gown;

You cannot see her horrid sneers,

Nor well observe her fearful frown.

(Because it is very difficult for me to draw these expressions, even if they were not hidden by her mask.)

Her cap's not really tumbling off,

Though here it truly seems to be;

'Tis hard to draw things as they look,—

Perspective always puzzles me.

She pauses at the Freshman's door,

Whence gentle Freshman snores arise.

Don't think my heroine has shrunk;

It takes too long to draw full size.

If I could make my picture's arms

Look always as I wish them to,

I'd draw this whole dramatic scene,

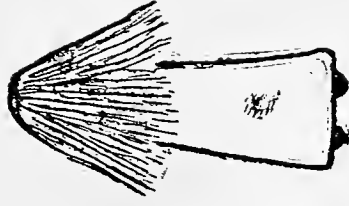
But as it is, what can I do ?





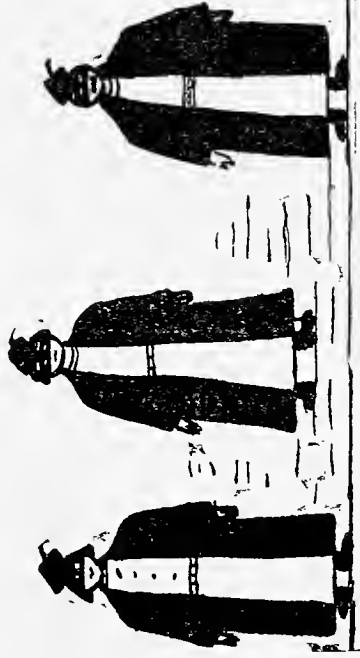


I cannot make her arms go up  
 To tie this stocking round her eyes;  
 The pronouns here are slightly mixed,  
 Whose eyes I meant, you must surmise.



In judgment chamber far away

Beyond the range of mortal ken,  
 The Freshman learns what she  
     should do,  
 And how, and where, and why  
     and when.



(These judges ought to be sitting, but I never could manage the knees of sitting pictures. The Freshman is supposed to be on top of that nice soft cushion, but I find kneeling figures twice as hard as sitting ones to draw; so you must see the cushion and imagine the Freshman.)



HILDA W. SMITH, '10.

Motto: "To-morrow to fresh fads and postures new."

PLEASAUNCE BAKER, '09.

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*NOTICE.*

The students will confer a favor upon the Business Management by patronizing the advertisers of the TIPYN O'BOB whenever possible.

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*ALUMNÆ NOTES.*

- '94. Ethel Walker is at Bryn Mawr as Recording and Appointment Secretary.
- '97. Anna Bell Lawther is at Bryn Mawr as Secretary of the College. Helen Strong Hoyt sailed for Europe in September.
- '98. Elizabeth Nields Bancroft has a son, John Nields Bancroft.
- '01. The engagement is announced of Marianna Buffum to Mr. Perry Hill, of Kalamazoo, Michigan.  
 Marion Wright is engaged to Mr. Robert Messimer.  
 Fanny Sinclair Woods has a son, Thomas Sinclair Woods. She has returned from China, and is in Philadelphia for the winter.  
 Marion Reilly is in Bryn Mawr, acting as Dean of the College.  
 Marion Paris is Associate Professor in Economics at Bryn Mawr.  
 Bertha Laws is Assistant Advisor of Pembroke East and West.
- '02. Elizabeth Congdon was married to Mr. Alexander J. Barron, of Pittsburgh in September.  
 Jean Crawford is Warden of Rockefeller Hall.
- '03. Louise Atherton has announced her engagement to Mr. Samuel Dickey, of Chicago. They will be married in February.  
 Linda Lange is at Johns Hopkins University studying medicine.  
 Margaretta Stewart has been visiting at Radnor recently.

- '05. Georgiana Mabry Parks Remington has a baby.
- '06. Susan Delano was married in October to Mr. Charles McKelvey, of New York.  
Mary Richardson was married on October twelfth to Mr. Robert Walcott, of Boston.  
Helen Smith is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.  
Mary Withington is Secretary of Rosemary School.  
Adelaide Neal was back at college for a short time this month.
- '07. Margaret Morison is Secretary of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore.  
Leila Woodruff is teaching mathematics at Rosemary School.  
Mary Tudor was married in September to Mr. Roland Grey, of Boston.  
Margaret Bailey is studying for a doctor's degree at the University of Chicago.  
Dorothy Foster has been visiting at College recently.
- 

### COLLEGE NOTES.

The College halls were opened on September thirteenth. On the following afternoon the campus was well patrolled by Sophomores prospecting for Freshman meetings, but nothing suspicious was discovered. The Freshmen ate dinner every quietly and afterward held their meeting in Merion and elected Florence Wyman, Chairman.

Dr. Barton preached at the First College Fortnightly Meeting, on October second.

October third was the date set for Rush Night. The proceedings were of the usual order—if "order" can be used to designate the method of procedure of a howling mob; 1910 showed some very effective costuming, and its Indian war dances by the light of torches of Greek fire were sufficiently weird. The one sentiment shared by all alike in regard to Rush Night is relief when it is over.

On October fourth the Christian Union reception was held in the Gymnasium at eight o'clock. President Thomas made a short address of welcome, and Louise Milligan, '08, spoke of the work of the Chris-

tian Union. The Glee Club then sang a number of College songs. In this connection we might add that it is a great pity that there are so few good College songs for an occasion of this kind. Nearly all the songs that we sing are individual class songs, while only a few that are left over have become the property of the College at large.

On October ninth the first meeting of the Christian Union was held in the Chapel. The subject was the "Purpose of Christian Union," and several members spoke.

Emily Fox, '08, returned from Europe on October second and has been visiting at College.

May Egan, '09, is now Assistant Instructor in English at Rosemary Hall.

Margaret Latta was married to Mr. Griffin Gribbell on October twenty-sixth.

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### ATHLETIC NOTES.

The committee in charge of the Varsity hockey team has arranged many games to be played with various country clubs about Philadelphia. The dates of the games have not yet been settled, but we are assured of a very interesting season.

The interclass games will begin on November eleventh.

The water-polo games will probably receive a great impetus this year, owing to Miss Applebee's new rule that all Freshmen, unless especially excused, shall be required to learn to swim.

The interclass tennis tournaments are now being played off.

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### 1911 RUSH SONG.

*Tune: "Hear Those Bells."*

Oh! Here we come!

We're going to make things hum!!

For we're nineteen 'leven the Freshmen of Bryn Mawr.

Sophs looks out!

When you hear us shout:

For we're marching on to glory from afar.

NORVELLE BROWN, '11.

## 1910 RUSH SONG TO 1911.

*Tune: "Arrah Wanna."*

1911, little children  
 We'll take care of you,  
 We will rush you through  
 You can shout and rush along  
 And sing your little Freshman song.  
 You make a mighty din,  
 But you cannot drown the Sophomore Class.  
 The Class of 1910.

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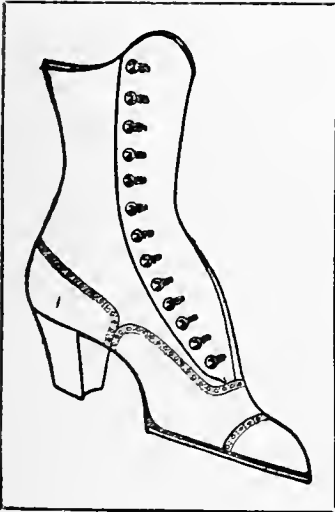
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# December, 1907

# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

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## *PUGNACIOUS PRIDE.*

As long as the oldest inhabitant could remember, the two churches had held services on alternate Sundays. The gaunt Congregational building, with its tall lean tower, seemed always to be looking contemptuously over the head of the compact little Methodist church that stood across the road; but it was glad enough to welcome the Methodist members within its doors when the Congregational Sunday came around. The district was so thickly settled, and the farmers had so hard a struggle wresting a living from the reluctant New Hampshire soil, that it was impossible to support two churches. Their energetic forefathers had managed to erect the two buildings, but beyond that they could not go. Two regular ministers were out of the question; the matter of heating the buildings through the long bitter winter was

too grave a problem, so the forefathers very sensibly gave it up, arranged to take turns in getting "preachers" from neighbouring parishes, and only opened their respective churches once in two weeks. And because their great-grandparents had instituted this custom, the dutiful descendants kept it up, although a more narrow-minded, intolerant community would be hard to find.

On one Sunday Ephraim Chamberlin would conduct the minister to the Congregational pulpit, Mrs. Ephraim would play the organ, and Amos Ladd would lead the choir, composed of selected specimens of immature Ephraims and Amoses. Silas Johnson and Thomas Holden would hand round the collection plate, while in the big square pew nearest the pulpit would sit Mrs. Holden with her numerous progeny. The rest of the church would be filled with Methodists,—mere spectators, of course, allowed there for purely utilitarian purposes, but contributing the dimes and quarters that Silas and Thomas were not at all unwilling to collect. The next Sunday the Chamberlin, Ladd and Holden contingent would themselves occupy this humble, but useful, position, while the Methodists all appeared in official capacities. On these occasions the seat of honour was occupied by Mrs. Upton and her two daughters.

This was the amicable arrangement that had lasted for so many years, and was finally involved in such spectacular ruin.

If you wished to say that Mrs. Holden was proud, the only way to do the matter justice was to say that she was as proud as Mrs. Upton. The rivalry between these two ladies was fierce and untiring. Mrs. Holden was proud of her boisterous family, Mrs. Upton took pleasure in the fact that her daughters had been "raised" with such particular care. Mrs. Holden was always pointing out the convenience and gentility of living in town—that was, within half a mile of the postoffice and the blacksmith's shop; Mrs. Upton never tired of the "seclusion of the country"—she lived five miles back among the hills. In the bosom of each woman was the firm resolution that somehow, at some time, she would get the better of her rival so signally and completely that the other would "learn something at last." And the battleground of their struggle was the church.

"Those Methodists don't give nearly as much as we do," Mrs. Holden complained to her husband, meaning by "those Methodists" the hated house of Upton. "I wonder you don't stand at the door of the

pew and wait until you shame them into putting in more." Mrs. Upton, being a widow, was unable to complain to a sympathizing spouse; perhaps that was why her bitterness, being unexpressed, bore quicker fruit, and she was able to deal the first blow.

After an unusually prosperous harvesting season, she made a personal canvass over the whole countryside, extracted promises of subscriptions from the most difficult sources, and rented a house next to the church, with all the furnishings, at moderate terms. After these preparations had been completed, the Congregational party were one day electrified by the news that the Methodist church had a Resident Minister, and that it was "all along of" that wonderful woman, Mrs. Upton. Clearly this lady had drawn first blood.

It was hard for Mrs. Holden to hold up her head when she heard her rival's praises resounding from all quarters, and when she noted the triumphant angle of Mrs. Upton's bonnet, as she sat in the pew of honour and listened to the preaching of the new minister. She racked her brains, but to no purpose; she could think of no way of equalling this triumph, and Mrs. Upton grew more disdainful every day. In the end her conceit led her too far—she broke an unwritten but sacred interecclesiastical law, and on a day that was marked plainly on the calendar as a Congregational Sunday, she persuaded her new minister to hold service in the Methodist church. It was true that the Congregationalists had been unable to secure anyone to officiate that day and that their church had remained closed; but custom forbade one body taking advantage of the other on such an occasion, and the forefathers must have turned in their graves.

The result was that some warm words were exchanged and relations became distinctly strained. The uncompromising New England conscience drives its victims to church regardless of personal feeling, so the pews were as well filled as usual, but all friendly intercourse had come to an end. Then Mrs. Upton, intoxicated with her power, and wishing to show it off to the most conspicuous advantage, contributed the last straw. She persuaded the minister—whom she had completely intimidated—to preach a sermon on the sanctity of Bishops and the iniquity of churches that had none. Mr. Holden, after much nudging and shoving from his wife, was persuaded to get up and leave the church; but as none of his fellow-members had the courage to follow

him, and as Mrs. Upton circulated the report next day that he had "had one of his spells," this mark of disapproval counted for little. It was then that Mrs. Holden felt that her moment had come.

It has been mentioned before that one of Mrs. Holden's advantages was the possession of a husband, who was not only a comfort when sympathy was needed, but was also a great help, as he was an excellent business man whose eye was on the future. Together the two had been working for some time toward a dazzling end. Mrs. Upton was one day stricken down by the news, communicated by her own daughter, that the railroad which had been a vague dream for many years was now really coming, that it was to run through the valley in which the churches were built, and that the company were to buy the Congregational property for a large sum. The Congregationalists were, therefore, going to build a beautiful new building on the other side of the village, and, bitterest blow of all, the Holdens were getting all the credit for bringing this thing to pass. Mrs. Upton's all too vivid imagination could picture the wonderful Gothic structure that the rival church body were sure to erect, she could see the railroad passing close to the Methodist church, could already hear the rumble of trains that would disturb their services and the tooting of the locomotive that would sound a shrill message of the triumph of Mrs. Upton and her own defeat. She closed her lips firmly and fell to making plans.

One of her most cherished schemes had always been in regard to her daughter. The eldest Miss Holden was twenty, her Matilda was just nineteen. It had long been Mrs. Upton's intention to crown her triumphant career by marrying Matilda to the only really eligible youth in the neighbourhood, Sam Ladd, who had long been casting loving glances at Claribel Holden. This plan was, however, lost sight of, for the moment, in the bold stroke upon which she now decided.

She went for a short visit to a cousin who resided in the city where the railroad company was centred. She stirred the cousin to action, she made desperate efforts herself, she persuaded her farmer neighbours to write letters to the Board of Directors. She bundled her Resident Minister, her former pride and joy, out of his living with small ceremony—he had served his purpose and must now make way for a greater triumph. She decided not to tell the news of her success too soon; it must leak out somehow, and would look better if announced through



other lips. But she could scarcely contain herself until the time when some one should tell the tale that was to discomfit and humiliate the Holdens, root and branch.

One day, as she was purchasing something at the village store, she overheard the group round the stove discussing the new railroad. And even as she listened, she heard Sam Ladd announcing her coup.

"Did you know," he said, "that the railroad company are going to build their station in the valley and that the only ground level enough for it is where the Methodist church stands? They've bought the building for ever so much more than they gave for ours; Mrs. Upton, she managed it. She did better than Mrs. Holden, for she made them have an engineer come down from the city and see about building the station right away. She's a wonder, that woman!"

Mrs. Upton walked toward the door fairly dizzy with joy. Her moment of complete triumph had come, she had utterly outgeneraled her rival, and here was one of the rival faction proclaiming her glory. But, heavens! what was this that Amos Ladd was saying—that Mrs. Holden had heard of the scheme, and, finding that the engineer was to stay all summer, had got him to board with her! Mrs. Upton waited to hear no more, but stepped out, closing the door behind her very smartly.

It was thus that Mrs. Holden snatched victory from defeat, for the engineer was young and handsome and Claribel Holden was younger and very pretty. All that summer, Mrs. Upton, passing by the Holden house on Sundays, could see the inevitable result in progress on the front verandah, while Sam Ladd glowered in the background.

CORNELIA L. MEIGS.

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#### NOTICE.

All unpublished manuscripts may be obtained on application to the Editor-in-Chief.

### THE RETURN.

*(A few pages from the Journal of Damian St. Maris.)*

October 18, 18—. I have been in the old house only since last night, and yet it seems as if I had never left it. The memories that waked at my coming and have walked with me all day are now clearer realities than anything that has happened in the long lapse of years since those memories were themselves the living sum of my experience. It cannot be that it was only last night that I stepped from the rocking river-boat to the gray old wharf, the swish of waves in my ears, the touch of cool, misty rain on my face, before my eyes the flicker of lanterns on weather-beaten cheeks and young brown throats, and lines of strong arms straining at ropes. It is a long time since I rumbled up ill-paved hills and along smooth roads between sere, rustling woods; it is years since I stepped into the dim hall where scattered candles lighted up the worn satin surface of faded embroideries and the tarnished frames of massive mirrors. The draught through the opened door shook out a musty odor from frayed rugs and velvets and struck a faint peal from the huge gong suspended from a beam. I started at the sound, the ghostly echo of the loud, cheerful chime that had always summoned us in from our play. Now a tide of old sweet memories rushed upon me, ready to sweep me away, should I for a moment yield. But I could not trust myself to them so soon, by night, in the deserted house, and I sought safety in sleep.

I awoke this morning, when the dim autumn sunshine fell upon the counterpane, in the white and yellow chamber under the eaves. Through half-opened eyes I gazed at the familiar room, at the delicately carved white moulding, marking the fantastic line between wall and ceiling, at the walnut furniture, its innumerable drawers and brass knobs. I turned to the pillow beside me, half expecting to see there a little rosy, soft-lipped face under a fringe of golden hair. But Cedric died even many years before I went away, and he sleeps now, with all the others, in the little burying-ground under crumbling stone and withered summer flowers. I remembered how I had wondered at him,

he lay so smilingly in the white satin nest within the black box, his small hands clasped about a day-lily. It is a quiet, pleasant memory, this one of the little brother, with but a touch of sadness, and I lay for a time musing upon it, thinking that Cedric had been like a radiant-winged moth that one follows through a garden for an afternoon, and at last, only half regretfully, sees it flutter away into the dusk. He left behind him a faint, but very sweet, remembrance, and to-day I have felt no mournfulness, but rather a pleasure, when a smiling, large-eyed face peeped at me from behind shrubbery or fine, silvery laughter echoed in the fall of the fountain.

I did not linger long in the high, lonely chambers of the empty house, but hastened out into the clear autumnal day. Ah! how like it was to many other days now long passed. An utter desolation fell upon me as I stood in the bright, silent beauty of the place; for a moment, I was possessed of a longing to feel the touch of warm, soft hands, now cold and withered in death, to hear the sound of voices that now echoed only in the chambers of memory. I did not dream that those remote days had been so sweet until I stood in the place where many of them had been passed. My youth unrolled itself before me like an arras, whereon were woven in the dim loveliness of colours once rich, but now faded, the figures of the men and women I had known long ago, aye, and of many of whom I had no actual remembrance, who slept under their myrtle mounds before I could look upon them to know them.

I gazed about the familiar scene through a deepened vision. The house stood alone upon a height far above the city, which was now half obscured by a blue and silver cloud of smoke and haze. The gardens and lawns and the more distant woods, the fields of stubble and corn-shocks, the dried meadows, the cemetery with its mounds of fresh green myrtle, lay warm and peaceful in the pale sunshine. The garden is replete with memories, for it is there that the greater part of my child days were spent beside the three beloved women under whose care I grew up. I knew only two men in my childhood, and one of them I saw but rarely. My grandfather was an old, old man. As a child, I thought that he must be the oldest person in the world, he seemed to bear upon him the marks of vast experience and was so strange to look upon. Yet I never saw him do anything save doze and pray in his warin corner or talk to my mother. He never spoke to Cedric and me,

smiles were the only language that passed between us. I have said that he was strange to look upon. He was very small and bent. His skin was like smooth ivory under the mass of his white hair, his large black eyes were set close to his hawk-like nose. The lower part of his face had acquired that extreme delicacy of modelling sometimes seen in old persons of austere life, and his hands were of a length and thinness that made them resemble claws. What was it he dreamed of through all his long, quiet days? It may be that he dreamed of the sons, my father among them, whom he had buried, one after the other. The flame of life had burned with too pure an ardour in their breasts to endure for long, and it was early quenched by the wind of war or passion. In life they never slept so quietly as they do now, under their sculptured stones among the tall, sighing tulip-trees. My grandfather, I am sure, made of his life a patient waiting, and at last, one cheerful June day, Father Ambrose came and laid him, in his withered old age, beside those others who had perished in the high bloom of their young manhood.

Father Ambrose was a young priest who occasionally came to stay with us for a few days. He would bring Cedric and me a crucifix or a rosary and, after a first meeting that the presentation of these gifts might be accomplished, we would not speak to him again until we were summoned to bid him good-bye. Yet to-day I have seen him, in his black and purple priestly garments, pacing the garden walks while he read his breviary. I have looked upon his pale countenance and luminous eyes, both of a kind of ascetic beauty, and I have heard, in passing him, the musical whisper of Latin words. There hovered about this mysterious young man all the poetry of religious and cloistered life. In childish days, the sight of him called to my mind visions of barren, monkish cells, transfigured by the light of the spirit, of dusky chapels where candle flames flickered among roses and chanting acolytes went swinging censers wherefrom small purple clouds of incense rose to vanish into the rich gloom. He it was who, after my mother's death, saw to my being sent to school and to the regulation of all my affairs until I was of age. I never saw him again, for he gave no sign of desiring a meeting, and I did not dare to disturb his seclusion. But here to-day, in the old scene, I have felt a closer kinship with him than with the men I have known in the world, the world which is now vanishing into an unreality, as I had passed through it in a dream. I now see the austere beauty and serenity of his face, and his long hands, so

white against his sombre robe, in a clearer vision and a richer familiarity than the faces and hands of those men who but yesterday were the vital figures of my experiences, faces upon which thousands anxiously gazed for the signs of relentment or determination, hands that held the threads of great destinies.

The memory of my grandfather and Father Ambrose and Cedric is a pleasurable one, but that of the three women of whom I have spoken is of a fuller significance and preciousness. There was about everyone that I knew as a child, save about my mother, a certain strangeness, an aloofness from the rest of the world, a touch, as it were, of secret history. My mother, however, was entirely different from the others. I remember her as a fair, grave-eyed, glad-voiced woman, buoyant of step and spirit, who could talk of anything with anyone, entering with rare geniality into the mood of her companions. There was in her nature much kindness and a proper leniency, but she was rigid in her exactions about the performance of duty. She taught Cedric and me our lessons and when, through our own fault, we were deficient, she punished us accordingly. At night she would play and sing for us, and I can see her still in her shining white dress, her knot of bright hair almost slipping from its coils against her slim neck, and hear her bird-like voice as she sang the old ballads. I realize now that she had small reason to be happy, and it is proof to me of her buoyancy of spirit and her devotion to those she loved that she remains to me a figure of high vitality, of cheerful occupation, a person whose warm, fragrant presence was a comfort in time of trouble.

My mother's cousin, Cecily, on the contrary, impressed me always with her infinite sadness, despite her unfailing sweetness of disposition and the drolleries of her conversation. She taught us when my mother could not, and she spent long hours reading to us or teaching Cedric to knit slippers (an art at which he soon became so apt that none of us was ever without those articles) and me to draw. It was upon an autumn day, much like the present one, that the event occurred which is now my great remembrance of her. I had found during my play, in a half-cultivated tangle of the garden, among wild asters and French marigolds, where brown milk-weed seeds, each with its tiny freight of fine spun silver, drifted through the thick, golden air, a clump of belated white roses. They were Cecily's favourite flower, so I hastily plucked them and ran to seek her. I found her asleep in her chair by the sun-

dial, in a circle of mellow sunshine. Her head lay back among the cushions, her sleek black hair drooped in loosened strands along her smooth, colourless cheek, her scarlet lips were slightly parted, and her thin lids lay lightly upon her wide, sombre eyes. Her black draperies clung to her form in long, soft, reposeful folds. Very quietly, lest I should disturb her, I laid the roses in her lap and went to call my mother to come and see her. When we came back to the sun-dial, my mother looked and said: "Ah! poor Cecily, it took her very long to die."

We were alone for some time, my mother and I, and she seemed too sad to speak to me much. But, at length, another cousin came. Eulalie was young, not more than eighteen, I think, flower-like in appearance, of a sensibility and sensitiveness that made her tragic——

(Here several pages of the journal are missing. It goes on again thus:)

This world has become a dream to me, those gracious figures under the myrtle mounds are mine own people; mine was the heritage of beauty and poetry, snatched from me by chance, and if not in life, in death at least——

(Here the journal abruptly ends.)

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

---

VIVIAN.

She comes! Between the boughs I quick espy  
 Her fluttering robe, her charger gleaming white;  
 'Tis Vivian, the dazzling, daring sprite;  
 And now, dark-mounted, Merlin passes by.  
 See, how she lures him on with witching eye,  
 Over her shoulder laughing in delight!  
 On, up the twilight hills and out of sight  
 He follows, follows long and lovingly.

But what when Vivian's laughter dies away?  
 And ends the ride—and fades the evening cloud?  
 What then? Old Merlin knows. Great was his might  
 High was his mystic name and long his day;  
 And now,—a few steps more; then, like a shroud,  
 A hollow stone, the darkness of the night.

PLEASAUNCE BAKER, '09.

*MY FIFTH BIRTHDAY.*

It has always seemed to me that four years is quite too short a time in which to accumulate that wealth of experience and preparation which is essential to the right performance of all the responsibilities and dignities that go with being five years old. And yet I remember that—keenly alive as I was to the overpowering demands of my new dignity—I was far from feeling depressed or overwhelmed, one long-ago sunny June morning, as I scraped my skinny little legs over the trellis of the summer-rose arbour and brought down a shower of petals and morning dew with me in my leap from the fourth bar to meet the postman.

"Say!" I screamed down the path, "I'm five years old!"

"Jiminy Christmas!" exclaimed the postman, as he came slowly up the path and shifted the strap of the leather bag over his shoulder. "Jiminy Christmas! You don't say so!"

His incredulity flattered and charmed me. At least a score of times in the last three days had I hinted artfully at the likelihood of this very same bit of news to every member of my family, and the interest shown, I regret to say, had been very apathetic indeed, compared with the concern of this poor postman.

"Yes, sir; five, at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock," I said.

"Jiminy Christmas, you don't say so," he repeated; "why, you ain't older than Billy, are you?"

"Billy!" I breathed witheringly, "Billy! My goodness, Billy isn't half way through being three yet."

"Oh, Billy ain't nothing but a kid," agreed the postman, falling in admirably with my humour.

"What did you get for your birthday?"

"Why, nothing," I hesitated, "that is, nothing yet. We haven't had our breakfast table, you see," I added, being in a strait betwixt a sudden new sense of the indelicacy of anticipating a gift and an unwillingness to represent my family as ungenerous.

At this moment, a bell from the depths of the house called me to the breakfast table, which I had been supervising with one eye for the last half hour, and there, sure enough, my family had quite lived up to my most sanguine belief in them; for my plate fairly toppled with mystery, I had to wait, of course, until father and mother and Chris-

tiana had kissed me, and until my six brothers had demonstrated their love and good wishes by thirty well-directed pinches, to say nothing of a succession of kicks and nudges "to grow on," discharged under the table, while six meek round heads were reverently bowed well into as many blue porridge-bowls. Then, rather in advance of the "Amen," I got my fingers into the knots of the package which my keen eyes told me was most capable of containing a doll. And there it was, a blooming, wide-eyed creature, with the complexion of a barmaid, staring vacantly at me from its excelsior pillow, dressed in a really ravishing gown, made by Christiana, but with—how can I tell it?—painted china hair!

It was strange. My parents had always seemed to know how to give good gifts. It had never occurred to me to hint to them how I felt toward dolls with painted China curls.

Well, it is in a crisis like this that the dignity of years counts. At fifteen minutes past twelve, I should have dashed this sensuous-eyed beauty to the hearth and burst into tears. I should never have seen the anxious affection in Christiana's eyes. But now, in a flash, with a demonstrativeness uncommon to any child in a family where brothers are so plentiful as they were in mine, I flung my arm about Christiana's pretty head, in a pleasure that was as genuine as the sunlight. And, in spite of what happened afterwards, I think I loved that ugly, durable doll from that moment.

When I had looked at everything, "Your breakfast is growing cold, Sarah," Christiana said, drawing the corner of a napkin across her lips, and taking out of my Niagara Falls napkin-ring a substantial little bib, with "Baby" worked upon it in red.

"I don't need it, thank you, Christiana," I said, with cold formality.

"But Baby, dear," she protested, "your good pinafore!"

"I'm not a baby, Christiana," I said, "and I wish a truly napkin like yours and mother's. Anyway, these aren't my best clothes."

"And I can fix my orange," I added, as I saw my father setting about his usual morning service for me.

I remember that father laughed as he passed the orange to me, and mother sighed and wondered what we would do now without a baby.

"We might get Billy," father suggested.



"Billy's a cry baby," I said hastily, "and besides he's just thick with prickly heat."

"I guess he won't do, then," father agreed. "We're not used to cry-babies." He stopped and passed his hand affectionately over my neck—"or prickly heat," he laughed.

I have always held that straight hair and prickly heat are quite as powerful to blight childhood as are cruel stepmothers and drunken fathers. Add to these, if you will, six brothers—six big, teasing brothers like mine—and is it any wonder that, a dozen times a day, I dissolved, gently as a mist, into the tears they all hated?

I was all ready, of course, to laugh with father, but—what with the straight hair, the prickly heat, and the six brothers, who hereupon brought themselves to my remembrance by a derisive shout—I got quite switched off from the laugh, and began somehow to cry gently instead, and when Bobby stopped laughing to remind me, expostulatingly, that I had "the very deuce of a neck" myself, I singled him out from the rest and managed to blubber forth my very uncomplimentary opinion of him. Bobby, who never could get cross, sought his revenge through a much trodden path.

"O Bunny," he said reproachfully, "think what I just gave you."

"I don't like it," I sobbed. "It isn't nice; it's ugly; it's nasty; it isn't pretty; it's ugly!" My vocabulary always eluded me thus, in my passions.

"O Bunny," he protested amiably, "aren't you ashamed?"

"No!" I fairly shrieked, for now I really *was* ashamed. "It *is* ugly, and my ribbon's ugly, and my boat's ugly, and my beads are ugly, and my whip's ugly, and my doll's ugly. It—it," I choked, "its hair doesn't *comb*!"

If only I had not added that! They knew I didn't mean the rest. And I suppose it was because I was five years old that I knew, without looking, how grieved Christiana's eyes were, as she laid my hot, tempest-tossed head against her cool face, and carried me off from eyes which I felt sure must be full of reproof.

And thus, signally, I failed to enter into my inheritance, failed to rise on that great wave of possibilities which had been rolling to meet me for five long years,—I, who had made such a brave, hopeful leap in the morning, floundered now and struggled; and from these cold waters of despair there was no one to lift me,—no one, no one,—unless, indeed, it might be Christiana.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

*GANYMEDE.*

Up, up, beyond the clouds, on wings of might!

What hope have I to pray or beg release?

Below me, in the fresh thin April light,

All green and blossomed, lie the fields of Greece.

The maidens there

Now bleach with care

The linen fair,

And on the hill,

My little snowy flock may graze at will.

I would not bear

Jove's golden cups, if only I might tend them still.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

---

*FALLACIOUS IDEAS OF LOYALTY.*

Bacon tells us that "the applying of knowledge to lucre and profession divideth and interrupteth the prosecution and advancement of knowledge, like unto the golden ball, thrown before Atalanta, which while she goeth aside and stoppeth to take up, the race is hindered." Here at Bryn Mawr we are, for the time being, it is true, in small danger of being distracted from our pursuits by the thought of immediate profit; but our path is beset with innumerable lesser lures,—in the manner, after all, of golden balls,—whose influence is all the more to be feared because we are accustomed to think of them as worthy of a measure of devotion, and to pride ourselves on our disinterestedness in catching them while we are engaged in the race. The lures I mean are a host of lesser loyalties to class and college, some of them commendable enough, some of them merely harmless and meaningless, some of them, to my mind, rather harmful than otherwise,—but all of them together requiring an astonishing expenditure of time and energy.

Under the guise of a high-sounding loyalty we are tricked into giving assent to customs and conventions that have nothing to do with

noble conduct, and which, in fact, lead often to pettiness and obscure our vision from more real issues. Such a dull convention as that of keeping secret the name of a play until the night of the performance is a case in point. Women are proverbially unable to keep secrets, but the obligation to keep a great many unimportant secrets, secrets which there is no obvious reason for keeping at all, rather tends to destroy our sense of proportion in confidence than to train us in being faithful when there is real necessity. A more sane point of view was expressed in my hearing the other day, when some one remarked, "I hate a woman who hasn't honour enough to keep a big secret, and one who hasn't sense enough to give away a little one."

But, it will be said, this keeping of secrets is just one of the many ties that bind us together at college. They are unimportant enough in themselves, but they are invaluable in promoting a loyal and comradely spirit. Now I am ready to admit that, if these ties were needed in order to create a spirit of loyalty among us, it would be worth while to spend part of our time in securing them. But it is just this argument in their favour that seems to me most unsound. This eagerness to bind ourselves together with a multitude of little strings, as it were, springs from the assumption that many definite, measurable bonds, however slender, can unite us more firmly than that one intangible, though great and natural bond—the common pursuit of learning, for which, presumably, we have come to college. We regard this pursuit as something essentially personal and individual, and we think that, if we are not to be selfishly wrapped up in it, we must deliberately seek definite, active ways of working together in little things. Thus we come to feel that we are making a proper sacrifice whenever we neglect academic work in order to paint scenery for a play. Thus, too, there comes to be a tradition that we are not to say anything derogatory of a classmate to one of another class,—not from motives of mere human-kindness, for we may say what we like of anyone outside our class, but simply to build up, as it were, an offensive and defensive rampart around ourselves. Thus, again, an understanding is established that we may not criticise Bryn Mawr to anyone unconnected with the college,—a mistaken loyalty which is responsible for a large part of the reputation for arrogance that Bryn Mawr students have won for themselves abroad, and which, moreover, cuts us off from one of the most effective

ways of helping the college—that of influencing it indirectly through the force of public opinion.

Now all these bonds with which we have hedged ourselves about do, in point of fact, defeat the very purpose for which we invented them. We trust to them to maintain a spirit of comradeship among us, as soldiers are helped to keep up their *esprit de corps* by many such trivial regulations. But soldiers have their great common object constantly before them: they cannot forget that what really unites them is the service of their country, and they see all smaller, artificial bonds in the proper perspective. We, on the other hand, cling to our fixed idea that in carrying out our main purpose in coming here—the pursuit of learning—we are satisfying a merely selfish desire; we forge ties unconnected with this desire and look to them alone to keep us in touch with our fellows. Surely by taking a little thought instead of a great deal of trouble we could secure a much firmer and nobler kind of loyalty. If we should loosen our hold on some of our many carefully wrought devices, we should soon feel that we are comrades in more serious things. As soldiers are necessarily united in the service of a nation, so we should feel ourselves drawn irresistibly together by the common desire “to separate and reject vain speculations, and whatsoever is empty and void, and to preserve and augment whatever is solid and fruitful.”

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

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### *A FLASH OF HEAT.*

For all of us, although some do not know it, one wish is fulfilled every day. The wish does not always come true immediately; it depends upon the wish and the fairy who hears it. This is the result of a bargain, made long ago by the fairies and their enemies the pixies, who tormented mortals as greatly as the fairies indulged them. By way of compromise the pixies vowed to stop annoying the mortals, to whom the fairies in turn were to grant only one wish a day. And the sprites who were judging between the two, declared that the fairies and pixies must take turns in carrying out the wishes, and the mortals would take the consequences. Hans Christian Andersen and the Grimm brothers knew this, and they were careful how they expressed their

desires, because it is almost certain that if a pixie hears your wishes for the day he will select the silliest and you will be sorry. Dr. Johnson, although he did not believe in fairies, arrived at this conclusion by reasoning, and then he wrote *Rasselas*. Read the original subtitle of that book, if you do not believe me.

But Griggs was no Hans Andersen, nor yet any Dr. Johnson, and the only explanation of his experience which I can give is, that a pixie with a bad attack of hay fever was being corrector of destiny to the poor mortal that day. And if I could explain it further I would not, for extraordinary occurrences become commonplace when there is a reason for their happening.

So then, among others, Griggs made the wish that something exciting might happen that night, to let him forget the heat. The club was nearly deserted, and he felt unutterably bored. The heat it was that had driven Griggs' cronies out of town, there was no chance of any coming in until the next morning, so Griggs yawned, threw down his paper, and left. He rode out to his home on the West Side, which he considered the most interesting part of Chicago in which to live. When he arrived there he found the lights in his house out, and his Japanese man gone.

For some time he wandered about trying to find a cool place where the stench from the packing houses could not reach him. Finally he settled to smoke in his billiard room on the third floor. Outside the noises became fewer, then only the distant hum of the city remained, then silence. Griggs was nearly asleep, dreaming that he was in a factory, and that above him a huge piston was working back and forth; when the noise of the piston became louder, and he realized that some one was running across the roof over his head.

The steps passed, and he sat up wondering, till suddenly they returned and the trapdoor leading into the house was violently jerked from its place. Griggs dashed across the hall to the little bedroom into which his visitor seemed about to descend, and saw by the dim hall-light that the door in the ceiling was being pushed in. A last crash, and a man's figure fell through, sprawling on the floor. No one followed, and the moonlight streamed down the opening upon his crumpled shirt front and tousled black hair.

Griggs carried him into the den and ran back to the other room. With a leap he caught the frame of the lower trapdoor and drew him-

self up to the roof. There was nothing to be seen. The roofs on either hand lay extended in the same state of tar-and-gravel neatness. Not another trapdoor was open along the whole line. He walked from end to end on the roofs, still no sign of anything. Coming back at last to his own door, he heard moaning and sobbing inside, and the realization that those sounds, so hysterical, came from a man sent a shudder over his already quivering nerves.

"Come, come," he protested, as he mixed a brandy and soda. "Tell me what is up. It isn't as bad as all that. Stop this nonsense, man, and let me help you."

The man shivered and straightened in his chair, so that Griggs saw for the first time that he was very young and that his face was grey with some fear.

"Hadn't you better tell me all about it?" asked Griggs. "I can't do any good until you do," as the other shook his head. "Shall I ask you some questions to get you started?" he continued, as the younger man went on staring into the glass of soda he held. Griggs felt he must go on talking as the other merely nodded and shivered.

"First, then," his host began anew, "where did you come from?"

"From two doors down," replied the other after a pause.

"Did you close the trapdoor after you?" continued the questioner.

"No. I didn't have time. I—you see— He must have closed it when he saw me come in here."

"Oh, I perfectly understand," Griggs soothed him quietly. "Then you think he wouldn't dare to come after you here?"

"No, of course not," the other fairly whispered. "He tried to stop me, but—no, he *couldn't* come in here. You see, he goes away about this time."

It was two by the mantel clock, but much as Griggs thought his guest ought to be in bed or in a sanitarium, he could not leave so hopeless a mystery. His next question brought out the whole story.

"How long has he been coming to see you?"

"Oh, I might as well tell you the whole thing. You'll let me stay here, won't you? Say I can stay," he pleaded, beginning once more to grow hysterical.

"Of course you may stay. That's settled," his host promised rashly. "Tell me what is the matter."

"You understand he was my very best friend, and we disagreed as

to whether immigration was the problem of the United States. As though I cared! As though I care! But he said I was narrow, and I said he didn't know enough to say that. It was dreadfully hot that night, and he had no business—"

"What night?" asked Griggs, at the risk of throwing the story entirely out of its course.

"Why, it was Thursday, no Wednesday, two nights ago. Don't you think he was wrong to say I was narrow?" querulously. Then: "Finally he said I lied, and I knocked him down. We never would have been so crazy if there had been a bit of a breeze. But he fell, crashing his head against my dressing case, and when I picked him up he looked at me like—oh, he said plainer than any words that I was his murderer." The moans began again and Griggs felt he must say something, but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to be said.

"Very early next morning I took his body down to the west branch and motored along the bank as far south as possible from the bridge, and there I put him in the water. Coming home a policeman stopped me, and I thought he knew, but he only wanted me to go slower. Last night I was all alone when he came up the stairs. I heard the water in his boots as he came higher and higher, and I closed the door and locked it. It was no use, he crawled up and looked through the transom. He couldn't open it, and finally went away, but outside the door was a little pool of water. To-night he came right through the door and I made a dash for the roof, because the trapdoor happened to be in my room. He came, too, and at every movement his wet clothes made an awful, indescribable sound. So I came in here and——" the story ended.

"Well, you must stay here," began Griggs when he recovered his speaking powers, "until you decide what to do. I have promised, and so now let's get to bed."

All the next day the younger man, whom Griggs found to be an architect named Harrison, lay in a high fever, out of which the physician was unable to bring him by nightfall. Griggs flung himself down on the couch in the sick man's room and fell asleep. It must have been after twelve when he heard Harrison scream, and he listened to some one coming up the stairs, slowly, without any other sound but that of water gurgling in a man's boots.

"It's no use! It's no use!" moaned Harrison in terror. "He knew where I was. Quick! Hide me somewhere."

The words roused Griggs thoroughly, he tried to get up and grasp the revolver close to his pillow, but he was incapable of moving. A horrible sense of his impotence came over him, and he put forth every effort in his power to move, only to move, or to cry out. He could not. Terror such as he had never conceived held him, a spectator of the end of his strange adventure.

Harrison leaped out of bed where he had lain huddled, and dashed about the room as though pursued. Then he fell over and lay in the dim light before a window. There was nothing in the room, absolutely nothing, yet Griggs could not stir. The figure on the floor held his eyes and attention tensely fixed, and when it lay still finally, he gave vent to his relief in screams, until his Japanese came running to his side. But there was nothing to do then but take up the lifeless body, dry the pool of river water by its side, and return to the everyday world of inquests, business and explainable adventures.

MARGARET PRUSSING, '11.

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*TRANSLATED FROM A SATIRE ON "L'ESPRIT DES LOIS."*

The sun is still the primal cause  
Both of our virtues and our flaws.  
Nero himself, if born elsewhere,  
Might have been Titus,—or Voltaire.  
Mind is a thing of touch and go  
And courage melts where melts the snow;  
And reason is a versatile  
Dependent on the climate's will.  
Men of the north are bold and free;  
In Asia, slaves to luxury.  
Such are the chances, here below,  
That mark the way our souls shall grow.  
So then, without much careful toil,  
Let's make division of the soil,  
And by the steps the sun doth take  
Deduce the laws that men will make.



Rulers, take ye this rule to heart,  
And form your maxims by this art;  
Under its guidance separate  
Virtues from crimes, and save the state.  
Found all your documents on air;  
Remember still that anywhere  
A nation is despotical,  
Republican, monarchical,  
According as the sun doth shine,  
Or as the winds and rains combine.  
Now call this not frivolity,—  
I have the best authority:  
Our Solon the anonymous  
Has just revealed the truth to us.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, 'o8.

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*EDITORIAL.*

It has often been objected, by those who disapprove of the higher education of women, that college, in some fashion, deprives the average young woman of all conversational facility. The conventional response to this attack is, that such a defect, when it exists, is temperamental, and in no way due to college influences. The opponent, however, doggedly persists that, although he pretends to know nothing about the ways and means by which the fatal work is wrought, he judges by results, the average college-bred young woman cannot talk.

Now we know that the Bryn Mawr graduate ought to be, of all conversationalists, the best; but, to face the fact squarely, *is* she, in reality? We agree, of course, with the defenders, that the power to talk gracefully and intelligently depends, to a large extent, upon the gifts and temperament of the person; but we are not prepared to say that college is without effect in developing and influencing tendencies; nor can we deny that our enemies have some grounds for their argument about results. Very few people are born without some sort of conversational aptitude. It may not be of a quality that can ever be developed into anything very interesting or amusing, but such as it is,

in the girl just entering college, it is exactly at the point where influences and surroundings and associates will swell it forth into sudden luxurious bloom, or fatally retard its growth.

If, then, the contribution of the college to the conversational ability of its students depends on the conditions of life it offers, the task remains of finding the parts these conditions play in forming ideas in the young feminine mind.

The natural starting-point for our investigation would seem to be the dining-room. During the day we are too busy, or too tired, or perhaps too cross, to say anything more than is necessary; but at the table we might reasonably expect that the brief period of respite from our hurry, the invigorating influence of nourishment to our toil-wasted frames, the proximity of friends we are fond of, would do away, temporarily, with our cares, would put us in a good-humoured state of mind, and give an opportunity to what is light and pleasant and spontaneous in our natures, of showing forth in untrammelled conversation. Now every one knows that nothing of this sort occurs. It may be that our tables are too large, that the dining-room is too noisy, that we cannot arrange, perhaps, to sit beside the person we like, or that the food does not please us. At all events, conversation does not flourish. At some tables—the worst—we find almost complete silence, not ill-tempered perhaps, but at any rate bored. At others there is that ever-fascinating game in process, the point of which is a discussion of the amount of work each person has on hand to do, and how little real work she has actually accomplished. The rivalry among those who claim the distinction of greatest number of quizzes before, and smallest amount of toil behind, becomes often very animated. Of course there is always talk about hockey, and sometimes even a spectacular performance with the length of the table for a field, and napkin rings for balls, and spoons for sticks. This is a high form of hilarity.

The large teas are not very different. Perhaps because their purpose is ostensibly and exclusively social their failure is greater. Two hundred people from all the classes are asked to meet some one's mother or friend, or perhaps a number of Freshmen. The opportunity is excellent to draw us a little out of the rut our life of "sets" and "crowds" and halls and classes has ground us into; but we, with never-failing complacency, remain impervious to the chance. If the guest of honour is a stranger, she departs at the end of the hour, weary, and bored, and

confused, having conversed spasmodically with a few of her friend's most intimate companions, and shaken hands and received hasty smiles from all the hordes of others. She has come to doubt the existence of the "clever, amusing girls" her friend has so often and so picturesquely described. And so it is with the row of unhappy Freshmen, for whom teas are occasionally given. They stand patiently and politely trying to pick up a name here, or return a "how do you do" there, while the stream of their older fellow-students surges past them and, at the end of the hour, they feel no more sense of companionship, they have no larger list of acquaintances, than before the distinction was theirs of being the guests of honour at an upper classman's tea.

It would not be urged, probably, that this neglect on the part of the upper classmen was due to unkindness. Juniors and Seniors unite in protesting they would make some pleasant remark if they could think of one. They say they are afraid of the Freshmen, that they have no common ground for talk; the best they can do is to show their friendliness by a smile and pass on.

Nor has the upper classman the excuse of stupidity for her conversational sterility. Take her in the midst of her crowd anywhere. It will at once be seen that college has not failed to awaken a wealth of ideas in her mind. If any lay outsider could break in upon the cloistered intimacy of her circle, he would stand amazed at her arguments about being and non-being, her discussions of the relative values of style and subject matter in literature, her eulogies of Henry James and George Meredith, her comparisons of Tolstoi and Turgenieff, her judgments of the fitness of certain professors for their positions—but unless this stranger were gifted with what might be called a particular academic intuition, he would not, at best, feel at his ease in this conversation. And just here lies the explanation of our failure, according to the world's standards, as conversationalists. We talk of nothing but what we, in our circumscribed little circle, find immediately interesting. We are mentally too indolent to strike out and enlarge our cramped surroundings, or even while remaining in our set to preserve our freedom and individuality of opinion. The circle, the longer we are in college, becomes narrower and narrower as its limits become drawn more hard and fast. In it, we find our interest, and correspondingly do the interests of the world, and even of the other groups in college, fade from our sight. At the end of the four years we find that, during

that pliant, susceptible period, our ideas have become stamped, moulded, branded. We can, perhaps, talk on deep or pedantic subjects, but how does that fit us to meet the world? It is the rare thing to come into contact with a person who will listen to our serious views. And how, on the other hand, does the levity that has amused us throughout college assist us? Our jokes are not the jokes of the world. They are personal, anecdotal, hilarious; stamped, at all events, with the "set's" seal of approval. We learn how to think in college, we learn how to argue, and how to discuss, and how to be gay; but we voluntarily and determinedly set ourselves against acquiring the fine frivolity that marks the conversation of the woman of the world.

M. P.

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### THE SOPHOMORE PLAY.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, given by the Sophomore Class on the evening of November 1, in honour of the Freshmen, was one of the prettiest college plays ever presented. The stage-setting and the costuming were of a beauty and an elaborateness that made the stage-managers of former plays gasp with admiration. They all felt that the highest form of art in gymnasium embellishment had been reached. There were, to begin with, new fly entrances on both sides of the stage, which greatly facilitated the coming and going of the players; and lessened the danger, always so menacing in former times, of falling off the stage. There were marble benches, and flowers, and trees—real fir-trees, not quite big enough, it is true, to shelter Biron in their boughs while their companions betrayed their secrets below; but generously spreading out their tufted branches, to screen him against discovery. The perspectives and the backgrounds had a truly professional look. As for the costumes—the velvet and sable of the prince, the plumes and spangles and the flashing steel of Don Armado, the trailing satins and the jewels of the ladies, the brightness, and the colour, and the flowers—they carried us most delightfully into the atmosphere of Shakespeare's half-sylvan, half-courtly world of romance.

The play does not offer any great opportunities for brilliant, individual acting. It is, in itself, so light and gay, and charming, that

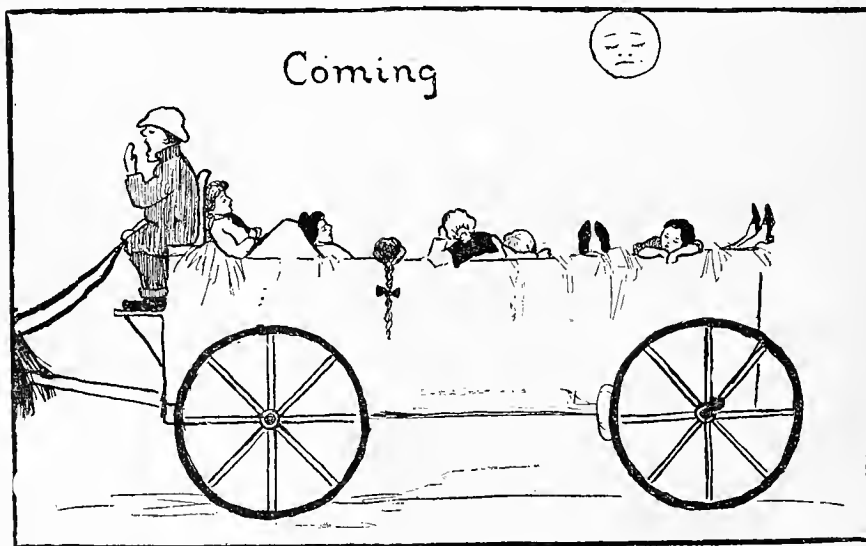
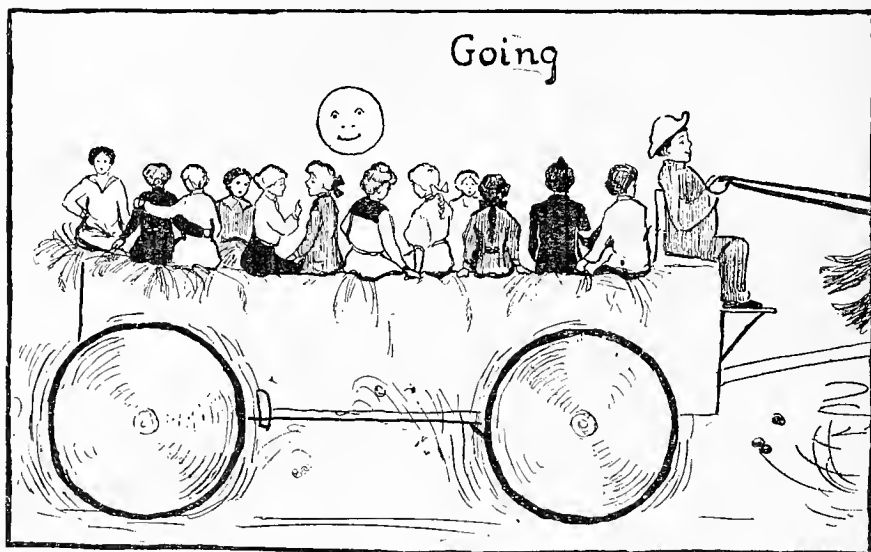
there is nothing really for the characters to do but be gallant, splendid, romantic figure-heads. The conventional, chivalrous, witty love-speeches of the men; the graceful, bantering retorts of the women, require no emotional rendering, only a superficial airiness and animation; and this the players succeeded very well in producing. The prince, in particular, gave his lines with ease and perfect frivolity, and succeeded in looking and acting so delightfully the part of the debonnaire, romantic young nobleman, that he left little to be desired. Biron, with his whimsical wit and rather feminine sprightliness, made a graceful companion of pleasure. Don Armado, also, took his rôle picturesquely. His dolorous moans and sighs, his amorous soliloquies, his sweeping bows and courtly gestures; above all, his fantastic, Spanish radiance of appearance, made him a figure long to be remembered. His little follower Moth was, as he should be, airily humorous, dainty, and light.

The comedy proper of the play was rendered in truly Shakesperian style. Costard was one of the most delightful clouts imaginable. He was continually bungling things for everybody, and making half-simple, half-malicious clownish observations, and being kicked about and buffeted and played upon in the finest Elizabethan fashion. He had a wealth of facial expressions of varying degrees of simpleness, and a certain lumbering agility of limb that gave a delightful ludicrousness to his postures. His greatest charm was perhaps his smile, which was at once crafty, and silly, and clownish, and adorably good humoured, and quite irresistible. Jacqueneta was a worthy partner for this remarkable Costard. Her rural jocoseness and sylvan comeliness are refreshing now to think of. Holofernes and the pastor added their share to the hilarity of the audience.

The greatest fault in the rendering of the play seems to me to be the seriousness of the closing scenes. When the news comes of the death of the princess's father, the lords and ladies abandon their admirable frivolity for a rather ill-fitting solemnity. It can hardly be thought that Shakespeare intended this stroke as a touch of tragedy in so light a comedy. The king of France means nothing to us. We do not know him, and his death causes us no grief. It is used simply as a device for bringing the play, which is rather rambling in nature, to a climax. It is distinctly out of harmony to allow this last scene to obscure, with a trace of sadness, the incomparable grace and lightness of the rest of the play.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

*DULCI FISTULA.*  
*THE TALE OF A HAY RIDE.*



"AIN'T IT FUNNY WHAT A DIFFERENCE ONLY TWO HOURS MAKE?"

P. B., '09.

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TRIALS OF A STUDENT GUIDE.

She asked how old the Dean was, how tall was Taylor tower?  
Was the Library Carnegie's? What was the Bryn Mawr flower?  
Did we love to go to chapel? What we generally ate?  
Did I ever smoke or gamble? Did I hope to graduate?  
But the question that dear lady most often asked of me  
Was "Where, oh where, is Pembroke, and where, oh where, is tea?"

I showed her rooms, and told her how the college furnished all,  
From the crackers in the bookcase to the banners on the wall;  
I displayed the teak-wood staircase and remarked with quiet pride  
That it cost a million dollars and was forty-five feet wide,  
I disclosed the cloister tablet to her admiring view  
And told how it was given by the W. C. T. U.—,  
But to all my flow of knowledge, so accurate and free,  
She answered faintly, "Pembroke—I'm invited there for tea."

I described all Bryn Mawr's glories, architectural, æsthetic,  
Academic, histrionic, all our prowesses athletic,  
I tried to entertain her, though her thoughts were gastronomic,  
To turn her mind from tea-cups and sandwiches atomic,  
But in vain. She said at parting, as she pressed a tip on me,  
"I don't know what they *have* here, but I know they *haven't* tea."  
C. L. MEIGS, '07.

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SCANDAL IN BARRACKS.

Said General English to Major German,  
A-stopping on the path,  
"The thing I'm trying to determine  
Is where to Post Major Math.

"He's gone quite mad about Polly Con,  
And yet he must resign her,  
For Polly's parents won't consent,  
And Polly Con's a Minor."

"You're right, old man," the Major swore,  
"By George, it stirs my wrath  
To think that any lovely girl  
Could think of electing Math."

But suddenly the General blushed,  
The Major ceased to speak;  
For there was Polly strolling by  
With cunning Baby Greek.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

The first French Oral was held on Saturday, October 26, the examiners being Dr. Foulet, Dr. Madison and Dr. Johnstone. The results were much as usual, twenty persons failing out of the seventy who tried. The first German Oral was held on November 2 by Dr. Jessen, Dr. Maddison and Dr. Forbes. Fifty-five members of the Senior Class went up for the examination and twenty-five failed.

On the evening of Friday, November 1, the Class of 1910 presented *Love's Labour's Lost* in the gymnasium. The entertainment was given for the Freshmen, but was much appreciated by the whole college and many outsiders.

The Sophomore dance to the Freshmen took place on the following night, November 2. Some of the favors were very original and everyone had a jolly time.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union on November 6 was led by Edith Chambers, '08, on *The Christian Union Conference*.

Lantern Night took place on November 8. The ceremony had all of its usual impressiveness and the rain that fell was not sufficient to dim the symbolic light of the hundred pretty lanterns.

On November 11 Dr. C. A. R. Janvier, pastor of the Broad Street Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia, addressed the Bryn Mawr League for the Service of Christ.



*ATHLETIC NOTES.*

The captains and managers for the hockey teams this year are as follows:

FIRST TEAM.		SECOND TEAM.	
1908.		1908.	
<i>Captain.</i>	<i>Manager.</i>	<i>Captain.</i>	<i>Manager.</i>
L. Sharpless.	M. Copeland.	E. Chambers.	M. Case.
1909.		1909.	
M. Nearing.	C. Wesson.	E. Clifton.	H. Scott.
1910.		1910.	
M. Kirk.	K. Rotan.	D. Nearing.	R. Cabot.
1911.		1911.	
H. Emerson.	A. Sterns.	M. Case.	M. Williams.

The interclass match games began Monday, November 11. So far but two games have been played, 1908 winning from 1909 by a score of 6 to 2, and 1910 winning from 1911 by the same score.

It has been decided that the second teams shall play but one game each for preliminaries and finals. The opponents drawn by the first teams hold good also for the second. If light blue plays red in the first teams, it does the same in the second.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held in October, a new rule was proposed by the captain of the Varsity hockey team and approved by the association. This was that no B. M.'s should be given out until the end of the season, and then only to those whom the Varsity Committee should vote worthy of wearing the letters. The committee say it has been occasionally necessary to put a poor player on the team to fill up a vacancy, and by so doing have lowered the value of the honourable B. M. The present method, they hope, will not only do away with the necessity of awarding the letters unworthily, but will be a juster way of recognizing the merits of those who have arrived at a desired degree of excellency in the game, whether they have played in a Varsity match or not.

The members of the Varsity Committee are Miss Sharpless, captain; Miss Applebee, Miss M. Nearing, Miss Copeland, and Miss Wesson.

On Saturday, November 2, there was a game between the Moorestown hockey team and the Bryn Mawr Varsity. The game was played

in spite of an intermittent rain, and the Senior orals, which, unfortunately, fell upon that day. The score was 9 to 1 in favor of the Varsity. The line-up was as follows: Forwards, Kirk, Helburn, Griffith, McKenney, Cadbury; half-backs, Copeland, Sharpless, Nearing; full-backs. Young, Schmidt, Plaisted.

The second game was Belmont vs. Bryn Mawr, November 8, the Varsity winning by a score of 8 to 4.

In this game Platt and Morris played in the places of McKenney and Griffith.

The game with the Merion Cricket Club will take place November 16. Engagements have also been made with Lansdowne and Germantown, but the dates have not yet been fixed.

The class tournaments in tennis were finished October 16. The three best players from each class were chosen to make class teams. These were: 1908, Helburn, Schmidt, Bishop; 1909, Nearing, Whitney, Belleville; 1910, Swift, Simmonds, Tenney; 1911, Emerson, Hough-teling, Vicary.

The interclass tournament was won by 1908. The college championship was played for by the winners of the four class tournaments. These were: Schmidt, 1908; Whitney, 1909; Swift, 1910, and Emerson, 1911.

The preliminaries were won by Schmidt and Whitney.

Whitney defeated Schmidt in the finals. She then challenged G. Hill, 1907, who won the college championship last year. Hill lost by default.

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### 1911 LANTERN SONG.

*Tune: The Pilgrims' Chorus, from "Tannhäuser."*

To thee we sing, O 1910,  
 Our gratitude for what thou us hast given  
 To guide us on the path we'll tread  
 Through long years, aye forever, while yet we do live.  
 Oh, may we ever watchful be  
 To guard this light, as thou dost guard it now!  
 O Lantern, shine on, the symbol of Bryn Mawr,  
 Be thou the star to guide us through the night;  
 And reveal to us the truth we seek,  
 That we may live more worthily.  
 O Lantern, gleam on, gleam on,  
 And ne'er, ne'er grow dim!

ESTHER CORNELL, '11.

## 1908 ORAL SONGS.

## MEDLEY.

## I.

*Tune: No Wedding Bells for Me.*

"No French and Dutch for me,"  
 Laughs the Freshman loud in glee,  
 "Why not leave your boresome *Français*  
 "Join our tennis, teas and hockey.  
 "Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free,  
 "No French and Dutch for me."

*Chorus.*

*Tune: I'm Married Now.*

"We would if we could, but we can't.  
 "Why? Because we're Seniors now.  
 "We bid teas and games get behind us  
 "When we took the Senior vow.  
 "We may *parler* well  
 "And *ganz gut sprechen können*,  
 "But with thoughts pell mell  
 "We shan't remember *gönnen*.  
 "We would if we could, but we can't.  
 "Why? Because we're Seniors now."

## II.

*Tune: Do, Re, Me, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.*

"Eins, zwei, drei, ya, hundert und six,  
 "That's the number of our many Sophomorish tricks.  
 "Plays and dances are our fancies,  
 "Orals are a bore,  
 "So leave your French and Dutch,"  
 Says the Soph'more.

*Chorus.*

"We would if we could, but we can't," etc.

## III.

*Tune: Subway Express.*

"I came to college this year,  
 "And, well! upon my word!  
 "No sooner had I seen Bryn Mawr  
 "Than German words I heard.  
 "And French was spouted wildly  
 "Down every corridor.  
 "I don't thing I'll come back next year,"  
 Says the care-free Junior.

*Chorus.*

"We would if we could, but we can't."

C. SCHOCK, '08.

*Tune: In Old New York.*

In Taylor Hall, in Taylor Hall  
 Each of us soon must go,  
 To *parlez-vous* and *sprechen*, too,  
 A language that puzzles us so.  
 French verbs sound wrong: Dutch nouns are long,  
 We cannot see at all  
 Why honest English will not do  
 In Taylor Hall.

C. McCook, '08.

---

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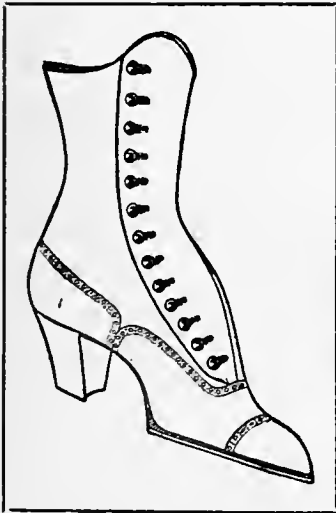
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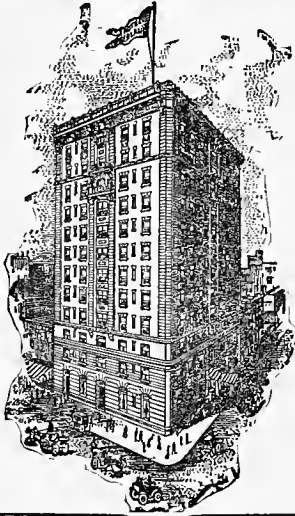
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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## *ON THE DUTY AND NECESSITY OF FORMING AN OPINION.*

There is a curious unanimity in the criticism of present-day America, both at home and abroad. No matter what phase of our national life we are considering we run against the same fundamental difficulty—as a nation we are passing through a state of mediocrity, of a lack of distinction in individuals. This is especially noticeable in all educational work where the greatest demands are always made on the individual and where individual development is the least restricted. The explanation seems to lie in the fact that we have cut off certain stimuli to individual expression and have neglected to train the present generation in the habit of forming an opinion. We have created a civilization which has to be lived up to rather than one which is a true index to our state of growth. It would be interesting to trace in detail the causes of our present mediocrity, but I am more interested to-day in discussing the value of the habit of forming an opinion. Duty and necessity both

demand the formation of individual opinion. I shall use duty and necessity rather arbitrarily. I define that which one should do for the good of the community to be duty. I define that which one must do for one's self-preservation to be necessity. Of course the two are the same, and one can only be analysed in terms of the other; but for the purpose of our present discussion we shall pretend that we see a difference and so perhaps arrive at a clearer understanding of two phases of the same thing.

It is our duty to form a personal opinion on all matters touching our community. I am presupposing that I am writing only for those who believe in democracy. We live in organised communities in order that we may profit by the knowledge arising from communication with our fellow creatures and by expressing this knowledge in word and action raise in our turn the tone of the community. Professor James, in an address before the Association of Collegiate Alumnae in Boston on "The Value of the Educated Class," made a very interesting analysis of the value of the culture course in education. He said that the effect of a culture course was to teach students "to know man (*homo* not *vir*)" and that this knowledge, made manifest in the expressed opinion of the educated class, gave the tone to a community. It is this tone of a community, the atmosphere that makes it an inspiration, which demands the expression of each individuality. There is nothing more stimulating than to associate, however remotely, with a vital personality, a personality that emanates ideas.

The timid and lazy cannot console themselves for a duty unperformed by saying that, although they harm themselves by not expressing their personality, yet such passivity affects the community not at all. Fortunately or unfortunately, although we each may refuse to express ourselves, yet we cannot put off the appearance of individuals. As such we appear in the community and as such, if not carried on by our own activity, we hang as a dead weight on our more active neighbors. No one, I think, can fail to feel the immense injustice of such disloyalty. Every eye and no given, ever ballot cast, every action performed is taken as a direct expression of an intelligent opinion. If the opinion is not there the action is like a certificate for watered stock. Take, for example, one of the college organisations, the Self-Government Association. Each year five members of the Executive Board are elected. Each member of that board going into office believes that she

was elected because, in the intelligent opinion of each member of the majority casting the ballot, her personality, as expressed in her college life, best fitted to carry on the work of the Association. Should the Executive Board once lose this belief, its confidence would be gone, its efficiency destroyed, its administration enfeebled. It is the duty of every individual to form and express a personal opinion.

By a personal opinion I do not mean an opinion necessarily different from the opinions held by others, but I mean an opinion which expresses a true personality. And it is this very personality which demands expression for its existence. I doubt if in a world of constant activity and evolution anything which is merely static can be said truly to exist. The only possibility of development is through knowledge, knowledge in the broad sense of the term and not confined to the more restricted sense of learning. But it is in this very knowledge with all our vast opportunities that we fail. We may experience hundreds of sensations, acquire innumerable facts, even be acquainted with many ideas, and, until we have assimilated them all, be no better than a sponge or a Christmas turkey. It is by our judgment of what we have acquired that we know our relations to our world and by our judgment that we lay the sure foundation of future development. Of course this question of the necessity of judgment and opinion for the individual is an old and well-worn theme, yet I wish to emphasize it strongly, for the tragedies of the intellectual life occur only to those who have acquired much and know little. To form an opinion is necessary to personality, but it does not function involuntarily. It is a conscious effort. Training is as essential to the habit of judgment as to the habit of action. Such training is of the first pedagogical importance. I believe that it is impossible for the teacher to do more than supply suggestive opportunities for the development of opinion and that it is absolutely essential that the scholar should supply the will to judge.

I have no doubt that throughout my argument many have been thinking of the obnoxious individuals who thrust impossible opinions on a long-suffering world. But I have tried to emphasise the fact that one must not merely have an opinion, one must form it. An opinion to be of value must be built on good and trustworthy structural lines, of good proportions, suited to its environment, and adapted to the ends desired. Each individual must be the architect of her own opinions.

M. R., '01.

*EACH AFTER HIS KIND.*

The name Glenna Irving was never mentioned in the upper circles of Jeffreytown without the adjunct "perfect lady," and conversely the essential qualities of feminine refinement were never elaborated without the use of Glenna Irving as an example. When I first came to Jeffreytown as a student, she was a debutante of seventeen, but her fame was even then widespread. I had heard so much of her, in fact, and had formed so vivid a mental image of her, that at my first formal dinner I had no trouble in recognizing Miss Irving in my dinner partner, even before the introductions had taken place. Not that my picture corresponded in any degree to the reality. It was only that she seemed the daintiest, most self-possessed, finest creature in the room. Her extraordinary slenderness at first almost startled me; she seemed like some fair, fragile flower, whose delicate petals would shrivel at the first contact with a noonday glare. Then I reflected that there was, indeed, no sign of frailness. The narrow, aristocratic face, with its smooth white skin, and its short, faint line of lips, was not without its youthful contours, and by no means denoted a lack of vitality. The lustreless pale hair drooped loosely, but with exquisite neatness about the small, flat ears. The slight motions of her head and hands seemed to betoken a calm, unhurried energy.

It occurred to me to wonder how I should begin conversation with my companion. Considering her extreme youth, it seemed but fair that I should shoulder the responsibility. She, however, apparently considered the burden to rest with her.

"Doesn't Mrs. Harland have the most beautiful flowers?" she began prettily.

"Yes," I replied. "I believe Marshal Neils are my favorite roses. Their colour is exquisite, but their fragrance is best of all. It is really haunting in its sweetness."

"Isn't it strange," she went on. "The difference between natural perfumes and artificial ones? Now, as you say, one loves the fragrance of the roses, but think how vulgar one would consider a person who carried such a scent on his pocket handkerchief." During this speech I was conscious of a distinct shrivelling of my social self.



Indeed, the more astounded I became at this little lady's ease and her self-possession, which in no way denoted a lack of simplicity, the more did my nervousness increase. I felt that I was branded as no gentleman, by the bottle of *Eau de Violette* upon my dressing-table.

"Do you really disapprove of all perfumes?" I ventured. "Yes, I think every one does, don't you? It's a dislike that seems to come by instinct. I remember hearing an old negro woman, who had been in the family a long time, say to her daughter, 'De bes' kin o' scent ain' no scent at all.'"

At this point my Puritanical conscience forced me to an unseemly thing. I deliberately drew out my perfumed pocket handkerchief and flourished it before my face. The act met with the treatment it deserved. After a brief but very polite remark on a different subject, Miss Irving turned to Colonel Hunt, her neighbor on the other side. I was left with only a soft little coil of yellow hair to look at, and I marvelled much. I may say that, in the few cases when it has been my misfortune to offend a lady, I have never been more politely nor more delicately reminded of my indiscretion.

Miss Irving went out a great deal that winter. Her distinguished bearing, her ease and manner were a source of constant wonder to the mammas of all the other debutantes. She never said or did a thing that could be considered, by the most jealous critic, out of place. She always had plenty of partners, but she never made herself the centre of lively groups, as so often popular young girls who have wit and animation delight to do. Such conduct she considered conspicuous and out of taste, although she would not presume to criticise it unfavorably. It was, after all, only a matter of preference. As far as she was concerned, however, she did not like groups at all, no matter who was the centre. If she found herself in one, she always excused herself and requested her partner to take her to her seat. And this was indeed the best thing she could do, for it was a great pleasure to watch her walk across the room. The perfection of her scarcely rounded symmetry, the fitting simplicity of her white gown, together with her delicate, restrained prettiness drew all eyes after her. More than once I have seen her pointed out by some enthusiastic, white-bearded gentleman. "Do you see that young lady, sir," he would say. "That is the kind of woman the South is proud to produce." In spite of the fact, however, that

Glenna was such an object of approval to the South, I never could discover that she was very patriotic. She had hardly ventured as yet beyond the borders of her state; but she considered that too great ardour for one's native place betokened a narrowness of outlook. She approved a more cosmopolitan point of view.

As the weeks and months went on, Glenna's talent for discretion came to be marvelled at more and more. There was no point at which the most circumspect could pick a flaw. The less circumspect, to be sure, found plenty of them. But this naturally did not affect Glenna. One does not hope nor wish to please both the sheep and the goats. I confess that I was guilty of interviewing one of the scoffers; my excuse was that I was curious to investigate the cleverness that could find a line of attack in Glenna. The person whom I selected to question was a certain youngish widow, who was generally considered a bit of a poseuse, but admitted to be "frightfully clever."

"Of course Glenna is perfect?" she shrugged.

"Why do you do that?" I asked.

"Oh, we poor sinners always shrug at perfection. It's our only means of defense. Nevertheless, we secure husbands."

"Do you mean to imply that Miss Irving will not, as you put it, 'secure a husband?'"

"I am an acknowledged prophetess. I emphatically predict that she will not."

"Perhaps she doesn't wish to."

"So *she* would doubtless say."

"You are wrong," I contradicted.

Her glance interrogated me.

"She would say," I explained, "that if the right man comes along she will marry him. Otherwise she will be happier to stay with her mother."

Mrs. Striker laughed. "You have the jargon of the well-bred young girl admirably at your command."

"But," I persisted, "surely Miss Irving has plenty of admirers."

"Yes, indeed, and she will continue to have if she lives to be a hundred—so long as she is Glenna Irving."

"But surely they don't pay her attention for policy's sake. She has no wealth."

"Ah, you don't understand. She is Glenna Irving, of Virginia, and her grandfather was Colonel Mandeville Irving."

"But still that's no reason why they shouldn't marry her."

"Perhaps not. Wasn't there a story about some antiquated master who, when commanded by a king to design a great picture, drew a circle, and called it the perfection of art? But the king was not pleased. He wanted stones and trees and cows. Could you love a crystal ball? That's all. She's too perfect!" And Mrs. Striker turned me her plump, white shoulder and would say no more.

I was a bit angered, but my interest in Glenna and her followers had received a spur. Were the attentions of these young men due to a romantic admiration of the departed heroes from whom this girl was descended; or to their Southern innate sense for chivalry; or were they indeed, as I had originally supposed, lovers, the suppression of whose ardour was enforced by lack of encouragement? And there arose another question: Why did Miss Irving continue in her attitude of perfect impartiality? Was it because none of the members of her group corresponded to her maiden ideas of the "right man?" or was it that her fine instinct warned her of indelicacy if she should treat one with more warmth than another? I gave up the problem in despair; for whatever the solution might be, it was certain that there were no indications of possible refutations of Mrs. Striker's prediction.

Winter after winter passed. I had taken my law degree at the university and had hung out my sign in the town. Glenna Irving was twenty-four now and quite unchanged. Her distinguished narrow face was no whit less girlish. She still went to dances and dinners, she still did not lack for partners and admirers, and she continued to be quoted as the essence of correctness. But the poisonous seed sowed by Mrs. Striker so long ago had taken root. It was openly whispered about that Glenna Irving's spinsterhood was inevitable. Some pitied the girl and others blamed her. Some even intimated that it would be more graceful of her to retire from before the footlights while she was still pretty and charming, so that she might be spared the humiliation of being pushed off the stage.

Then something happened. Glenna went away, and when she returned, although there was no change in her looks or manner, every one was conscious of a difference. And the astute ones were not slow

in hitting upon a cause. Glenna, they said, had found, on her travels, a husband. And they were right, although I, if I had had my way, should not have phrased it so vulgarly. Cards, appearing several weeks later, established the fact.

Mrs. Mandeville Irving  
Requests the honour of your company  
At the marriage of her daughter,  
Glenna Mandeville,  
to  
Mr. Chauncey Wilkins Smith, etc.

And then what a chattering of tongues there was! No one had ever heard of Mr. Chauncey Wilkins Smith. The ladies distorted their fair brows and racked their brains in order to make the extraordinary name of this gentleman throw light upon his character. Some maintained he must be related to the Wilkins, of North Carolina. If so, Glenna had done well. Others replied that this could not be true. No Wilkins, even if she had had the temerity to wed a Smith, could have been ridiculous enough to name her son Chauncey. It was decidedly the name of a *nouveau riche* the majority agreed; and many of them censured the Irvings severely for bringing such stock into their conservative town. I, to my credit be it said, remained firm in my old romantic conviction that Glenna had at last found the "right man," and there were several others with me.

On the wedding morning, the pretty university chapel was crowded. Glenna had dropped no hint in regard to her lover's identity, and no chance clue from outside had rewarded the assiduous industry of the ladies in their search. Excitement was high. There are many, I am sure, who would not have been surprised, if, at the peal of the organ, a strapping cow-boy in buckskin and spurs had clanked down the aisle and clasped his bride in his arms before the altar. But they were surprised at what really did happen. *They*, I say for emphasis, not *I*. At the signal, exactly on the stroke of the hour, Glenna appeared in all her high-bred loveliness. She was leaning on the arm of her uncle. And at the same moment the groom stepped into the opposite isle. It is delicious to me now to recall the stifled gasp of amazement that greeted

his appearance. It is no wonder they were surprised, since they had keyed themselves up to expecting a monster. Small, slight, well-proportioned, and faultlessly dressed, Mr. Chauncey Wilkins Smith bore himself with an air of not aggressive self-confidence. The warm breezes coming in through the open windows stirred his fair curls. His unabashed blue eyes and fresh pink skin were good to look upon. His lips curved irresistibly in a smile of happy youth, and it was difficult for him to subdue the elasticity of his step to the measures of the wedding march.

We watched breathlessly. At the moment when the ring came into prominence, my eye caught the amused gaze of Mrs. Striker. "You see," I telegraphed triumphantly, "Glenna has at last 'secured' the perfect gentleman."

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

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### *THE REIGN OF THE MAD HATTER.*

Fashions seem to be the expression of the arbitrary element in man's nature. For almost all other eccentricities of his individuality we can find a cause or trace a preceding series of events, but why one day he should decree that square cut gowns with huge sleeves should alone be effective and twelve months later that they are only beautiful if worn off the shoulders with sleeves so scant as scarcely to deserve the name, is an unanswerable question. The power of the fashion-maker rests, however, not so much in the particular thing he decrees shall or shall not be, but in the influence he exerts over the æsthetic ideals of the average mind. By the majority an old-fashioned gown is invariably called ugly. And even for the few enlightened women who maintain their standards of beauty, the means of escape from the trammels of fashion is not easy. It is only the woman of means and comparative leisure that can break the rules of the game with success. Money is required to raise her above the necessity of the "ready made," and leisure, to study the requirements and suitability of a peculiar mode of dressing. For unconventional clothes, unless elegant and in supremely good taste, descend to the level of the conspicuously ridiculous. This

is the excuse often alleged by women for following in the wake of fashion, to the superficial extinction of their individuality.

Such an excuse does not, it seems to me, hold valid in the case of hats. An unconventional hat is no more expensive than a typically fashionable one, probably less. It is, moreover, obviously easier to adapt a hat to one's individual needs. At present every person's hat is more or less different from every other person's, but its difference lies rather in the extravagance of a hideous fashionable fantasy than in any attempt at individuality. The modern hat has neither rhyme nor reason, and these are, so to speak, two qualities essential to hats. The other day in the train I spent my time observing the headgear of the women about me. The greater number of hats satisfied no demands either of beauty or hygiene. They could not have been worn for warmth, since only a small portion of the head was covered, nor for comfort, for they were evidently heavy and fastened on with innumerable tugging hat pins, nor for neatness, since they forced the hair to protrude in odd places and unruly ways. They were perhaps fashionable.

The ideal hat is, if the paradox be permitted, no hat. If hats are a necessity for protection, to what purpose were we endowed with abundant hair on our heads? They seem indeed to have an unhygienic effect rather than the contrary, witness the baldness of most men and the damage done by hats to women's hair. As for purposes of decoration, surely a well-shaped head and well-kept hair are two of the greatest beauties possible to a human being, and hats tend only to conceal or deform these features. Compare a fine Greek head, bound only with a fillet—which but emphasises the natural lines—to the most beautiful modern head you can find, the latter crowned with a hat, and your modern will inevitably be the loser. But nowadays, it may be said, civilization has degenerated till it finds hats necessary. If so, it should at least justify its demand better than it does.

There are three essential principles which should be followed in making and choosing hats. First, the hat should have a unity of conception, and under this is, of course, included a harmony of color scheme. Second, it should have some practical justification. And third, it should be in harmony with the wearer. It is because they lack the first essential that so many hats, besides striking us as ugly,

jar us and rouse sometimes within us a sense of impotent anger. Instead of expressing something, embodying, so to speak, an idea, they are unrestful, meaningless, futile. Without the second essential, a practical justification, either in affording warmth or shade or fulfilling some other valid excuse for being, a hat may be pretty, but it strikes us as forced, posed, theatrical. The third essential is, in reality, summed up in the word *becoming*, but with a deeper meaning than is usually implied in the use of that word. A hat should, ideally, not only be superficially becoming in shape and color to the features of the wearer, but it should also carry out the scheme of the individual's personality. This is not so absurd as at first perhaps it sounds, for it may imply simply a harmony with the expression as well as the form of a face the expression being but the concrete image of the personality. Perhaps an example or two will make my point clear. The other evening in a restaurant I was idly watching people enter and leave the room. My eye was caught by a certain hat while it was yet at a distance, a broad flat hat, over the crown and brim of which fell three pale yellow plumes of different tints, soft and mellow together. But when the woman who wore it came nearer I dropped my eyes in disappointment. She was ugly, not with that certain fine ugliness which is a distinction, but in a crude, sordid way, with an expression lacking in firmness, in breeding, in all that might have harmonized with the delicacy of her head covering. She and the hat were hopelessly out of tune. At a table near me sat a young girl in street clothes, with a flavor of motoring about them. She had the face of a bored madonna, fine, clear, pure, yet with an intense weariness in the eyes and mouth. And her hat suited her admirably. Its round, simple brim circled her pale hair like—if I may so call it—a dark halo. Its only trimming, a soft marabou feather, fell back sleepily over the low drooping brim. With its delicate beauty, its fine simplicity, the outcome one perhaps felt of an intricate conception, the hat seemed to continue the scheme of the girl's personality.

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

*LULLABY.*

Cold winds are blowing from the west,  
The stars begin to shine,  
The last bird twitters in his nest,  
And thou, O little bird of mine,  
Come lay thy head upon my breast  
And fold thy quiet hands.  
Far out upon the sea, there sails  
A ship from distant lands,  
All wearied with the waves and gales  
It seeks these pleasant strands,  
Where dawn is sweet and day is glad  
And only twilight time is sad.  
Upon that ship, across that sea,  
One sails to us apace;  
Love-gifts he brings to thee and me,  
For me, a painted fan and lace,  
Small scarlet shoon with brodered bands  
And downy furs for thee.  
Lie near, wee heart, the night is cold,  
Although the stars be fair,  
My arms about thee will I fold  
And hold thee closely there.  
How warm and safe will you be then,  
When that dear one comes home again!  
Come, let us seek a pretty dream,  
For thou art sleepy now;  
So dream, my sweet, the sea gulls scream  
About the beaten prow,  
The heaping waves wear crests that gleam  
And break in ghostly white.  
Through such a long and stormy way,  
That good ship may not fight.  
And thou mayst be, ere dawn of day,  
A little lonely child.  
(Ah! me, the wind is wild.)

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.



## PYM.

*January 28.*

Well again and out. But can I ever forget it, the faintly medicinal smell of things, the glare, the dazzling bed-spread, the wilted, sickly droop of my clothes on the half-open door of the closet!

And a *fire* once again. In the light of it, the past begins to look fairly serene, and the future (from a safe distance to be sure), fairly tranquil.

But Daniel, big aggressive brute! I wonder whatever possessed Alden to give him to me. I think if there ever was an inexcusable perpetration of kindness, he is guilty of it. I see now why he is such a cynic. The cynics in life are the people who are always trying to do things for people who don't *want* things done for them.

And Charles! That man! No domestic could be more utterly a failure. The joy of a house untenanted by servants! I am thinking fairly hard. Things are beginning to materialize. I rest my eye fixedly upon my portrait of the unknown lady in the green dress. I watch an occasional diagonal of fire-light splash a path across her dark slippery hair, across the zigzag light parts in her dress, and over her hands. My words, I realize, are coming unusually well—when—knock, thump. Charles! to suggest if he may be allowed, that it is late—also, that I might be glad of something to eat, might I not? I feel the lateness of the hour to be discouraging but in no way “disconcerting.” Food, I do not mention.

*January 30.*

*What* can be ailing me. My looks are a reflection on the civilization of my country and my feelings have no right to seek counterparts, even in *Paganism*. Its a pity anyone can play the spiritless old fowl under so little justifiable pressure. My work is bad also. I can no more write according to Cob's requirements and at the same time

approve what I write, myself, than I can make it rain. I've got to buck up. Now that I've begun I have to stick it out. Revolting beast that Cob. I can hardly stand him. Says I am supersensitive, effeminate and perverse, charged too heavily with "scruples," always full of excuses and explanations. I may have bad judgment and fall short of the mark a little too often, but conscience——! If I can scrape a pretext, in the shape of one provocation more, I shall throw up the sponge. A derelict life has in some ways attractions, it can't be denied. It is in all the copy-books that a man may lay down his life for his individualism. I begin to be convinced.

I have certainly been getting on no better, with no more satisfaction to myself than before I was ill. The whole confounded situation is worse than before.

If Uncle Stanford comes out strongly and says he is sorry he drove me to this and made me take him seriously when he was joking, if he wants to meet me squarely and says he wants me to come back and live with him again, and be social and a gentleman and start out again and try law (for I *was* promising in my profession), I am doubtful as to whether I can resist him. He took an unfair advantage of my youth and irascibility though, and my foolish early conception of what it is to be "game," (*really* game). I shall approach him contritely (of my own accord) under *no* circumstances whatever. If I am playing the part of unregenerate prodigal, I surely have character enough to sustain it. I shall pray that too much pressure be not brought to bear at once, on *either* side, the side of conscience or the side of self-respecting, righteous wrath. Uncle Stanford is "playing" me consciencelessly in his amused paternal patronage of me, and Cob is "trying" me to the last degree with his harshness and materialism. I daresay, my break with Uncle Stanford was unjustifiable. It was more or less his fault, though. If he had said, "*Don't* 'play' so much," I should very probably have said, "In future I shan't." But when he said, "You impose on my good nature, child, with all this literary trifling. As you love what is good for you, read law," it was natural in the extreme, for me to attempt to prove to him that he was wrong and old-fashioned (in the old-fashioned sense of the word). Indeed, if Uncle Stanford comes, I shall become as hard-frozen as my premises, for despite the fact that I know I acted rashly, I cannot retract, unless I act the repentant prodigal,

and I could not do that, with any great comfort, if Uncle Stanford were an angel in Heaven.

*February 10.*

He has been and has gone. (For a reticent man he certainly has a compelling manner.) I bluff and chatter and hang fire the whole time without giving him or myself a grain of satisfaction. On the surface of it, it was all pretty funny. Uncle Stanford rather guilefully, "Are you feeling perfectly up to the mark, Alexander?" I, assuming a judicial air, "I'm *thoroughly* myself—anything hectic about my appearance?" I suggest that I may appear subdued, from the great extent to which I have recently been giving my attention to depressing subjects. I say that the involved, unhappy side of existence interests me a good deal—a good deal more than the happy-go-lucky surface aspect. I then refuse to elaborate. I come to the conclusion that I have been talking about myself unduly. I don't as a general thing approve of putting checks on spontaneity. One's conversational and more practical abilities suffer somehow, through a straining to appear judicial and mature. One gets to the point where cocercion is indispensable to accomplishment. It is advisable, however, for the young at all costs to avoid in the presence of the old and critical the appearance of being effervescent.

I bring up, in the course of time, the subject of writing, touch in a light, apparently unconsciously affectionate manner upon the possibilities of the art. Also say there are times when I should give anything on earth to have writing a matter of indifference to me. Then add with a glance modestly askance, that it is undeniably convenient, in time of expressionary need, to be able to say things to the point. And, irrelevantly, that I like the thing for the element of personal adventure in it.

Well, so much for Uncle Stanford. He sees through me and very evidently disapproves of me. Fond of me or not, he may go hang—— (if he cannot take the trouble to come down to realities with me, and bring about an understanding). I like him, though—as much as he likes me, I rather think.

*February 20.*

The die is cast! "Manuscript and hesitations seek the flames together." I have been a fool and should have "turned" long before. I *would* have but for that dastardly instinctive dread of equinoxial effects which is present with the most of us at all such inconvenient times as this. That I could be worse off than I have been is, of course, as a matter of fact, impossible. In friendly surroundings mental discomfort is quite endurable. I am relieved, however, that I have at last come to the conclusion that false pride is too serious an obstruction to happiness to be put up with. My encounter with Còb, amusing—strong element of the unexpected in it. I give him my article, and turn to go. He stops me, asks me some insolent, trivial question and I start again for the office door.

"This done?" he pursues.

I nod and say, "I *think* so."

"Are you coming on better?" he inquires. I meditate a clever rejoinder and, in so far as I am a judge, a creeping disgust spreads over my features.

"I like what I have just given you better than *you* will, but——"

"You think it's worth something?"

"Since you force me to it, *that* is what I think of it," and without having had the least intention of it, slip open the little iron door of the office stove and shoot the whole mass onto a bed of little, feathering flames. I remark coolly, "I am developing a passion for frankness, Cob."

The question is now, how I can explain my crazy zig-zag course to Uncle Stanford with all due regard for my own proper feelings on the question. I cannot say that I am tired of being alone. I cannot say that I am unable to stand the strain of analytical, attentive work. I am reduced to the truth. And having never yet told anyone I was sorry (when I was anything but jesting—Allah!).

I feel that I may have been a little stubborn. One must be pertinaciously ingenious as well as genuinely a little blind, to follow long a course which insists upon maintaining its original, experimental character.

If I am not travelling toward my ideas with rapidity now though, I should like to know what is happening. I've spoiled my chances for

greatness, I surmise, by having made a bull in my career at the very start. I can to a certain extent, however, redeem myself, if I put my mind on the task. Ineffective as I have been hitherto, I have a good deal behind me. I could afford to be, however, much more keenly alive to things than I generally manage to be. I shall go in for some actual experience and prepare to grow mentally acquisitive. I am all too conscious of my having a "point of view." I here and now put off the semblance of dignity and for a short time ostentatiously consecrate myself to *toil*.

*February 22.*

I must telegraph Uncle Stanford and *leave*. My love of the material tends to interfere with all this sudden display of method and efficiency. I tend to place a restraining hand upon the silly fools that affect a claim upon me, while I stand like the idiot Celt, head back, mouth open, eyes gleaming, my mind gone from me with a conviction of the existence aloft of a new "possibility." (I may be said I think to have a very delicious appreciation of the humorous.)

My surroundings certainly have been decently congenial. Their calm, fond aspect, their inability to shrivel fills me with an unbounded admiration and affection for them, and they prove to me, poor things (more satisfactorily than their animate associates) that I have a sympathetic side to me, and a faint suggestion of something more potential. And they are not an everlasting test of one's bigness.

The portrait and my dark blue rug, with its all-over snail-shell pattern, I shall take with me. All else I shall abjure, with employer, servant, and dog. Living is a fairly simple matter, for me to have made such a mess of it. In the effort to compass things in an original manner, however, anything can be made to come failure-end up. The effort of individual isolation, above all others. Nothing done for effect, is worth the cost.

"God knows you can enter the game if you'll only pay for the same, and the price of the game is a candle, one single flickering candle—"

But enough of this reflection and melancholy, or a moment more, and I shall have forgotten mayhap what I am going to do. Here goes for a beginning—"Dear Uncle—"

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

*THE DAY OF THE WOOD NYMPH.*

The fir trees wait breathless for the coming of the dawn, and their silence frowns on the boisterous splashing of the brook. Undismayed with awe at the approach of day, the waters leap gaily against the uneven rocky bank; snatch bits of dripping overhanging moss, swirl them to the polished edge of the cliff, and tossing them out in the air, plunge them through a shower of spray into the circled pool below.

Before the brook falls over the clip it slips smoothly under the shadow of a dark pine. The gray trees are motionless, sometimes a needle drops to the ground. At last, as the pale light grows, a bird stirs in its high nest and breaks the silence with one frightened note. In the stillness that follows, a high branch creaks; it sways slightly and then bends low. The Wood Nymph, awaking from her dreams, pushes away the boughs which reach around her, and peers drowsily out towards the mountains of the sunrise. They are dull in the cold light, above them the sky is a troubled gray, and over their slopes stray uncertain patches of mist. Below, the valley, a sea of white, surges up to meet the waterfall.

"The day is still mine," whispers the Wood Nymph to herself, and she leans back lightly on the swaying bough, resting her head on her arms, and gazes wide-eyed into the starless sky. The pliant boughs, the waters noisy mid the surrounding calm—these are all hers, and because she is yet a child, she knows not the cruelty of time, and lives in continual gladness. Bending even lower, she watches the uneasy valley cloud upside down, as though it were a part of the sky. At last, with a little sigh, as of dawning regret at moments passing, she stands up and leans against the tree trunk, while she untangles the pine needles from her long, gleaming hair. A vapory robe clings around her, cool and bright like the crest of sea waves in the sunlight. As she winds lightly among the branches, the scent of wet moss and matted pine needles floats on the dew from the foot of the tree. At last she drops to the yielding moss, and, brushing a cobweb from her cheek, starts to run under the dark arches of the trees. She runs for the joy of feeling the soft earth spring at the touch of her foot, and the dewy leaves brush cool on her wrist. Her head thrown back, she speeds rapidly, yet with no weariness.

Suddenly, however, she pauses and listens tensely. Leaning slim and green against a white birch, she glances at the tree-tops far above

her. Yes, they are swaying. The Nymph clasps her hands and feels a chill of fear drive the youth from her heart. At last she knows the meaning of time. The breath of the day is blowing, and the Wood Nymph's day is passing.

For a moment she leans trembling against the birch tree,—the panic of the fleeting moment in her heart; but then, with a sound of the brook carried on the breeze, a new thought comes. There is yet time for one more joy. She turns quickly and following a glint of light she darts out of the woods, and finds herself by the brook where it drops to the valley.

Along the clear edge of the distant mountains lies a band of flame; the gray clouds have scattered in scanty streaks high above the glow to make way for the sun. The Nymph, as one dying, watches each wreath of mist float away and leave the valley uncovered. But then she steps into the brook and the water's cool caress brings back all the tingling ecstasy of the dawn. She holds out her white arms to welcome the breeze; she feels the ripples swirl around her ankles and toss the meshes of her dress, and sees them hurry to plunge over the cliff. Her hair, catching the light of the coming day, blows back in the wind.

But in a moment the sun leaps from the mountains, and in the valley sounds the voice of a shepherd. With a cry she turns and slips swiftly into the gloom of the forest.

The Wood Nymph's day has passed.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

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### JAPANESE JUNE.

A spray of wild grape vine, outlined against the moon; a white moth fluttering around the grape blossoms; tiny points of dew, which sparkled on the leaves as they swayed in the moonlight; and the summer night song of a cricket, who was perched on the tip of a blade of grass; they were all June—the spirits of June. The moth danced crazy little dances above the flowers. The cricket's song shrilled higher and higher, until it grew so high and thin that, at times, it could only be heard by the little creatures who live among the grass roots. The fragrance of the blossoms melted into the soft, warm air. And the vine swayed, back and forth, across the face of the moon.

RUTH COOK, '10.

*ON ACQUIRING THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.*

It is not under the pretext of an intimate acquaintance with the German language that I am going to discuss ways of acquiring it; any such claim on my part would be altogether too hard to establish. If anything gives me a title to speak, it is simply my affection for the much-abused tongue from which I have, perhaps, some skill at guessing how she should be approached. In the first place—and this point would seem to be obvious, were it not so commonly disregarded—she does not look with favour on those that approach her with hostility. Most of us take the reading of German in too serious and sad a spirit. We are so impressed with the horror of the possibility of failure that we keep the image before us as a death's head while we read; and the result is that we do not learn to read, because we are constantly bent, not on finding out what a sentence means, but on finding out whether or not we can tell what it means.

Now I am not going to quarrel with this attitude on the ground that it is not conducive to our highest welfare, that it does not enable us to attain the end for which the orals were instituted,—that it does not, in short, lead to our reading French and German for pleasure. This is, indeed, a point that might be urged; but its force would be felt only by those who do not need to have it told them; it would have no weight with those to whom the orals are merely a barrier incidental to getting a degree. It is as a purely practical suggestion that I urge that we try to rid ourselves of this way of looking at a German book. Here, as in most other things, nothing succeeds like not bothering about success. As soon as we manage to forget for the time that we are reading in order to pass the orals, we shall be well on the road to passing them.

But, it will be said, one cannot vaguely set out to cultivate a frame of mind. Nor can one learn to like German, as one learns to like olives, by taking a great deal of it at once; the futility of this plan has, no doubt, been many times established. There are, nevertheless two very definite methods that certainly deserve a trial. The first is simply to read rather easy German until one can read that rapidly. Obviously, the more easily we read, the more we enjoy, others things being equal.



This, however, is by no means the only advantage of this plan; quite apart from the greater edification that comes with greater enjoyment, one learns more by reading easy than by reading hard German. In the time it takes to read one hard book one can read, say, two easy ones. In this way one gets, in the first place, twice as much practice in constructions; moreover, the very best way to learn to read hard critical German is to read so much easy German that the swing of the simple sentence becomes perfectly natural to one's ear. Of course if this is already the case it is time to start on difficult critical prose; but I think it is very often not the case, and it is quite hopeless to embark on the deep sea of the typical sentence in a German book of criticism until one feels thoroughly at home in the average novel or play. In the second place, one acquires a much better vocabulary through reading easy books than through reading hard ones. All German words are not, as many of us seem to think, equally inspired. No matter how hard the passage given in the orals may be, there is obviously a much greater chance of its containing any given common word than any given uncommon one. And while in reading a few difficult books we come across only a few of all the uncommon words that we may encounter in the orals, in reading many easy books we are sure to meet with almost all the really common words in the language. Then, too, the failure to know a common word must count much more against one in the examination than the failure to know an uncommon one. Thus in following our inclination and reading German that we readily understand we should really be strengthening our chances of passing the orals.

Another method by which we should read more pleasantly and more rapidly—and therefore with greater profit—is that of not translating. The orals are not held as a test of our skill at translation, but simply as a test of our knowledge of French and German, which is a very different thing. The ability to translate fluently and well is a desirable accomplishment, but it is by no means invariably an adjunct of a knowledge of a language, and it is perfectly easy to show that one understands a passage—if one does understand it—even if one is making very awkward English prose out of it. Now I think it is safe to say that one can read at least twice as fast when one does not translate as when one does. Is it, then, worth while to use up so much time and energy in learning such an unserviceable art?

Here again I have been looking at the matter simply with a view to the orals, but I cannot refrain from adding incidentally that the educated person who is in the habit of translating French or German to himself as he reads is generally rather worse off than the ignorant one who contentedly gets his foreign literature from printed English translations. For, inadequate as most printed translations are, they are likely to be both more finished and more accurate than any that the average reader can make up for himself on the spot. It is not surprising that one should conceive a distaste and disrespect for a language, if one's idea of its style is derived wholly from the makeshift English sentences into which one forces it, and if such untranslatable, expressive words as *überhaupt*, *etwa*, *eigentlich*—there are dozens of them—mean nothing more to one than the awkward, pedantic expressions by which we have to render them, if we render them at all. Let us give the German language a fair chance, after so much injustice. As we hope for mercy ourselves, let us not condemn it unheard.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

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#### EDITORIAL.

The following quoted sentences will no doubt speak with the freedom of old friends to those who have taken their required psychology course:

“When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder further resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge.”

—“If we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone.”

Perhaps no fact concerning our college community life promises so much of opportunity and at the same time so much of harm as the fact that here we are constantly goaded to good impulses to which our responses tend to become more and more feeble. One can scarcely conceive of a place where the advice, which should be incitive to good resolves, might be more freely given, more warmly listened to, and more amiably permitted to go a-begging than here at college.

To give and to take advice in the spirit of openmindedness is a long step toward self-improvement, and to our praise let it be counted

that it is a step which most of us here at college have already taken. Where else in the world, for example, would one expect to find a woman eagerly, or even passively, receptive of the intimation that the code of manners taught her by her mother is crude and inadequate to any new conditions? Where else could she be suddenly persuaded to embrace a code of twenty-year-old traditions with scarcely less fervor than the ten commandments? Teachableness, however, is the first lesson of college life; plain speaking—frankness, let us call it—is the choicest jewel of college character—our community character. If a college girl dresses her hair unbecomingly, her friends of a week's standing do it over for her; if she flats, or fails to carry a tune, she is invited not to sing (as a joke no doubt, since she usually continues louder than anybody else); while if she makes a pun, she is reported to self-government, is she not? In about a month we are all alike, all with our noses to the ground, hot on the scent of that illusive something which is "the matter with us here at college"—just as I am now.

But, ready as we are to give advice, we are keener still, strange to say, to receive it. Never does such a warm rush of appreciative compliment surge around the leader of Sabbath evening meeting as when every person in the room has been all but browbeaten into accepting the paper as a well-deserved attack upon herself. Let the leader be as dictatorial, as rabid, as vituperative as she please, if she but put her Philippics in an entertaining form her audience is literally charmed. In fact, if one could hope that we were seriously impressed, our cheerfulness under abuse would be very touching. But the people who hear the word and anon with joy receive it gained a reputation some time ago for instability, and perhaps, if we stop to think about it, we shall be driven to admit that so far, Bryn Mawr College could be said to have succeeded but very indifferently in living down such a reputation.

At all events, the point of this paper is to remind us of the following facts: first of all, that it is the peculiarity and the great distinction of our community life that every woman in college has perfectly astounding opportunities to know herself, and to become acquainted, by so direct a means as unlimited verbal advice with questions of character-building and the cultivation of habits; that she will moreover soon be out in a world where such advice is no longer a free good; and that she is withal, for these four years, in an almost inexplicable mood of receptiveness—a mood which we have some reasons to anticipate will

also prove but transient. That is, we have knowledge of what is good and, for the present, impulse toward it. To put the two together and return to Mr. James, if we fail to push our impulses into activities we must be coming to a time when we shall be mere driveling emotionalists.

Whether it is unjust to say that, as a class, we are in a fair way of becoming drivellers will be most satisfactorily decided by each one of us, I think, if we stop to consider just how far the college has been really changed by the various recommendations made recently and publicly for its improvement. Of course the matter of fines has hastened us to more practical conclusions in some cases than in others, but probably none of us would be satisfied to take a place, when we become citizens of the world, in that class whose conduct is dependent upon the spurs of legislation, and it is for these four years to decide just how far we are capable of being a law unto ourselves.

Surely the least we can do to save ourselves from growing into frivolous, shallow women is to seek to know our own minds—if possible, without bigotry; to have opinions—if possible, without being opinionated; and to appropriate, once and for all, whatever truth we recognize, as soon as we recognize it. Actually better, having met each question squarely and honestly, to decide it wrong and live it wrong, than, having met our questions equivocally, to recognize the right impulsively and then allow our resolutions to evaporate, to the destruction of our effort-making power. Let us decide, if we must, that we are as intellectual, as purposeful, as loyal, or as æsthetically appreciative as we wish to be; that we will make no effort to improve either our often criticised pronunciation nor the much-questioned quality of our conversation; that we will attend chapel exercises or wear our academic gowns only as fancy dictates; that we will make the tea-pantries and hall corridors suggestive of steamy boarding-house kitchens on Sabbath; and even that we will not draw down our shades, if we can afford such a stand. Or let us decide, if we are equal to it, to do exactly the reverse in each case. Or, if we are afraid to trust ourselves in a radical humour, let us just decide to be undecided. But always, always let us try to think out each problem that thinking people put before us, far enough to know what we are going to do, and then, for the sake of the future, let us cling to our purpose as we value the characters which we are trying to build.

R. G.

## THE JUNIOR BANNER PLAY.

The Junior Class presented as their banner play, on November eighth, that delightful Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience." The choice of this piece, I think, was pleasantly original, and its interpretation satisfying. One scarcely could, even were one so disposed, criticise this light and fantastic trifle of music and wit. There is but one rôle that affords opportunity for any real characterization. This rôle, that of *Reginald Bunthorne*, was excellently taken by Miss Rand. She gave us a vivid representation of the frank *poseur*, bringing out all the amusing traits of the type and displaying, I think, a quite delicate humour in her ironical attitude towards herself.

The whole production was a charming bit of unreality, set in a mellow scene of dim gray castles and green, watered glades. There the ironic *Bunthorne*, his sunflower in his hand, sighed among the amorous maidens; there *Patience*, as blithe and fresh-coloured a dairymaid as might be found in "Merrie England," took her buoyant way; and *Archibald Grosvenor*, a poetic stripling in black velvet, fluted lyrics in a high, sweet voice, and, better still, looked like an old Spanish portrait. Miss Minor and Miss Baker, as *Patience* and *Grosvenor*, carried with them a convincing atmosphere of Arcadian romance, of green forests where one day is as another and life forever young. The soldiers in their white and scarlet uniforms and the maidens in their various coloured robes provided an admirable background for the three principal figures.

The music of "Patience" sings itself and the jokes make their own points, but it is due to the artistic insight of the actors, to their sympathetic entrance into the spirit of the thing, that we had given us an unreality that is more charming than any reality, a perfect illusion of romance.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

*DULCI FISTULA.*

"A hook for everything, and everything on one hook."

*THE BLUE BONNET.*

When I was a little girl, the joy of my life was centred in a befrilled blue bonnet. To be parted from it plunged me into the depth of despair. On Mondays I would watch its progress through soapy and clear water, out to the line in the sunshine, where I saw it shake its ruffles and wave long caressing arms at a plump, dignified pollowcase. Then Emma

would iron it out so beautiful and smooth that my cup of joy would run over, and the whole world seemed a place of perpetual gladness.

Then one day came a tragic occurrence which nearly blighted my young life. I missed my bonnet and hurried back to the pasture to try and find it. No bonnet. Frantic in my childish despair, I blindly stumbled on. Suddenly I spied a blue string flapping in the air. But, worse than horror, it hung from Sukey's damp black lips. She had eaten my bonnet all but one string. I screamed for mother and grasped the streamer, holding on with all my tiny might. Sukey playfully tossed her head and tore it from me. Again I caught it, but my little hands could not hold it. With fascinated eyes I watched it inch by inch disappear down that wet, sweet-smelling mouth. Only a few inches more left when a swish of white skirts passed me, and a strong white hand grasped the little patch of blue. It pulled, and out came the streamer inch by inch, as it had gone in. Then I realised that mother had come. She gently extracted more and more, my cries became a whimper and then stopped. The sight of that blue, gluey mass sickened me, and I retreated. My heart was broken, and like little Jane I decided to die. Even tea time brought no comfort, so father came and carried me downstairs, and on the back of my high chair hung my sunbonnet, all beautiful and starched and blue.

HELEN CADBURY, '08.

### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The quarter-centennial meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was held in Boston, November fifth to November ninth. The delegates from Bryn Mawr were: President Thomas; Martha Gibbons Thomas, '89; Alice Anthony; Elizabeth Butler Kirkbride, '96; Mary Hall Ingham, '03; Marion Reilly, '01.

'93. Susan Grimes Walker Fitzgerald is Secretary of the Equal Suffrage League.

There have been among those visiting college recently: '05, Florence Waterbury, Elizabeth Prentiss Henry. '06, Alice Lauterback, Ethel Strattan Bullock, Laura Frances Boyer. '07, Margaret Baker Morison, Eunice Morgan Schenck, Grace Hutchins and Dorothy Foster during November. Miss Schenck is now studying at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

'07. Elsie A. Wallace was married in New York, August twentieth, to Mr Aman Moore.

*COLLEGE NOTES.*

At a formal meeting of the Oriental Club on Thursday, December twelfth, Mrs. Inago Nitobe spoke on the "Status of Women in Japan."

On Saturday morning, December seventh, the second German Oral was held, President Thomas, Dr. Weyhe and Dr. Barnes being the examiners. Forty-five members of the Senior Class took the examination and twenty-five failed. On the afternoon of the same day thirty-two Seniors went up for the French Oral, which was held by President Thomas, Dr. Schinz and Mr. Wright. There were seventeen failures.

There was a formal meeting of the English Club on Tuesday, December third. Mr. Roger E. Fry, of England, Curator of Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, lectured on "Expression and Representation in Art." The interest aroused in this lecture made it necessary to hold the meeting in the chapel, where a large audience enjoyed the address and the illustrative lantern slides.

Christmas vacation began December eighteenth at one o'clock and ended at nine on the morning of January third.

On Friday evening, November fifteenth, the Class of 1909 presented the Class of 1911 with their banner, entertaining them before the presentation with the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience."

A formal meeting of the College Settlement Association was held on Friday, December thirteenth. Miss Gertrude Day, of Vassar College, Assistant Head Worker of the New York Settlement, addressed the meeting on "Social Settlements and Their Relation to Social Work."

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson gave an illustrated lecture in the Chapel on Thursday, November twenty-first, on "The Book Beautiful; what it is and how it has been built up and decorated."

On the following evening, November twenty-second, an audience which filled the Chapel to overflowing was held spell-bound by Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson's account of "Why I went to Prison." The lecture was under the auspices of the Equal Suffrage League, of Bryn Mawr College.

A formal meeting of the Graduate Club was held on Friday, December thirteenth. Dr. Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, gave



an address on "The Song of Solomon in Relation to Goethe and Herder."

The regular College fortnightly sermon was preached on Wednesday, December eleventh, by the Rev. Robert Elliott Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was held on December fourth. Lydia Sharpless was leader.

The Law Club held an informal general debate on Tuesday evening, December tenth.

On December fifth Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelley, of England, author of "Lope de Vega and the Spanish Drama," "Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," "Cervantes in England" and "History of Spanish Literature," and member of the British Academy, lectured, under the auspices of the Department of Spanish, on "Modern Spanish Novelists."

P. B., '09.

---

### ATHLETIC NOTES.

The following are the results of the interclass hockey games:

#### FIRST TEAMS.

##### *Preliminaries.*

1908 vs. 1909.

November 11—6 to 2 in favor of 1908.

November 12—4 to 2 in favor of 1908.

1910 vs. 1911.

November 12—6 to 2 in favor of 1910.

November 14—3 to 3.

November 15—7 to 1 in favor of 1910.

##### *Finals.*

1908 vs. 1910.

November 19—3 to 3.

November 25—4 to 2 in favor of 1908.

December 11—4 to 3 in favor of 1908.

Owing to bad weather and the inopportune flooding of the lower field, the finals were not finished this year until much later than usual. There was even a danger of their being postponed until spring.

#### SECOND TEAMS.

The contests between the second teams were decided by one game each.

#### *Preliminaries.*

1908 vs. 1909—7 to 2 in favor of 1909.

1910 vs. 1911—4 to 0 in favor of 1911.

#### *Finals.*

1909 vs. 1911—7 to 0 in favor of 1911.

Practice for water polo takes place Monday and Thursday evenings. The captains are: 1908, N. Seeds; 1909, G. Biddle; 1910, I. Taber; 1911, J. Allen.

The dates for the swimming contest are set for January tenth and January sixteenth.

Lacrosse practice is about to begin.

---

#### 1909 ORAL SONGS TO 1908.

*Air: It Takes the Irish to Beat the Dutch.*

#### I.

A Senior sat in easy conversation with Foulet,  
She wasn't scared, she wasn't fussed, she knew just what to say,  
There wasn't any passage there that she could not translate;  
The President, with smile intent, said, "just like 1908!"

*Chorus.*

It takes the Seniors to beat the Dutch.  
What the Seniors can't accomplish,  
Well, it don't amount to much.  
And from French they can deduce,  
What is grace and what is goose.  
You can bet your life the Seniors (clap) can beat the Dutch.

*II.*

The Senior then began to murmur German verbs at lunch,  
And at a bit of Schwarzbrot she frequently would munch.  
So when the time arrived for her to go and recitate,  
She rattled Jessen, and kept him guessin,' O cruel 1908!

D. CHILD, '09.

---

*Tune: The Jonah Man.*

The fateful day is here, alas,  
Through which the Seniors have to pass  
    To Orals now  
    With anxious brow,  
Must go the Senior Class.  
Though orals lie in wait for you,  
And threaten to make you flunk,  
Yet you need have no cause to fear,

We're trusting to your spunk.

    Your spunk,

    Don't flunk,

On you our hopes we plunk!

We know that you will all get through

And bring great honor to the Blue

    In French and Dutch,

    Your skill is such,

You'll win High Credits too!

HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH, '10.

*"DO RE, MI, FA."*

1908, we're sure you will pass,  
 Nothing bad can happen to our Junior Class,  
 Go and bluff 'em, you can stuff 'em,  
 Make the Frenchman say,  
*"Ah, mon Dieu, cette classe is au fait."*

MARION KIRK, '10.

KATHARINE LIDDELL, '10.

---

*TO 1909.*

*Tune: Saving a Place for You, Dear.*

Save us a place with you, girls,  
 A place with you, 1909,  
 For us no degree unfurls,  
 Even our stars don't shine.  
 We don't want to enter your class,  
 Although we are fond of you,  
 But if our orals we can't pass,  
 Then save us a place with you.

MYRA ELLIOT, '08.

ROSE MARSH, '08.

---

*TO 1910.*

*Tune: Poor John.*

Oh 1908 comes out to take her orals, her orals, her orals,  
 And ere the service Soph'mores send your florals,  
 We'll need your violets and your immortels.  
 But don't mistake, don't send us any laurels,  
 They might contaminate our youthful morals.  
 Them we shan't deserve,  
 We can't get through on nerve.  
 What else have we?

MAYONE LEWIS, '08.

*Tune: A Lemon in the Garden of Love.*

Oh Foulet, kindly tell us,  
 Oh Jessen, tell us true,  
 Will you be gentle with us  
 For we're afraid of you?  
 Since we must take the orals  
 How we should like to know  
 If we'll pluck a lemon in Taylor Hall,  
 Where so many H.Cs. grow.

*Tune: The Bullfrog and the Coon.*

"Kerflunk!" goes the Senior Class to-morrow.  
 "He! He!" laughs the Dean and Foulet, too.  
 What's the use? Oh, well, let's try—the end is sorrow;  
 What on earth else could we do?  
 Dig, dig, is the warning we could offer.  
 Tut, tut, leave your parties and your play.  
 You may think we'll pass,  
 We do not, alas!  
 Ah, well! We hope we may.

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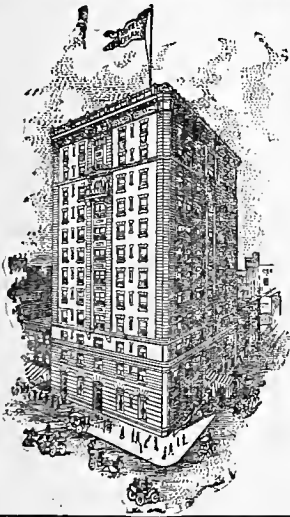
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o' Bob

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## *DAPHNE.*

Who called me by the rushy bank  
Where old Peneus flows?  
Whose was that voice that sweeter rang  
Than ever words my mother sang  
At evening's purple close?  
Daphne! Daphne!

What god or man is this whose eyes  
Light up thy soul with fire?  
Ah, Daphne! as a sweet dove flies  
Haste thee, nor pause in dumb surprise,  
Thrall'd by his soft-stringed lyre.  
Daphne! Daphne!

Where is the fair white nymph that trod  
Where old Peneus flows?  
Rooted in earth her lovely feet,  
Bound with rough bark her eyelids sweet;  
If this be thou, who knows.  
Daphne! Daphne!

What though thy lustrous leaves be twined  
To crown Apollo's brow  
The bright maids miss thee at their play,  
And many a youth for many a day  
Shall keep an empty vow.  
Daphne! Daphne!

MARY NEARING, '09.

---

*THE MYSTERIOUS GATE.*

It was a strange inheritance to fall to a man whose life had been spent in a vigorous quest for adventure. I had seen the blue twinkle of Arctic starlight on frozen seas, and heard the clash of steel in Indian sieges; I had cut my own path through an untrodden jungle, and crossed the great desert. But the blood of my ancestors, those stern men who had much of the fighter and more of the poet in them, still flowed in my veins, and in time I began to weary of my roving existence and to long for the solitary life they had led. When I came into my own, therefore, I immediately set out to take possession. I had but a dim remembrance of the house of my fathers, kept from childish days,—a fantastic vision of a rambling stone structure in a remote country, sinister and beautiful.

At dusk I rode from the village nearest my estate, and by moon-rise I was in the country that I remembered.

The strange, lovely landscape worked upon my mood, and I rode slowly, wrapped in melancholy abstraction. My mind was filled with sad reflections upon men dead long ago, of dim, ancient battles by land and sea, with meditations upon the sombre passage of mortality through the ages.

I now perceived that I was riding along a crumbling stone wall. Behind it, among sighing pines, rose a great octagonal-shaped pile of gray stone. Even in the moonlight I could see that the house was falling into decay, and that one wing was a complete ruin. I could make out a broken fountain-basin and sun-dial, sunken stone baths and a few ghostly statues, the remains of a formal garden.

I drew up my horse and for some minutes I sat lost in contemplation of this scene. Then, suddenly, I thought that I saw a little figure cross an open moonlit space among the pines and disappear in the shadow of the denser grove beyond. I was on the point of calling out when I remembered that no child would be about this deserted spot by night, and jeering at myself for being so wrought upon by the place, I rode quickly on to my own house.

As I passed under the great stone arch and saw the mighty, shadowy mass of the house of my fathers, I knew that I had come into my own. The traditions of my race wrapped me about; I felt that I might have been Fergus MacDougall, my ancient kinsman whose name I bore, riding home from one of his solitary expeditions. I called my servant's name aloud. In a moment, I heard the sound of a heavy bolt slipped back, the doors swung open, the red, waving light of a torch flared forth, and in its glow I saw the withered old face of my man, Crewes. Quickly I passed into the house. I found myself in a large square hall. The space between the stone floor and the beamed ceiling was lost in gloom, for a few candles in massive iron sticks supplied the light. The room presented an air of great age. The walls were covered with faded tapestry, tattered brocade fluttered at the windows, a huge carved settle, the only piece of furniture in the apartment, was worn and dark.

I stood gazing about me, unable to remember that I had been here before. Crewes led me up a stairway to the chamber he had prepared for me. I went to the window and looked out across the wide prospect of wood, and cliff, and lake. At some distance, I could make out the massive pile of the other house. That night, such desolate dreams of the octagonal house oppressed me, that in the morning I questioned Crewes concerning it.

"All I know, sir, is that it is called 'House-o'-the-Winds,' and there is a child living in it," said Crewes.

"What sort of child?" I asked.

"Ah! You'll have to see him for yourself, sir." That was all that I could learn from Crewes, but it was enough to fan my spark of interest into a flame.

I set out to walk about my estate, but my steps led me along the reddish clay road in the direction of House-o'-the-Winds. The scorching sun hung high in a hard turquoise sky; the earth was so parched by heat that large cracks had opened in it. In the garish light, with the softening influence of moonlight removed, the octagonal house was a dreary enough ruin. The sight of it, however, roused in me the same curious sense of remoteness and strangeness that I had experienced the night before. In the garden a child was at work among drooping marigolds and faded fox-gloves. I paused outside the low wall to watch his labour, and he looked up. I gazed into the saddest, blackest eyes I had ever seen.

"Ah! who are you?" I asked.

"I am Oliver Jester," he answered. "Will you come into the garden? There is a settle in the shade; the road must be very hot."

So I went into the garden and sat under a cottonwood tree, where I could see Oliver at his work. He was not more than ten, I concluded, although he was taller than most children of that age. His slim body was lightly clad in gray cotton. His black eyes, with their dark lashes tinged with bronze near the eyelids, contrasted strangely with his copper-red hair. They were large, slightly drooping eyes, but his chin was boldly modelled and his mouth generously curved. The contours of his face were soft and childish, but there were tiny wrinkles beneath his eyes, and he looked, I fancied, oddly worn and tired for a child.

"Come and sit beside me," I said, "it is too hot for work, and I am afraid that the flowers will not revive in spite of your care."

"Poor things," said he, looking regretfully at them. "The white weeds in the meadows bloom well enough, but everything at House-o'-the-Winds fades or dies." He came and seated himself on the settle, clasping his hands about his knee. He had the most beautiful child's hand I had ever seen. It was thin and narrow and very long from the wrist to the knuckles; the fingers tapered perfectly into rosy, oval nails; the skin was tanned, but fine in texture.

"Perhaps it would be well if I told you who I am," I suggested.

"You must come from Hawklands-by-the-Lake, for I know you are not from the village."

"I do come from Hawklands. My name is Fergus MacDougall."

"So you are

'Fergus MacDougall rides late to-night

(The porter sleeps at the door.)

I saw a horseman on the height,

To Hawklands he'll ride no more.' "

"That Fergus died more than two hundred years ago; I only bear his name. But how should you know of him?"

"I'll tell you, if you promise not to be cross." He smiled, as if at his own childishness, and then at me, and I gave him my word.

"When there was no one at Hawklands, I found a way to get into the library, and the care-taker never saw me. I read the paper things—the written ones, you know—and some of the books that aren't in House-o'-the-Winds. I even took one and brought it here. I meant to put it back, but I liked it too much. I have it yet."

"What was it?" I asked.

"'The Arabian Nights.' "

"Ah! you like the adventures. I have had better ones myself."

He looked wonderingly at me.

"I have been around the world and back, and into places that don't belong in this world."

"Ah! dear Fergus, tell me about it."

Well, I liked the sound of my name from the child, and I told him about it.

That was the first of many days spent with Oliver Jester. This child of the strange beauty enthralled me. His gentle ways, his quick mind, and his childish ardour for the sports into which I initiated him, and, most of all, the love which he openly avowed for me, held me charmed. I had a boat built and whenever there was a wild wind we sailed, for neither of us cared to be out at any other time. Sometimes we rode about the country, and when we were tired would find a spot in the woods where we would sit and read together, or Oliver would

repeat for me the ballads he learned when he stayed with me while I worked among manuscripts in my library. I taught him to shoot, but he never took pleasure in hunting. He seemed a fearless child, however, and I concluded that his dislike of hunting sprang from a terror of hurting any creature. On the still, hot days, when the buzzards wheeled above the woods, we would sit together in the garden at Hawklands or House-o'-the-Winds and I would relate my adventures to Oliver. Occasionally, we would have long conversations. Oliver, however, told me little concerning himself; all that I learned was that his father was dead and that he lived with his mother in House-o'-the-Winds. As the summer passed, the weary look that I had noticed the first time I saw him deepened. He never spoke of being tired, but he often fell asleep beside me.

One afternoon, when we were together in the garden at House-o'-the Winds, a rainstorm gathered suddenly. Oliver was bent upon staying out-of-doors through it, but a servant brought a message from his mother, bidding him come in and bring me with him. Sighing a little, Oliver rose, and I followed him. He glanced at me as we walked together toward the house, and I thought that I detected a trace of apprehension in his look.

A feeling of desolation and dark foreboding fell upon me when I entered House-o'-the-Winds for the first time. Oliver led me down a long, stone-paved hall, the walls of which were hung with dim, old portraits. At the end of the corridor he pushed back a curtain of brocade as worn as that in my own house and we entered a lofty, panelled room. In a tall chair by the open window sat Lady Monica Jester. Her embroidery had fallen in a snowy heap upon the sombre folds of her black silk dress; her hands (they were like Oliver's, I noticed, but much thinner) were clasped across the arm of her chair; she was gazing from the window into the dreary garden. She looked very weary, but even at that first moment I realized that she was lovely. Her face was pale, save for a small, brilliant spot of colour on each high cheek-bone; her small mouth was full and crimson; her eyes were the colour of Oliver's; the masses of her blue-black hair were gathered upon her neck. She rose and came toward us, her dark train flowing behind her. She spoke graciously to me in a low, even voice, and seemed to smile, although, as I afterward became aware, she had

not in reality done so. She bade me sit beside her; Oliver took a small stool and sat with his head against her knee and, sitting thus, we talked until the rain had passed. While I talked with Lady Monica Jester, I forgot that we were solitary dwellers in a lonely country place, and almost fancied myself in the outer world again. But when I took my leave, that feeling of depression which had seized me upon my entrance again took possession of me, and through the night a vision of a weary, graceful woman and a sad-eyed child in a great, gloomy room haunted me.

After that first time I often visited Lady Monica. She would work at her endless white embroidery while I read some book that she and Oliver had chosen together. Oliver, on his part, cheerfully accepted this way of spending the time. I had wondered if he might not resent my decreasing the time we spent at our sports, and I confess that I was a little puzzled as to what motive actuated his ready acquiescence—a desire to please his mother, for whom he showed an intense and tender devotion, or a craving to ease his ever-increasing weariness.

About this latter possible motive I had considered speaking to his mother. She, on her part, however, was so visibly tired and melancholy that I forbore further to harass her. I took occasion, therefore, to speak to Oliver himself, when he once complained to me of being fatigued.

“How is it,” I asked, “that you are always tired? I am with you most of the time, and I know that you do not do anything that can account for this weariness of yours. I would you had a father, for if he did not see these things for himself, I could tell him. Your mother is not to be troubled with more than her own thoughts. They are burden enough, it would seem.”

“Ah! Fergus, not a word to her. She sees it, though, for she loves me, but she can guess at things you can’t. They aren’t the right things,—at least, not all the right things.” He turned up to me his little, worn face; his mouth quivered, his mournful eyes implored my assurance.

“My dear boy, of course she shall know nothing disturbing from me. Tell me about it if you can, and, if there is anything to be done to make things better, you know that you can count on me. You do know that?”

"I do not doubt that you love me, Fergus, but this that I have to tell is not good for any one to know."

"Now I want more than ever to know. Two of us can bear it more easily than one. As long as I must see you suffer alone, I shall be unhappy." I held him by the shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"Then I shall tell you, since you put it so. Fergus, I do not wish that I had a father. I might, had he been like you." (I felt myself shake at Oliver's words.) "You know how my mother looks, so sad, so sad. He made her look like that and when he died I was glad, for I hated and I thought that she would be different when he was gone. Tell me, Fergus, you have seen women smile, have you not? Well, she did not change, and she will not,—none of them change." He paused and gazed far out across the lake. I brought back his attention by a question.

"None of whom?"

It was with an effort, I could see, that Oliver spoke again.

"All about the country," he said, "there are lonely country-houses like this and there are sorrowful women like my mother in them. They have no sons to do even what I do for my mother. So at night—not every night, but very often—I go to see them and brush their hair and sing a little for them as I do for her. There are some who live far away, and when I go to them I am very tired. All the places you have told me of have not been strange to me, Fergus."

He put it plainly and wearily, and I should have seen that he spoke the truth, had not the story of itself been so fantastic. As it was, I thought that Oliver had attempted to blind me to his real trouble by as strange a piece of deception as I had ever known. The anger that suddenly flared up in me seemed to me just, for the child knew that I loved him and grieved over his unhappiness. I was harsher, therefore, than the case, even had it been as I supposed, demanded. My shaken trust voiced itself in cruel words.

"Oliver, it is not right of you to deceive me. You are mistaken to suppose that my love for you can blind me as to the distinction between the truth and a lie." I turned to go, already cold at heart to think that I should wound him even in a just cause, but he bade me stop.

"Fergus," he said, and his tone was as loving and gentle as ever, "when you know that you are wrong, will you tell me? for you are too good and I am too loving to let this mean anything."



I was about to answer, when a low voice from the house called, "Oliver!"

We both looked up. In the window stood Lady Monica, pale and lovely and, as always, clad in black silk. Oliver smiled at me unwaveringly and passed through the shadowy doorway.

I walked swiftly home, cursing myself for an ungenerous fool and turning over in my mind the child's last words. The gentle rebuke had been deserved and I intended to profit thereby. I resolved that in the morning I would walk over to House-o'-the-Winds and admit my fault to one who, I knew, would be a kind confessor.

By midnight, however, I knew that I should not be able to go, for the wildest storm I ever saw at Hawklands burst upon us that night. An attempt to reach House-o'-the-Winds would have been mere madness, so for three days I had to content myself with my manuscripts.

It was with joy and no apprehension that I saw the storm suddenly clear away toward eleven o'clock of the third night. At that late hour I set out for House-o'-the-Winds, to such impatience was I brought. A familiar whistle under Oliver's window would, I knew, bring him to me in a moment. A feeling of elation such as I had not known for weeks possessed me, and I was thrilled by the beauty and serenity of the night. In my haste I did not seek the entrance to the place, but leaped across the low wall and made my way through the wet garden. Suddenly, across my happy mood, there flashed a recollection of the first night that I had looked upon the octagonal house. That time seemed to repeat itself. I saw a little figure cross an open, moonlit space among the pines and disappear in the shadow of the denser grove beyond.

"Oliver!" I cried, and started forward. If he heard me, he did not choose to answer. I plunged into the woods, but I soon saw that my search would be useless, for I could not find my way in the strange spot. All that I could do was to wait for dawn. I paced up and down the road and about the house in no peaceful state of mind. Pity for Lady Monica, anguish for the beloved child, and bitter anger against myself surged continually over me, and each separate feeling was tinged with the desolate horror of the whole situation. I walked and meditated until the moon and stars paled; rosy lights appeared in the east and fresh winds swept out of the clear azure heaven. As the first

rays of sunlight sparkled on the lake, Oliver staggered wearily toward me from the woods. I met him with stern words, for I was determined that now I should have the truth in its entirety.

"Where have you been?"

"You know. I have been to see them, the lonely women."

"If you do not give me a reasonable answer, I shall conclude that you have been about something which you hesitate to tell me, because you know it was wrong."

The look he gave me was pitiable.

"I speak the truth, and you should know that I would not lie to you. I have been a long way to-night, for I went to see the one far to the South. She gave me this."

He held out his hand which he had been keeping behind him. In it lay something which he could not have got anywhere about that northern country—a fresh, odorous exotic. I felt myself grow cold at sight of the purple blossom.

I caught the child up and carried him to Hawklands, where Crewes and I put him to bed. Then I betook myself to House-o'-the-Winds to tell Lady Monica that at dawn I had carried her son off on an adventure, and that now he was asleep at Hawklands. I hurried home and waited restlessly until Oliver should wake. As soon as he did, I fell to pleading with him and gave him no peace until he promised to give up these expeditions by night. It was only when I had convinced him that we might make his mother happier if he desisted that I got his promise. In the face of his innocence and sanity, I could not question him far. But I had his promise, and that, I knew, was assurance enough that I need not fear a repetition of last night's occurrence.

If it had not been for this promise, I should not have departed for Egypt when the news of the trouble there reached me. As it was, I did not leave Hawklands easily. Oliver was still restless and the weariness had only abated, not disappeared. He, on his part, took my departure grievously to heart. He had walked toward my house with me after I had said good-bye to Lady Monica. It was a cold windy day in autumn toward dusk, and half-way to Hawklands I bade Oliver return home lest he be overtaken by the dark. He took my hands, and, gazing into my eyes, said:

"Fergus, dear Fergus, do not leave me. It is not so well with me

as it might be, and when you are gone I fear I shall—" He broke off here.

"What do you fear?" I asked.

"The worst," he answered.

"It must not be," I said; "remember her."

"You are right, you always are, Fergus, and I will do as you bid me. But if anything should happen and you hear of it, remember that I am a child, and children are not men."

I watched the little figure until it disappeared in the dusk. Then I went on to Hawklands, thinking of the child and his mother.

I thought of them on my long journey and in the mad battles on the parched sands. When the last sign of revolt was crushed, I hastened to them. It was on a summer afternoon that I rode for the second time from the village toward Hawklands. At twilight I reached House-o'-the-Winds, where I dismounted. I whistled the familiar call, but no child came out to meet me. The place seemed utterly deserted and had the windows not been open I should have gone my way, believing it empty, convinced that Lady Monica Jester and her son had been the phantoms of a mad dream. The old sense of depression and unreality was swiftly returning. I stumbled up the steps, a thousand vague fears for the welfare of the beloved child crowding my brain. I beat upon the door with the heavy knocker, and it was shortly opened by the old servant whom I remembered. Silently he led me down the dim, draughty corridor to the apartment where we three had always sat, and I entered.

In a tall chair by the window sat Lady Monica Jester; her white embroidery lay neglected upon the black folds of her dress; her hands were crossed on the arm of her chair; she gazed down into the dark, dreary garden.

At the sound of my footfall she turned slowly toward me. She rose and came to meet me. I took her hands and shivered at the touch of her icy fingers.

"You have come, you have come," she said.

"At last. Would that it might have been sooner."

She said nothing further, but stood beside me in silence. I could not bear this waiting long.

"Where is Oliver?" I asked.

"Come with me," she said, and led me out into the garden. As we walked together she spoke in her low, even tones.

"He told me, when the long winter was nearly past, all about it. He could bear it no longer, he said; he had promised you never to go to them again, but they called to him night and day. Ah! Fergus, Fergus, I did my best, but, tell me, could even I foresee this?"

We had paused under a pine tree. Lady Monica glanced upward and my eyes followed hers. In the faint evening wind a bit of rope on the lowest bough swayed fitfully to and fro.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

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TO HOPE.

(By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.)

What gives thee power to smile, turning away  
Towards castles and tall spire-like trees, outlined  
Against the distant sky, as if to find  
In far-off things some freedom; canst thou say?  
Is it but youthful eagerness to stray  
From where too early cruel fetters bind?  
Or is a deeper power in human kind  
Urging the soul to look for a new day?  
Thine answer in thy radiant eyes is plain,  
The meaning that those blossoms, too, would tell  
Which in thine hand thou holdest,—promise bright  
Of blessing yet to come, and come again,  
From the wise Power who doth all things well.  
Heaven keep thee, Hope, in pure Faith's whitest light.

ANNA ELIZABETH HARLAN, '09.

*MAJORITY OR MINORITY?*

We hear a great deal nowadays about the tyranny of the majority, and the evils wrought by this tyranny in a democratic state. But many of the evils may more properly, I think, be traced to a very different source—to a lurking, half-disguised remnant of the old tyranny of the minority. Men are still afraid to give the democratic principle free scope, and they try to patch up its supposedly weak points by odd bits of aristocratic arrangements—often with disastrous results.

A good instance of what I mean is the case of fashions. Most people that bring themselves to think about some of the extreme styles followed by the modern woman will agree that many of these fashions are a relic of barbarism, that they are governed by the most childish notions of art and the most riotous notions of economy. "Here," they exclaim at once, "is a glorious example of the workings of a democracy!" The majority has always had the bad taste to like the most monstrous of styles. There were those "habit-fitting" garments, for instance, of which the smartest were so tightly drawn that the arms could hardly be raised from the sides; then, later, there was the flowing "leg-of-mutton" sleeve, which set both economy and beauty at defiance—for, on the one hand, each pair of sleeves contained enough material to make a whole new garment of less profligate cut; and, on the other, the huge bulk of their fulness, one mass on each shoulder, produced in the wearer a strange, narrow-chested, half-deformed look. And then, worst of all, there are the hats, concoctions of stiff feathers and satin, attempted reproductions of birds in flight, with an occasional substitution of a rosette for a head, or other such improvement on the model. This is the will of the majority, to which the enlightened few must submit, under pain of being thought supercilious or revolutionary. But is it really the will of the majority in any proper sense? Is it not rather, in the last analysis, the will of a small minority that sets the fashions, and does not their support consist in the survival of the old habit of subservience, in matters of taste, to the admittedly qualified few?

Let us look the facts in the face. A few clever and experienced

designers in Paris set fashions with a view to pleasing those Parisian women who spend most money and thought on such matters. These styles are copied by other dressmakers and milliners in other large cities, and so they spread, until their originators, seeing them adopted finally by the lower middle class, at length perceive their ugliness and invent others to take their place. The supposition on which the whole process rests is that those who have had most opportunity for cultivating and gratifying their taste in hats will choose to wear the most beautiful hats that can be made. The principle is through and through an aristocratic, not a democratic, principle; and the evil apparent in the result is one to which aristocracies are peculiarly exposed, and which attacks democracies only in so far as they are undemocratic. The reason is obvious: the danger in such a case is, not that the majority become tyrannical—for it does nothing of the kind—but that it hand over its decisions to the wrong minority. For, while there is only one majority, there are always countless minorities, branching off in widely different directions. Some one of these directions is sure to be finally called, in the light of future events, progressive; for the majority moves slowly but surely, and as it moves it follows some one of the many divergent minorities at a distance of some twenty years. And we are so impressed by the instances we have had of the liberals of yesterday constituting the conservatives of to-day that, by a natural fallacy, we do not take account of the many minorities whose roads are left untrodden. It is really impossible to tell beforehand in which direction a people will progress; and, knowing that it is sure to progress in some direction or other, we come to think vaguely of all departures from the normal as "progress." But a moment's thought would show us that what Ibsen scornfully calls "the compact majority" is itself far more progressive than a host of conflicting, mutually exclusive minorities. As Chesterton says, "The ordinary mass, the men who have never troubled about progress, might be trusted perhaps to progress. The particular individuals who talk about progress would certainly fly to the four winds of heaven when the pistol-shot started the race."

The important thing, therefore,—and herein lies the prerogative of true democracy,—is this: that the majority reserve to itself the power of choosing from among the many roads that the minorities open up; that it do not submit, with misguided humility, to be led always, in any

one thing, by any one body of people, even by experts. If we return to the case of fashions we shall see how the democratic principle would justify itself here if it were given full play. The common sense of the majority— if we would but trust it—would preserve us from the vagaries of those who are especially interested in dress. People who are occupied mainly with styles are naturally possessed by a morbid eagerness to change them; they are naturally fond of experiments in this line, and prefer the novel to the commonplace even at the risk of ugliness. The very indifference, or comparative indifference, of the general public in the matter of clothes and hats would make it a better judge of their beauty than costumers or women of fashion. Let specialists design garments by all means; let specialists hatch political schemes; let specialists construct ethical systems;—but let there be free competition, and let the final choice rest with the majority.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

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### *RAW MATERIAL.*

Angelina Humphreys was uninteresting. Just between ourselves, dear reader, there are perhaps dozens of uninteresting people in the world. But Angelina was obtrusively and stubbornly uninteresting. In numberless little ways she might have suggested hidden and undiscoverable depths of nature, had she tried. For example, she might have worn her hair in a net. Or she might have left a volume of poetry always lying about open upon her couch. She might have displayed tendencies to atheism; or, on the other hand, she might have attended chapel and church services with absolute regularity—a vigorous measure, though not unprecedented. Again, she might have cultivated a bored attitude toward the necessity of supporting her physical frame, especially on ragout days. Or, easiest of all, she could have gazed comprehensively at nature in general and have exclaimed from time to time, "Don't you love it!"

The Freshman across the hall from Angelina, for example, was uninteresting too, but she cried of homesickness for two hours every

Sabbath afternoon. The poor child was indeed so sad that she probably derived no satisfaction from the presence in her room of the very nicest Seniors. But Angelina, through her long, weary Sabbath afternoons, watched them afar off, and entertained herself by mentally arranging them into groups in the order of their agreeableness.

As for her, so far as the College could guess from her wide, dry eyes, and the pinched, expressionless features which looked as if they had been stamped with a biscuit cutter, she might not even have had a home to be homesick for. She did, in point of fact, come from a little middle-west town, and she chose her college because her father's cousin lived some ten miles away from the college village and had sent her a catalogue—an honest reason, but hackneyed and disappointingly barren of any possibilities for psychological inference.

Never having been coached in college etiquette, poor Angelina made some pitiable missteps at first. On the night of her hazing, for instance, she essayed, with questionable success, to be entertaining. There was a report, too, that the upper-classman who undertook to explain to her that, in thus seeking to add to the enjoyments of the evening, she had usurped Sophomore rights, presented the case with such tact that Angelina, in a gush of gratitude, begged her on the spot to call her by her first name. Indeed, I blush deeply for Angelina. But, gentle reader, we cannot too often remind ourselves that the town from which she sprang was probably a very, very little town away out in Ohio, or even Indiana, where her only companions, I dare say, were the untutored offspring of the redman, and perhaps the playful young of the buffalo or coyote. I almost neglected to say that the upper-classman (who was very broad) forgot all about this bold offence of Angelina's after a while—such is the efficacy of Time. Just before forgetting it, however, she confided it to somebody with a good memory, and so it has been perpetuated—such is the inefficacy of Time.

In the days that followed, Angelina received calls, in spite of her damaged reputation, from a good many people whose sympathies were touched, probably by the vagueness of her gaze. They found her in a room which suggested that the motto of the owner was never to destroy anything. She appeared to her visitors a trifle less clinging and impressible than the unformedness of her manner had led them to hope. She held up without much embarrassment her end of the conversations,



which, to be sure, were generally not very heavy. Yes, she liked it here "all right." She had been car sick coming. She had an aunt who always was car sick, too, and her aunt's daughter, who was exactly her age to a day, always got car sick. Wasn't that funny? Yes, she liked books "all right." She was reading a book now called "The Ordeal of Elizabeth." It was one of the new books. She thought it was almost impossible to keep up with all the new books nowadays. She knew a girl that read everything, just *everything*. She would just like to hear of a book that girl hadn't read. But that same girl's best friend just hated books. Wasn't that funny? Well, she was sure it wasn't late, at least not late for her. Why, the night before she left home she was at a party where they didn't even begin to serve refreshments until one o'clock. Wasn't that awful? Well, she was sure she hoped they would come back soon, just any time whenever they felt like it, and not wait for her.

Yet, with all her social qualities and graces, the close of her first fortnight saw poor Angelina fast on the way down hill to the Slough Oblivion. Not that her ostracism was in any sense formal or official. Only a very few indeed took the trouble even to vote her "a pill." On the whole, she was neither snubbed nor courted, but only met forever with that deadly weapon, college politeness. No, I forgot. She was not completely neglected. She had her share of triumphs. She was made proctor. Not having learned the principle of selection to that office—who indeed has?—Angelina glowed with pleasure in this public testimony to her incorruptibility, and ran about hissing quite violently for the first few days. When she learned, as she soon did, that proctors should be seen and not heard, she applied herself none the less conscientiously for the rest of her term to cultivate just that quality of a "hush" which would produce instantaneous silence without jarring upon the sound organs of the supersensitive.

But at the end of six weeks she had to step back into the humble ranks of private life. Those who never feel obliged to think up an excuse for dropping into their neighbors' rooms will scarcely appreciate how very humble and private this life seemed to poor Angelina, deprived now of the only reason she had in the world for knocking on her neighbors' doors. Even when she did get beyond the doors it was very little better. How well they all knew each other—from birth apparently!

How deliciously saucy and impertinent they were with each other. She wished they would call *her* hat-trimming "chicken feathers," and ask *her* if she got her new window curtains at a fire sale. Perhaps they thought she could not appreciate such subtle pleasantries. Sometimes she herself tried to be gay and frivolous, but, as they all talked at once, they seldom seemed to hear her, and, when they did hear, their sudden silences showed a considerateness which was embarrassing to the point of painfulness.

Why was she so different from all the others? Did she not knit neckties, fail her quizzes, and decry college menus like any normal student? And yet matters only grew from bad to worse. Now, of course, the wise way—your way and my way, dear reader—would have been simply to *forget self*. Angelina should have found some one who looked more uncomfortable than *she* looked. Then she should have performed a few little deeds of kindness, when suddenly, all unknown to herself, she would have burst into a perfect flower of wit and accomplishment.

To Angelina's blind eyes, however, all doors of usefulness appeared to be closed. No one ever sought her. No one ever missed her. And at last there came an afternoon when she was obliged to confess to herself, as she closed her Spanish grammar, that not even her much adored Class President had smiled upon her for two whole weeks. Now a few moments of simple figuring would have shown Angelina that in a college of, let us say five hundred students, if one were to smile at each of the five hundred even once in two weeks, she would be obliged to smile every hour at seventeen and one-fourth persons—supposing, that is, that any one had the heart to smile at one-fourth of a person. But Angelina was poor at arithmetic, and very seldom resorted to it as a means of securing peace of mind. There was far more comfort to be found this afternoon from picturing a lily-heavy room in which she lay, white and beautiful, surrounded by sobbing classmates. Until this touching scene was realised she would probably go on growing more and more bitter, she thought. At all events she knew one thing, and that was that from this moment on she would never again pay any attention to anyone. She would give up trying to be like her Class President. She would forget the easy manners of this favourite, would forget the face with the shadow of dark hair falling across it. She

would be steel, iron, rock, adamant! At this moment a rush of memory restored the lily-heavy room and very much threatened the steel, iron, rock, adamant structure. Just in time, however, came a resolute knock at the door and a resolute voice:

"Coming to hockey? You must. We need you."

"When it's hockey, they *need* me," breathed Angelina, diving madly in search of her gymnasium belt.

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At seven o'clock p. m. Angelina opened her eyes, gazed about her, and suddenly stopped. At the foot of her bed hovered, beyond a question, "an angel in a pale blue skirt." The angel had dark hair and the shadow of it fell across her eyes.

"Heaven?" inquired Angelina.

"The Infirmary," corrected the Angel.

"It's all one," murmured Angelina, closing her eyes, "if YOU'RE here."

"Does it hurt you much?" asked the Angel caressingly.

"Heaven? Not a bit," said Angelina.

"I mean your nose," said the Angel.

"Why, no," said Angelina, "does yours?"

"You see, I broke yours with my hockey stick," explained the Angel.

"Oh," said Angelina, more understandingly, "does it look very funny?"

"Not funny, but different," admitted the Angel.

"I'm glad of that," said Angelina. "I never liked it. It was too little."

The Angel took hold of Angelina's fingers. "Well, it's plenty big now," she said, bending over a little. "But you can't imagine how sorry I am, Angelina."

All around the rim of the bandages a light glowed on Angelina's face. For the first time in her life she counted herself to have apprehended. With two bold finger tips she stroked the Angel's blue muslin.

"Well, I'm glad," she said at last, "because, you see, it seems as if we had so much more in common, don't you think?"

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

*A LEAF FROM TACITUS.*

A green spark crept into the old emperor's eyes, his nostrils dilated cruelly, a wintry smile twitched the corners of his thin lips as he twined his white fingers around his cup. A wonderful cup it was, fashioned all of dull silver—three leaves at the base, a slender stem, and, upheld by these, a half-blown poppy, full to the brim of quivering red wine. Leaning across the stained cloth and the glittering dishes, the broken crusts and the rose petals of the finished banquet, he held the draught to his son. When the young man had drained the cup and thrust it back empty in the yellow lamp-light, the old emperor laughed softly, for he knew that a traitor was dead.

C. MINOR, '09.

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*FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.*

*The lover to his lady who is dead.*

The little birds upon the barren bough  
Pipe merrily of days to come in Spring,  
Of rosy buds and azure skies they sing,  
Though trees be black, and skies be dreary now.  
At sudden gush of early morning light,  
I saw a face against a window pane,  
Blue eyes a-dream that Spring had come again,  
Hands clasped about a letter, gold and white,  
And love's own seal on cheek and lips and brow.  
I heard sweet voices murmur at my door,  
'Mid youthful laughter, unrestrained and clear,  
That Love had come and, with him, Spring was near,  
That Winter with bowed head had fled before.  
Ah! no, the Winter lingers drearily,  
And Summer withers in a little space,  
Promise of death is writ in ev'ry face,  
But Death himself tarries so wearily,  
And Spring and Love for me return no more.  
Nay, nevermore they come, since thou art gone;

When fading snows leave violet buds behind,  
No more thou'lt lean against the southern wind,  
Fair in the amber floodings of the dawn,  
To hear the maiden Spring, upon her flute  
Telling of love; ah! then, how could it be  
That sound of love should ever come to me,  
Or sight of Spring, now thy sweet voice is mute,  
And under sodden earth thine eyes are blind?

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

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*A CASE OF CONJURATION.*

When we children sat in the rosy circle of the fire-light and mammy was out of the way, this is the kind of tale 'Riah, the nursery-maid, would tell us:

"Sh! I'll tell yuh a story dat my ole gran'mammy uster tell me. Once upon a time, on a gret big plantation, dey lived two gals whar wuz 'bout de likeliest young critters youh'd fin' anywhar 'roun'. Lucindy wuz de firs' one en Mirandy wuz de secon', en dey wuz 'bout ez different ez dey well could be. Lucindy wuz tall en slim, but Mirandy wuz short en dimply. Lucindy wuz yaller wid gret big gray eyes, but Mirandy wuz brown ez ginger-bread en huh eyes wuz sof' en black. Dey both on 'um could sing lak black birds en dance lak hopper-grasses en dey both on 'um liked de same man bes' uv all de niggers dat come a-cotin'. He wuz name' Banjo Sam, en fo' Mirandy put in a 'pearance, he uster spen' mos' uv his time foolin' 'roun' Lucindy's do'-step, but when Mirandy come, he took ter spendin' mo' uv his time roun' huh cabin, which wuz nex' do'. Now at firs' de two gals had been mighty good frien's. Dey uster borrer each yuther's clo'es, en dey guv each yuther locks uv dey hyar, en dey went ter all de parties toge'er, en, take it all en all, wuz ez thick ez flies en 'lasses. But when Banjo Sam turn 'roun' in his 'fections dat er way, dey stopped 'sociatin' much, en den dey stopped even sayin' *Howdy*, en den dey 'gun ter hate each yuther so good en hard dat dey scowled whenever dey met. All de folks 'roun' dar liked Mirandy de mos' en so, in gen'rally, dey lef'

Lucindy alone, en she took ter goin' off by hersef' mo' en mo! She uster crope aroun' at night en mumble mighty cu'ous words en boil strange kin' uv charms in de big kittle over huh fire, en de niggers didn't go by huh cabin arter dark no mo' dan dey could help.

"Well suh, all dis time Banjo Sam wuz keepin' comp'ny wid Mirandy, en one night, when dey wuz settin' by deyseves fo' de fire, he up en pop de question. Mirandy kin' uv simpered en drapped huh eyes, en den she say she spec she'll hatter have him, en wi'd dat he wuz so plumb 'stonish dat he pass his arm roun' huh en kiss huh fo' you could say *Jack Robinson*. Jes den Mirandy heeard a li'le noise at de winder. She look up suddint, en dar wuz two gret big green eyes a-peerin' in at huh. Yas suh, dar on the sill outside sat a ole black cat, en when it saw huh lookin', it kin' uv snarl en jump off inter de darkness.

"Arter Sam done gone dat night, she wuz mighty 'tic'lar 'bout lockin' de house up tight fo' she clumb de stahs ter bed. She didn't doze off fer some time, en arter she did git dar, 'twarn' long fo' she woke wid de moon shinin' in huh face. Up she jumped for ter pull down de blin', en ez she raised huh han' ter de curtain-string, she took one look outdo's. De sandy clearin' fo' de cabin shone lak diamon'-dus' in de moonlight, but in de woods cross de road de shadders crowded thick en black. Den, look lak a piece uv de shadders, 'tachin' hitself from de res', come sidelin' to'des de cabin. Hit slunk along twel it got ter de middle uv de yard, whar it sot down en looked up at huh wid two green eyes. It wuz a gret big ole black cat, en it grin up at huh, en lick its chops, en yowl, '*Meerandy! Meerandy! Lemme een!*'

"Mirandy, she sheddered.

" '*Meerandy!*' hit say again. '*Meerandy!*'

"A kin' uv cole trance come over huh.

" '*Lemme ee-een!*'

"She felt herself turn en walk ter de peg whar de front do' key hung, she felt huh han' take down de key, she felt huh feet carryin' huh to 'des de do' uv huh room, she felt de latch under huh fingers, en den she drawed a deep bref, grit huh teeth, en shook herself loose. De key fell wid a clang at huh feet. She rush back to de winder.

" 'I won't let yer in,' she shout, en slam down de sash.

"De nex' morning' Mirandy disremembered all 'bout it, 'caze dey wuz a gran' baptizin' dat day, en all de niggers fer miles around' come

ter git converted en wash away dey sins in the big mill pon' on de plantation. But dat evenin', arter dey wuz all gone en de dusk had shet down en she wuz settin' all by hersef in huh cabin, she suddintly 'membered 'bout dat ole cat's grin. She ain' loose no time, but she lock de do's en winders mighty quick, en den she run upstahs en git in bed en pull de kiver over huh haid.

"Twuz late in de night dat she woke up. Somewhar way off yonder she heard sompin' dat sounded lak a li'le child cryin'. Hit come nearer en nearer, en it sounded lak some wild varmint howlin'. Hit come right under huh winder, en it sounded lak a ole cat sayin', '*Meerandy! Meerandy!* Lemme een!'

"De cole sweat broke out on huh.

" 'Lemme ee-een!'

"She got up from de bed—ter save huh life she couldn't help it—en went ter der peg whar de key fer de front do' hung. Down de stahs she went, en along de passage. She fitted de key inter de key-hole. She heeard sompin' on de yuther side a-scratchin' en a-scratchin' ter git in. She started ter turn de key, but suddintly she seemed to grip hol' uv hersef agin. She wring huh han' loose en she jump back a pace.

" 'I won't let yer in,' she call, en dash up de stahs.

"De *nex'* mornin' Mirandy wuz so 'sturbed in huh min' dat she went ter a mighty wise ole 'oman dat she knowed en tole huh all 'bout it. De ole 'oman, she shake huh haid en mumble en den she ax Mirandy ef she ever had a enemy dat died fo' she could make huh peace wid 'um. Mirandy, she say, no. Den de ole 'oman ax huh ef she ever guv anybody a piece uv huh hyar, en Mirandy say she spec she had. Den de ole 'oman ax huh ef de person she guv it ter love huh now, en Mirandy say she spec dey didn't. Arter dat de ole 'oman meditate a li'le while, en den she up en speak.

" 'Hit ain't hants,' sez she, 'caze dey ain' nuthin' ter hant yuh 'bout. It's conjuration. Somebody's got a lock uv yo' hyar en dey's conjurin' yuh wid it. 'Pend upon it, dat critter's a witch en dey's only two things dat'll stop a witch. Yuh borrar a sieve ter-night en yuh tote a pail uv baptisin' water up ter yo' house from de mill-pon', en yuh do jes' like I tell yuh, en 'tain't er nuthin' gwine ter hurt yuh.'

"Dat night 'bout twelve o'clock Mirandy took en locked all de do's en winders 'ceptin' de front do', en dat she sot wide open. Den she

put de sieve down on de threshold en stood back in de passage wid de pail uv baptizin' water in huh han'. 'Twan't so mighty long fo' she heeard de ole cat comin' away off yonder. The big golden moon hung low behin' de pines 'cross de road. Dey warn' much light. De critter draw nearer en nearer, en ez it come it whine, 'Meerandy! Meerandy! Lemme een.'

"Mirandy, she lay low en ain' say nuthin'. Bimeby de ole cat come 'roun' de corner uv de house a-howlin' en all yuh could see uv it wuz its two shiney eyes. When it seen de open door it stopped meaulin' en crope fo'ward quick. On de step it crouch low en spring th'oo de do'-way, but jes in de middle uv de leap look like it's stopped by a wall uv air dat fling it back on de do'-step agin. Den it seen de sieve en it snarl twel Mirandy turned cole. In cose a witch cyarn't pass a sieve fo' she count all de holes in it, but, ez witches kin count powerful fas' a sieve don't stop 'um long. Well suh, de ole cat settled down ter countin'. *She* count, *en* she count, *en* she count. En ez she counted de moon riz over de trees so bright dat de clearin' turned white in de light. Nearer, nearer, nearer, crope Mirandy. She raised de pail high, she tilted it, en a flood uv baptizin' water come down on de ole cat. Dat critter guv a scream en bounded inter de air, en when she hit de groun' again she 'gun ter writhe aroun' er ter melt. She melted and melted 'twel dar warn't nuthin' lef' uv her 'cep' a black pool wid two shiney green eye-balls floatin' on it. Den dese went out, en de pool gun ter soak inter de groun', en when Mirandy come out in de mornin', dey warn't nuthin' dar at all 'cept de li'le lock uv hyar dat she'd guv ter Lucindy."

C. MINOR, '09.

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BY THE AID OF HIS MOTHER.

She was old and faded and bent, but she had a very young heart—  
younger far than that of her son who plodded along so phlegmatically  
every day. He taught stupid boys and girls in the academy how to  
mix compounds and determine freezing-points; but she would have  
had him at the head of a great experimental laboratory; for Alexander  
knew everything—only he did not understand how to get along. He



never could do anything for himself—that boy! It all depended on her to help him. She had made it possible for him to get his education in the university; and then she had gone herself to the chairman of the Board of Public Instruction and demanded of him a position for her son in the academy. That was many years ago now, and Alexander had done his work faithfully and well, but she knew he would always remain the Professor of Chemistry in the Springtown Academy, unless she exerted herself still more to raise him higher. And she meant to do it sometime, too. After all, what was a mother for?—only she had not yet thought quite how.

Meanwhile she busied herself about the house. It was old, and damp, and leaky, but it was her own and she made it comfortable enough. She raised many beautiful flowers in her garden, and she cooked for Alexander his three meals every day and tried always, in as many ways as she could, to enliven him when he was at home. Usually there was something new to tell him when he came in tired at night. Perhaps it was that the Dutch tulip had blossomed and its crimson was brighter than ever this year; or that she had smelled a very sweet odour in the air that morning, and following up the scent, she found near the old well, under the pine trees, the first white violets in bloom.

One night she had a very different kind of tale which she thought would amuse him extremely; but she forgot it when she saw him, for he seemed morose and ate his sausage silently, his head bent low and one hand pulling rather savagely at his beard.

“Are you tired, Alexander?” she asked sympathetically.

“A person usually doesn't feel invigorated after hammering for six hours at a pack of blockheads,” he replied ungraciously. But she did not know he was ill-tempered. The tears came into her eyes as she looked at him. To think of the poor boy, with a mind like his, being forced to spend his life at such work as this!

“Is anything wrong?” she asked, apprehensively.

“Oh no, I suppose it doesn't make any difference what happens so long as we have food enough to put in our mouths, and clothes for our backs.”

The mother's conscience stung her. It was she, really, who was the cause of his unhappiness. With the best intentions in the world,

she had placed him at this grindstone. Something must be done, and soon; but now she felt the pressing necessity was to take his mind off himself.

"You may not like your work, Alexander," she began tentatively. "But what would the academy do without you?"

It was a happy shot.

"That's what Scroggins said when he came into the laboratory this afternoon." He swelled visibly.

Scroggins was the chairman of the Board of Public Instruction. At the mention of his name, Mrs. Codhill laughed softly to herself.

"Why do you laugh?" Alexander asked, irritably.

"That just made me think of a funny story I meant to tell you," she launched gaily. "You know since the fence fell down, all the dogs of the neighbourhood have been making a boulevard of our garden. I stop my work a dozen times a day to chase them out, but they always come back. They have torn up the pansy-bed, and broken down several of the daffodils that were just going to bloom. Oh, they drive me crazy!" In spite of herself, her voice had taken on a ring of exasperation. A quick glance at her son, however, warned her of her mistake, for he had lapsed into his former preoccupied state and was giving her no share of his attention. With a happy little laugh by way of rousing him, she continued:

"Well, they were there again to-day, and I was so sick of chasing them, I just let them stay and fight their Waterloos among my pansies." She did not even pause to see if he smiled at her joke. "After a while I heard voices, and I went to the window. There were two youngsters trying to coax their puppy to come home with them. They were the Scroggins children. You know them?"

"A boy and a girl? Yes," he nodded.

"Pretty little ones about six or eight years old," she observed. Then she resumed her old vivacity. "I called out the window at them, 'Is that your dog?' They looked a little scared and said 'Yes.' 'Well,' I called out as cross as I could, 'you'd better take him home and keep him there, because if I catch him again, I'll kill him. I won't have him digging in my flower-beds.' You'd have laughed to see how frightened those youngsters were. The boy took the dog by the collar, and they all went off as fast as they could run, but when they came to the edge

of the garden, the little girl stopped and yelled as loud as she could, 'Ole witch, ole witch!' The woman rocked with mirth. Alexander put down his knife and fork, and stared. "You did that, mother?"

She, seeing that she had aroused his interest, went eagerly on. "But that isn't all. I was up in your room making the bed a little while after that when, as usual, I heard barking and growling outside. I looked out, and if there wasn't that Scroggins pup again. He was sitting there, barking at the cat on the back porch. You may fancy I was angry. There happened to be a bowl of water on the chair, and I just took it and threw the water on him. Mercy, you should have heard him howl! He put his tail between his legs and went off yelping into the pine trees, and I haven't seen him since. What do you suppose old Scroggins would think of me scolding his children and refusing to let his august dog sit in my pansy bed?" She laughed joyously.

But the sound quavered away into silence when she looked at Alexander. He had risen to his feet and his face was dark with anger.

"For God's sake, mother, are you crazy?" he roared. "Don't you know that is probably a very valuable dog of Scroggins'? And the stuff in the bowl wasn't water. It was a chemical solution, and it's poison. Oh, women haven't any sense! You've probably killed the dog, and Scroggins will fire me as sure as fate."

At his first words the poor little old woman cowered in terror, but she quickly recovered herself.

"Gracious, Alec, what a start you gave me!" she giggled. "The water or poison or whatever it was never touched the pup. I just poured it on the ground and he, seeing me, and remembering all the whacks I'd given him with the broomstick, scooted away yelping. The cowardly little cur!"

Alexander's face cleared with relief. He did not enjoy being stirred up. "You hadn't any business to be meddling with my chemicals, though," he grumbled, as he took up the evening paper.

But a great fear tugged at Mrs. Codhill's heart. After making sure that her son was taking no notice of her, she slipped into her pocket a box of matches and silently left the room. She went off in the direction of the pine trees, stumbling about there in the darkness, kicking the stones and sticks in her way. Then her foot came against something different. She lighted a match and saw it was as she feared,

The dog lay there stiff and dead. She sank down in a heap beside him, moaning incoherently in her terror, but she was not one to remain long dismayed. She gathered the dead puppy into her arms, and cautiously made her way across the street towards Mr. Scroggins' house, and laid him carefully beneath a bush near the front veranda. Then she returned home running, her heart beating in great throbs.

After that she had only to sit and wait for something to happen. That something would happen she had no doubt, but she was determined to cope with it alone. Alexander, poor boy! should not suffer for her misdeeds. Meanwhile she bent her energies more sharply than before to make his home life pleasant. She cooked him such meals as he hardly remembered ever having tasted before, and she was so vivacious in the evenings that he even had to bid her be silent.

But the time of waiting was not long. A letter came for Alexander, as she had known it would, bearing in the left-hand corner the stamp, "Board of Public Instruction." She carried the missive to the kitchen, where the tea-kettle was boiling gloriously, and by the aid of the steam and much coaxing, she unsealed the envelope and read the sentence written inside:

"Come to see me in my office at your earliest possible convenience.

"Yours truly,  
"JNO. SCROGGINS."

It was as she thought. At any rate, she reflected as she consigned the sheet to the flames, Alexander should not go to the office to be insulted by that pompous old fool. If he was to be discharged, he should be discharged respectably by a written document. And perhaps, oh perhaps, if Mr. Scroggins only had time to let his wrath cool—she pulled herself together with a shrug and went to dust the books in the parlour, but her thoughts were always of her son, and how she should shield him.

After that, whenever she heard Alexander's footsteps on the porch she trembled, and dared not look into his face as he entered, lest she should read there what she feared. What if Mr. Scroggins should meet him on the street and say, "You are worse than a murderer, I discharge you." She knew what her son's reply would be—he was so proud—and

there would be no explanation. But day by day passed and nothing happened; her surprise increased, but the prolonged suspense was torture. Several times she was almost on the point of confessing—then there came an incredulous sense of security. She no longer watched feverishly for every mail, nor dreaded to hear her son's footsteps approach.

One night several weeks later, when they were sitting together reading by the lamplight, they were startled by the ringing of the door-bell. The mother was taken off her guard and allowed Alexander to rise and open the door. He ushered in Mr. Scroggins, smiling and bowing ponderously. "My wife was off at some club," he remarked, "and I thought I'd just drop in a few moments. Hope you're not busy."

Alexander assured him rather obsequiously that they were delighted, but his mother could only stand and stare. Then she rose to the occasion and threw herself into the breach. She would fight as long as she could. She began to talk, feverishly, excitedly, without a moment's pause. The men became obviously impatient. Alexander frowned heavily and tried to catch her eye, but she avoided him. She could not go on forever, though. Mr. Scroggins cleared his throat noisily. "Excuse me, ma'am," he said very politely, "but there's something I'd like to say to your son here." The woman stopped desperately; her throat was dry and her breath gone; everything was all over.

"I say, Codhill," Scroggins began, "why the deuce didn't you come to my office the day I sent for you?"

"The day you sent for me," Alexander repeated dully.

"Oh, well, when I sent you the note, then. I held off two days for you."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Scroggins," Alexander protested.

"Oh, you school-teachers never know anything," the other roared impatiently. "If you ever thought of obeying anything your chiefs tell you, you might get on a little better than you do. There was a man down here from the State Experimental Station to consult me about getting a chemist for the Agricultural Department. That's why I wanted you. But, of course, you didn't have sense enough to come."

Alexander was stupid. If he had looked into his mother's face

he might have understood, but he did not look. A gleam of unwonted animation lighted up his dull eye.

"And you have come to offer me this situation?" he asked confidently.

"No, you idiot—begging your pardon, ma'am," he softened, bowing to Mrs. Codhill. "How long did you think I could hold the job for you? Why didn't you come when you got my note?"

"But I received no note."

"Oh, Alexander," the mother broke in, unable to keep silent longer. "I——" but he silenced her.

Scroggins looked shrewdly from mother to son. There was something rather strange here, he comprehended. However, it was no affair of his. He shrugged his fat shoulders.

"I'm sorry, Codhill," he went on, not unkindly. "The man was in a hurry. He waited with me two days and then he took that fellow from the academy at Manchester."

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

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### EDITORIAL.

"What could we do without the weather to talk about!" a lady was heard to say in a street car the other day, and perhaps the question was less idle than it sounded—or it would doubtless have been answered. After all, what *could* we do? The weather is such a useful—such an unfailingly useful topic! Trite? One might as well say that "good morning" is trite because it has been said so many times already. In fact, that is just what one would say by presuming to scoff, for, to eliminate the weather really and completely from our conversation would be to lose the greater number of our dear, time-honored greetings. Think of the weather, too, as an opener of intercourse, an ever accessible point of departure from which one may advance, gracefully and without delay, to the most intimate and difficult business; or as a transition, by which to return safely and speedily from the subjects one wishes to avoid. There is nothing like it for restoring a convenient degree of levity. Again, as a topic in itself, the weather may

be spun out, when other material is scarce or inexpedient, into the entire fabric of talk. One "passes" it cordially with the farmer in the furrow and his wife in the doorway. It is always a point in common. It is the "fulcrum in space" of articulate, sociable mankind.

Here and with us, however, it is not as a topic of conversation that the weather plays a significant part. We do not need it quite as society needs it, we seldom discuss it unless it interferes with garden party or a 'Varsity game, and yet our relations with it—with the weather itself—are singularly genial and friendly simply because we accept whatever weather the gods send, with minds unhampered by prejudice. When one comes to think of it, it is remarkable to what extent some people (who are not in college) let themselves be put out by atmospheric phenomena, and how little of their concern is really necessary or profitable. "We've wanted to come and see you often, but it has always rained somehow." "How these gloomy days depress one!" "Last winter was such a bad season, and kept us all indoors so much"—we may easily hear said of conditions that would daunt *us* not at all.

Something in a combination of youthful spirits, reacting in unison against the tyranny of fact, and aided by constant call to duty and activity, tends to keep us in a highly independent frame of mind. Imagine the whole College in the doleful dumps because the day happened to be "dark and dreary"; or think of staying indoors and cutting lectures on account of a snowstorm. We should as soon think of carrying sunshades about the campus to prevent freckles. Even the worthy Rubber and Umbrella lose something of their tyrannous importance here, without very alarming consequences. Furthermore, we are not concerned—not directly at least—with the effect of the weather on crops and industries; and so, rain or shine, we go our way, as little disconcerted as possible. To us the good days are just as pleasing, and the bad days much less displeasing than to others differently situated. And indeed why should they be displeasing? The possible minimal inconvenience is so much more than repaid by the value of change. On the contrary, it is highly to our discredit if we fail to enjoy to the full every phase of change—from season to season, from day to day, from hour to hour,—which our surroundings render peculiarly delightful. For truly the same sky is twice as smiling over rolling

lawns and ivied turrets, as over corrugated tin roofs and smoky chimneys; and the same rain falls twice as refreshingly into upturned daisies as into stony gutters. And it is to just such surroundings as ours that the "weather," in its turn, lends its greatest *variety* of charms. Our "year" here carries us, really, through their whole range; and though we may prefer to regard some one aspect, some particular day as typical of Bryn Mawr, yet who could wish to forget all the other days and fragments of days,—the many "high moments" that will linger in memory, each with a magic of its own?—Think of the silent, misty mornings of fall, when we take long walks before breakfast, and the red and yellow maples glow faintly through the fog; of the crystal-clear winter nights, when the "bob" whizzes over dry snow, down the long incline, and the full moon sails majestically along, always abreast of us, behind the bare Vaux woods; of the blithe days of spring—so magically mild, and so irresistibly gay that even the big black tree with the chains has to wreath itself with flowers; of the high-noons of early summer, when lecture-room windows stand wide open, and the sound of the lawn-mower, humming drowsily in the sun, floats in with the fragrance of newly cut grass; of the cloudless sunsets behind the library, that send strange yellow light through the windows and rose color over the towers; of the thick-falling snows that nearly smother the campus-lights, and the dashing rains that seem to wash half their brightness into the wet pavement below; think even of the often-dreaded half-way days, when the last dingy patches of snow are crawling off the muddy grass; for it is just then that we get the first real scent of the warming earth, the first twitter of birds, and, in the moving air, the first unmistakable whisper of "*solvitur acris hiems.*" Think of all these things together, and be sure that years hence, unless we grow strangely hardened and ungrateful, it will be not our least pleasure, in reviewing the "Happy days spent in Bryn Mawr," that the happy days were not all alike.

P. B.

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Trophy Club wants '94, '96 "Lanterns."



*DULCI FISTULA**AT MID-YEARS*

Look, now the mid-year cloak of blackness falls  
O'er college, sports, and faces glad of yore,  
No more they frisk and shine with gladsome jest  
Or pretty prank, quick pun, and jokes galore,  
The erstwhile "Merry Sunshine" of the place  
Stops her gay laugh and no more puffs her hair  
While sister sad, is such a lemon face  
You fly "for fair" when she comes storming by;  
And all do look as if their friends had left  
Them lonely, stranded, on a foreign shore.  
The college gown hangs limply from the limbs,  
Of one who feels unworthy of its folds,  
And gym suits donned for those retarded drills  
Are clung to, not ta'en off till night be spent.  
The note-books are piled high, and red inked some.  
Who is Pythagoras and what did Cynics  
Do? Did not they live in tubs?  
Methinks old Plato was a kindly man  
And yet I know not; nor am like to know.  
There's always Psych, of course, the same  
And welcome all, both high and low degree,  
Where spectral colours flash their radiant hue,  
With visual purple, on the dazzled orb  
Of G. E. Miller's dark adapted eye,  
I care not for this sort of thing I find,  
My tastes are simple, plain, and ultra chaste,  
A few stern numbers, or the creatures mild,  
That we 'neath Dalton's roof from time to  
Time inspect. Or else the lilting lines  
Of honey-tongued warbler, Will Shakespeare.  
There are ones nerves stirred up  
With grizzly ghosts, and murderers of kings,

And kings themselves, that storm, and ramp, and rage;  
 And ladies that are sportive in their speech,  
 With many more, all found in such strange  
 Haunts of woods, or unknown lands,  
 That it doth turn the brain to think upon.  
 Here ends the tale, and may the maid imbibe  
 The usual stock, to stand her in good stead,  
 Of good hot knowledge crammed fulsome down!

MARGARET JAMES, '10.

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### *ALUMNÆ NOTES.*

There will be an *alumnæ* meeting in Taylor Hall on February first.

'97. Edith Hamilton has visited at college recently.

'02. Kate Du Val has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry Sullivan Pitts, of St. Louis.

Recent visitors are:

'05. Helen Worman Army.

'06. Helen Williston Smith.

'07. Margaret Baker Morison, Margaret Morris Reeve, and Jeannette Cascaden Klauder.

'08. Hazel Ellen McLane.

'09. Emily Marshall Maurice and Alice Wolff Miller.

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### *COLLEGE NOTES.*

College Fortnightly Meeting was held on January eighth. Rev. Robert Steele gave a short and interesting address.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Gertrude Erbslöh, 1910, to Mr. Robert Otto Müller, of New York. Miss Erbslöh received undergraduate congratulations at an informal reception given in her honor by Margaret Hobart.

Rev. Dr. Burckhead addressed a regular meeting of the Christian Union on December seventeenth.

There was a formal meeting of the Law Club in Pembroke East on Thursday evening, January ninth. Mr. Franklin Spencer Edmunds gave an address on Civil Service Reform, and made his subject both comprehensible and vital to his hearers. Mr. Spencer was introduced by Francis R. Cope, Jr., Trustee of the College, who spoke briefly on The Merit System vs. The Spoils System. Later, refreshments were served, while the members of the Faculty and of the Law Club had an opportunity of meeting the speakers.

The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins preached a sermon at the meeting of the Christian Union on January fifteenth.

On December seventeenth, the last night before vacation, a sound of music on the frosty air called us to our windows, where, beneath in the starlight, the Glee Club were singing their Christmas carols. They went the round of the halls, stopping at last at the Deanery, where President Thomas made the choristers welcome and refreshed them with "ale and cakes."

Mid-year examinations are to be expected from Wednesday, January twenty-second, to Saturday, February first, inclusive. It is less to be expected than hoped that ice will also appear, to alleviate our toil with skating.

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### ATHLETIC NOTES.

Now that the hockey season is over, lacrosse and swimming are being taken up with great enthusiasm. The lacrosse captains are A. Sachs, 1908; C. M. Wesson, 1909; J. Thompson, 1910, and M. Case, 1911 (manager). The Freshmen are coming out for practice in good numbers, and their interest promises to increase the growing popularity of this latest form of outdoor athletics at Bryn Mawr.

The interclass swimming contests are, however, the chief events which take place in January. The class swimming captains are: M. Seeds, 1908; G. Biddle, 1909; I. Taber, 1910, and J. Allen, 1911.

Since the return from the Christmas vacation there has been constant practicing for the first of the two contests, which took place on Friday evening, January tenth, at 8.30. Fancy diving was a new

feature this year, and it increased the excitement, which always rises high among the crowded onlookers. The class and individual points will not be announced until after the second meet, on Friday, January seventeenth.

Early in the Second Semester the officers of the Athletic Association will hold a trial for all the Freshmen in swimming. Anyone who cannot be authorized will have to swim the length of the pool on a belt.

Besides attending their regular gymnasium classes, some zealous students are beginning to practice in the evening, in preparation for the gymnasium contest, which comes early in the spring.

The Fencing Club has started, but is not yet well under way.

With the Second Semester, track practice will begin. The 1908 captain has not yet been elected. Those from the other classes are: Katherine Ecob, 1909; Janet Howell, 1910, and Kate Chambers, 1911 (manager).

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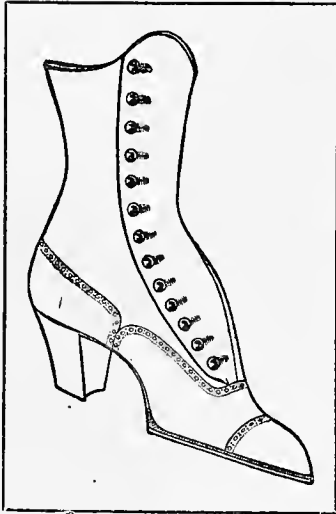
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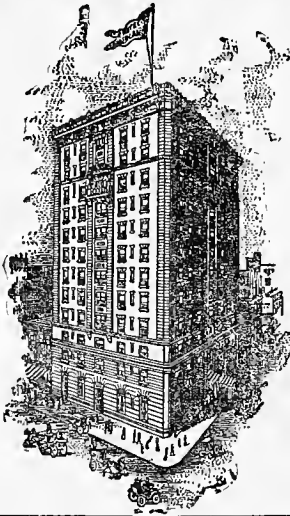
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

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## *ANNIE PARDEE.*

When I first saw Annie Pardee she was twenty-eight. At that age she had all the charm of youth,—clear dainty beauty, a fresh outlook upon life, the smiling tranquillity which is a part of innocence, and unflagging good spirits of rather a quiet sort. One felt this charm to the full, but at the same time one felt something more, something deeper, that stirred curiosity as much as the charm satisfied æsthetic desires. Below the peaceful, lovely surface, one felt the presence of a susceptibility, a sensitivity, a soul, if you will, which to myself I likened to a magic crystal that mirrored sights too delicate and etherealized to be reflected in common glass; a fabric woven of fibres so fine that the slightest touch would change its texture.

I saw Annie Pardee that first time in the orchard at Three Roads Farm, on a morning in May. The frugal spring sunshine sifted through pale or rosy blossoms, starring or festooning the gnarled and rugged

old trees. She stood in the uncut grass, the filtered sunbeams touching with points of light her fine-spun golden hair and the beads of her scarf. Her velvety gray-blue eyes were filled with laughter, she rested her blossom-tinted cheek against a smooth gray tree-trunk, and in her pink lawn flounces she might have been Spring incarnate. We strolled together toward the house which appeared in mellow patches of dim yellow brick through its terraced hedges of white and purple lilacs. My companion talked gaily of the life they led at Three Roads Farm, of the weather, of the way her garden was coming on, of the chances I should find to do some charming landscapes, since I insisted upon painting during my vacation; perhaps I would paint one of her little nieces or nephews into my pictures, they would make delightful fauns, they were such wild little things. Her simplicity was pleasantly refreshing in its spontaneity and good humour, and I may say here that Annie Pardee never bored me, although for several months we met daily on the most intimate footing. She was always pretty in her light, fresh muslins, always cheerful and friendly, ready to do whatever one wished, but there was about her something impersonal that gave me on occasions a baffled feeling and whetted my curiosity to a keen edge.

To be frank, I studied Annie Pardee intently that summer at Three Roads Farm, I patiently sought to discover why in her easy, surrounded life, in the midst of agreeable relations with agreeable people, she should preserve such a fine detachment. My opportunities for such study were many, for, as I have said, we were much together on friendly terms. We read together in the honeysuckle bower, we played innumerable games of croquet which invariably ended in "cheat-and-be-honest," to the hilarious amusement of the little fauns, and we spent unlimited time with the same fauns, making grapevine puddings under the giant vine at the end of the rose row or playing hide-and-seek in the warm hushed garden, in the summer dusk, when the air was fragrant with the odor of pink flowering almond, of dewy flags, of moth-haunted traveller's-joy and faint lady's-eardrops. Gradually I arrived at the conclusion that Annie herself was not unaware of that magic crystal, that delicately-woven fabric of which I have spoken. She knew that such crystals and fabrics can withstand only the gentlest touch, that anything ruder impairs or destroys them, and she was endeavouring to secure to herself the protection of a tranquil and placid existence. That her precautions would be of no avail, that sooner or later her fortifica-

tions would be overthrown and she herself exposed to attack, I felt sure, believing, as I did, that every one has at least one great experience; and that was to be Annie Pardee's, to have her sensitive soul wounded and torn, her gentle self tortured to death.

I often wondered how the experience was to be consummated, but I was not long left uncertain. It was at my request that Michael Hastings paid a visit at Three Roads Farm while he was in America. Michael Hastings was a painter of distinct reputation, attested to by a large number of medals and a long following of pupils. I may give the man's history (I was very fond of him) in a few words. No one knew where he came from nor of what people, he had appeared in Paris as a student at the same time as myself, he had a tremendous fund of knowledge on all subjects which he communicated in the most interesting and picturesque way in a dozen tongues, his face was handsome and immobile, and he could paint. This was all anyone could say of him, no one knew anything more, and the conjectures that had been rife when he first gained his fame had gradually sunk into silence. Hastings painted, with astounding technique and utter lack of feeling for their horror, the most brutal, and sometimes indecent, subjects. One could not but admire the man's mastery of his art at the same time that one was revolted by his subjects and his attitude. There is but one thing more that I need say of Michael Hastings. In the autumn he married Annie Pardee and took her back to Paris with him.

There was nothing that I could do, although I felt that any woman who married Hastings would be taking a leap in the dark. Remonstrance with Hastings was absurd and Annie was under the spell of an absorbing passion. It was with fear that I saw her leave the quiet, delightful farm, where I lingered for a time to console the fauns who were desolate at her departure, and her sister who had never spoken to me of the affair after I had told her all I knew about Hastings. When I left, however, she said to me: "Let me know about her from time to time; she would never tell me herself,—poor Annie!"

But for two years I could send her no news of my own; indirectly, however, I heard that Annie had had a great success; people went at first, it was said, to see the woman who was brave enough to marry Michael Hastings, and then, charmed by a woman of twenty-eight who had the clear blood of youth in her cheek, youth's unfaded gold in her hair, and intense joy in life, they went again. All this, of course, was

at first. Later I heard nothing of her, and when, after two years, I was again in Paris and on my way to see my friends, all my fears of Annie's unhappiness had vanished. I could fairly see the blossoming orchard and inhale the delicious air. And Annie Pardee stood smiling in the white and rosy bower.

How different from this happy imagining was the reality! Michael Hastings was, indeed, the same, but his wife was no longer the woman I had known at Three Roads Farm in that peaceful, memorable summer. Her appearance, her manner, her whole self was altered. The soft pink bloom of her cheek was transformed to a bright spot in the midst of a smooth pallour, the luxuriant coils of her golden hair seemed to draw her head back; her face was composed and tranquil, and yet I told myself that her eyes looked as if she wept continually when she was alone. Her voice had become very faint, but she talked with her old grace and cordiality and friendliness, and her small, straight figure in its dim, soft draperies was to be seen wherever one went. Annie, in short, had been successful. Her success, however, I made out, gave her no pleasure, the life she led required a tremendous effort, and it finally came to me that she could not long make the effort. At first I considered speaking to Hastings, but one can scarcely inform a man that his wife is dying, especially when that man is as devoted and solicitous, as perfect in his attitude, as Hastings apparently was. At this time he was painting a portrait of Annie, Annie as she was when we had both first seen her. She stood in an orchard, in blossoms and sunlight, her face slightly upturned, listening, as I thought, to the distant voices of the little fauns as they called her. The portrait was executed with the most delicate and even poetic feeling, there was nothing to mar the exquisite harmony of spring, youth, and happiness. Shortly after the picture was finished, the life that had waned so silently was quenched.

As soon as he could get away, Hastings took his departure for Switzerland, leaving his studio at my disposal. I meditated for many days upon Annie Pardee, trying in vain to account for the change that had taken place in her, to discover why her passion for Hastings had proved such a terrible experience. I was at sea, for Annie had never given me the slightest clue, and on the surface, at any rate, her relations with Hastings offered no sufficient reason for such a change. In the autumn I had a letter from Hastings, asking me to see that his



studio was cleaned out, and to have his things sent to him, he would not be back in Paris for some time. I myself undertook to put the place in order, and in the course of my labours I found, in a small brass chest, some torn fragments of a journal and some verses in a familiar handwriting.

Nov. 2—He tells me nothing. I am as much in the dark as anyone.

Nov. 20—It was a leap in the dark, and now that I am over the precipice—

Jan. 17—He sees through and through me. He knows every question that comes to my mind and it amuses him to hold me off. He is cruel, cruel, but my feeling for him is unchanged.

— 30—I live in a world alone, a world of continual torment. My hands ache from continually beating against a closed door.

I know now that it is a strange and horrible history. He bears an open wound in his soul that no one may see. I don't know how I have made this out, but it has finally come to me.

June 12—I wish that he would hate me, that we could battle openly. He loves me, but in such a strange way. Sometimes he asks me to sit with him while he paints. I hate the pictures.

I dreamed last night of Three Roads Farm, of the orchard, of the garden by night, of the long tranquil days there. I wish I were back,—I do not mean what I have said, I like this horrible life, my misery—

He does not see what is happening to me. It must all be my fault. This morning he lost his temper, for the first time, over a trifle. He raised his hand as if to strike me. I wish he had.

It hurts very much to die, it takes a long time. I wonder if it is easier when other people know. He has made it impossible for me to tell him. I wonder how it will happen. If I should—

It was with difficulty that I pieced these bits together. There was another bit of paper on which the following fragment of verse was dimly scribbled:

The silver waters fall  
Into the jade-green pool,  
Where the crimson lilies tall  
Their flaming petals cool  
Among the dim still deeps.

The tall king's candles shine  
In burnished yellow line,  
And to each swaying stalk a great bee clings  
Amber and ebon-bodied and with wings  
Spun out of opal, radiant and fine;  
Who clinging drinks and swings,  
'Till drunk with motion and warm honey-wine,  
Among the little cups he sleeps.

Hushed is the azure air  
With the sweet hush of June;  
The sculptured sun-dial there  
Forever marks the noon,  
Under the cloudless skies.  
Warm-sandalled Noon, asleep  
'Mong scented grasses' sweep,  
Breathes calmly through the years,  
Unmoved by joys or fears.  
Closed eyes smile not, nor weep;  
Who knows what thing appears  
Beneath white lids that keep  
The secrets of the centuries?

Long sleep, sweet dreamless rest  
'Mong braided flow'rs and grass!  
Ah! surely this is best  
While stormy ages pass.  
Unfaded amaranth  
And poppies opiate,  
These are——

Poor Annie Pardee! banished from that tranquil, ever-smiling garden, longing for its peaceful, sunny spaces, and yet clasping close the pain that was the price of your self-willed exile. I think often of Annie Pardee and her fate, but it is always as I last saw her, dying, vanquished in her struggle, although at any time I may see the portrait of her, as she stands in the orchard under boughs laden with treasure of blossoms, listening to the little fauns who call to her in vain.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

## THE SMILE.

*(From the Italian of Gabriello Chiabrere.)*

If a little stream among the grasses  
Lightly passes,  
    With low tunes the quiet morn beguiling;  
If a meadow decks itself with flowers  
After showers,  
    Then we say the happy earth is smiling.

When a zephyr blowing from the valleys  
Dips and dallies,  
    Bathing in the clear waves on the lea,  
And upon the sand the ripples' laughter  
Follows after,  
    This we call the smiling of the sea.

If at dawn a golden haze and mellow  
Veils the yellow  
    And the purple of that garden high,  
And the clouds pour forth their gleaming treasure  
Without measure,  
    This we call the smiling of the sky.

Yes, when it is jocund earth smiles lightly,  
And more brightly  
    Smiles the sunny sky when it is gay;  
Yes; but ev'n if they in sweet endeavour  
Smile forever,

    You'll still smile more graciously than they.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

*TOLERATION AND INDIFFERENCE.*

Toleration may be used in two senses; in neither of its senses is it, to my mind, a positive virtue. The more crude and obvious meaning is simply the principle of not persecuting on the ground of belief. In this sense, toleration is one of the fundamental principles of modern civilized communities; it has come to be merely the negation of a vice—it is no longer a virtue to be singled out and praised.

The other sense in which the word is now used, on the contrary, attempts to make of toleration a distinguished virtue, and actually makes of it a veiled and insidious vice. If I understand them aright, the adherents of toleration in the second sense hold that truth has many sides; that they approach it from one direction, but that they are perfectly willing that others should approach it from other directions; that for any man that belief is best which gives him most comfort in the difficulties of his life; that finally—and this is their golden rule—every belief reduces itself in the last analysis to a matter of temperament.

Now to my mind, though this toleration professes to be greatly superior to indifference, the best that can possibly be said for it is that it is indifference in disguise. He who holds himself tolerant in this sense may care for a great many other fine things; he may care for faith, and hope, and charity, but he does not and cannot care for truth. For the very first canon of truth is the law of contradiction: a statement and its denial cannot both be true at the same time. Of all axioms none is more unquestioningly accepted than this; in fact, I think no one has ever, in so many words, denied it. But many have tried to dodge around it, and none more cleverly than our modern exponents of toleration.

Chief among these are the “modernists,” those who happen to belong to the Catholic Church, who are attached to it by long association and the force of tradition and the beauty of ceremony, and who have, nevertheless, been unable to close their ears to the discoveries of modern science and modern historical criticism. I said they were the chief exponents of modern toleration, but perhaps they are only the most conspicuous, because of the danger of their position. For Cathol-

icism, however inconsistent it may be with things outside itself,—the world of experience and the world of science,—is at least perfectly self-consistent. Moreover, it knows exactly what it means and says it in unequivocal language. When the Catholic Church finds men who call themselves Catholics holding doctrines that contradict the elemental principles of Catholicism, its course is clear: it denies that these men are Catholics. And because it refuses to admit that when Catholics say that Christ is divine, they may legitimately mean that He is divine merely as all men are divine; because it refuses to admit that when Catholics say they believe in miracles they may legitimately mean that they believe in them in a religious, in a mystical, sense, but disbelieve in them in an historical sense; because it refuses to admit that Catholics may legitimately hold the Church to be both fallible and infallible—for this it is branded as intolerant! If this be intolerance, let us, by all means, embrace it as one of the few ways left in which men still believe in the consistency of truth!

No one has ever really cared about truth without believing in the existence of error, just as no one has ever really cared about virtue without believing in the existence of vice. Whoever has cared about truth has chosen some path in search of it, and has had a firm conviction that his path is the best of all visible paths towards it; without that conviction it would have been impossible for him to choose it. He sees truth not as a temple on a high hill, to which all roads lead, but as a light at the horizon, which all men are either following or leaving. And he feels impelled to show to others the light he sees and to point out to them the straight road towards it, without regard for the brambles on the way.

Without this conviction and this almost inevitably consequent impulse to impart it to others, no progress whatever could have been made in the search for truth. In the famous story of the shield, one man insists that the shield is golden, the other that it is silver; to end the dispute they turn it around and find that one side is golden and the other silver. Now suppose that instead of this one man had said merely,—“The shield looks to me like a golden shield, but colour is of course a purely subjective thing; I can well believe that you see the shield as silver.” And suppose the other man had said,—“Yes, argument in such cases is always futile; why should not the shield be gold

in one sense and silver in another? After all, the difference probably lies only in the use of terms; we *mean* the same thing." What would these men, with their lofty tolerance, have found out about the shield? Absolutely nothing. But the two that first lost their tempers over it finally made a discovery.

Such toleration is, I believe, much more pernicious than frank indifference. Those, for example, who are indifferent in matters of religion, who do not care to discuss it because they think it has little influence on men to-day, or because they have a horror of metaphysics and are sure that religious discussion will lead to metaphysics—these certainly do not aid in the search for religious truth, but at least they do not oppose it. But those who say that religion is the most important thing in the world, and who are yet content to hold one view themselves and to hold that views in sharp conflict with theirs may be also true; those who, as Chesterton says, "talk about Lord Anglesey and the weather, and call it the complete liberty of all the creeds:"—these are not neutral, but the enemies of truth.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

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### THE ROCK POOL.

Hollowed beneath the boldly jutting cliff  
That shields the meadows from the battering sea,  
Low, shelving to the close-packed sand, a rift  
Slants narrowly.

Through this dark crevice, in forgotten storm  
Once raced the climbing waters, till they swirled  
Into a hollow, where, the tides withdrawn,  
One lost wave curled.

The winds died with the night, and daylight found  
Its image in a pool between steep walls,  
Where the lost wave still heard the muffled sound  
Of ocean's calls.

With magic swiftness from the hard rock's side  
Beneath the limpid surface of the pool,  
There crept the life that dwells far from the tide  
Mid shadows cool.

Timid, the velvet sea-anemone  
Unfolded fringed petals to the light;  
Till, when, perhaps, a stray weed floated by,  
It shrank in fright.

Crusting the rock close by the water's edge,  
The thirsty barnacles drank in the stream  
That, with a higher tide, washed o'er the ledge  
Through sea moss green.

Thus had the single wave, secluded, grown  
To share the nature of the populous sea.  
But the insistent ocean found its own,  
Seeking relentlessly.

When winter waves lashed the gray biting sand,  
Whirling in surf from gleaming foam-crests torn,  
They swept away the pool; whose life is spanned  
From storm to storm.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

*THE BOY AND THE CHURL.*

The situation was, upon its face, simple enough. My nephew was twelve and I twenty. He was lively, sensitive to appreciation, and much at ease wherever he went. I was self-centred and uncommunicative, benevolently inclined occasionally, appreciative to a high degree of the humorous. When given the chance of my nephew's society for a month, I readily undertook the responsibility of him. I liked his name—"Gregory"—I had liked his "manner"—whenever I had come into contact with him, at family parties. It was the second or third day, however, after his arrival, and I found myself beginning to cherish an undefinable resentment toward him. We were pulling on opposite ends of a rope. I said to myself it must have been a chance generous impulse on his part that had ever made me think I could exercise authority over him. I concluded lazily that with fluctuating youthful ardor, the boy was preparing to hate me. I stood by a window, ruminating, when he appeared.

"Gregory," I said, "I must find out what the matter is. Your behaviour is unconscionable."

He dug his foot into the ground viciously.

"Do you dislike me? Why is it that you disobey me?" I fixed the lad with my eye.

"No I don't—dislike you."

"Where have you been?" I saw the advisability of proceeding rapidly.

"Camping—on the left bank of the creek."

"In this freezing weather?"

"Yes. Mr. Carson has a cabin there, and it's great."

"Your father said you might do nothing without asking my permission and *really*"—I interrupted myself to bring the knot of the boy's tie into line with his collar, while he stood with face averted—"really, you must change your ways."

My nephew turned away, glanced back half annoyed, hesitated, then walked away in silence. In a moment he gave a leap and began to run, shaking his heels out after him in a way that made me smile—in spite of myself.



"It's insufferable," I reflected, "all that modified resentment, suppressed indignation, and restiveness under correction. I can't see the justification for it even in a baby." I had been reading a book and an envelope marked the place. I brought the latter to coincide with the corner of a page and steadied it with two fingers, while I reflected.

"He is not so young as to be thoroughly irresponsible," I argued, "and I am not old enough to know just how far I have a right to expect him to *be* responsible. I detest the child, and sometimes he fascinates me. I like the way he clasps his hands behind his head and roams about while he discourses. Few people know enough to make themselves properly at home." I then thought of the boy's dislike for me, and bit my lip. I had the irritable fondness for him that we have for all people that seem at one time spontaneously to like us and at another to be made actively unhappy by us.

"I just came back with my gloves. I don't want them. The snow's too wet." My nephew was out of breath and scarcely looked at me.

"Yes."

"Do you mind?"

"No. Only don't forget to come home early. In time for dinner."

"Well."

"I *mean* that, Gregory. I don't intend to have you disobedient, all the time."

"I don't understand."

"You dont?"

"No. I'm afraid I don't." The boy's nostrils dilated. "You mean I shouldn't have gone off the way I did? For I don't see. Nothing could possibly have happened to me."

"You should not have gone. But what I mean is, that I don't want you to be doing that kind of thing any more, and if you do, I simply will not take care of you."

The boy stared.

"You think I don't take care of you?"

"I think I take care of myself. I think I do." My nephew shot me a glance. His eyes under ordinary circumstances were dark; they now were cold and unfeeling as a parrot's, and glittered.

"You drive me wild," I said, "when you look at me that way."

"I just don't see, Catherine. That's all." An amenable temper always impressed me, and I said:

"What's the matter? Are you tired of staying here shut up alone in the house with me?"

"No." The boy twisted a tired, puzzled glance at me and sighed. "No, only you never play with me, and I like to get out sometimes."

"You hate me, I'm afraid." I was tactless and forcing things, but if enmity were the result, it would not be enmity at close quarters forever.

"I *don't* hate you. I like you an awful *lot*. But you keep making me do things, and make me behave all the time and—and I can't. I'm sorry I dropped the cat on your dress yesterday. I didn't think it would stick its claws out. My cat wouldn't have. (It's a tiger cat, with great big green eyes and stiff whiskers. It's a nice cat. Only I don't keep it in the house—not much. It's not an angora cat.)" The boy put out his hand to a frill that ran from my neck, part way down the front of my waist, and began turning it this way and that, stopping suddenly to grasp me about the neck with both hands and bring an upward pressure to bear upon my chin. I blinked menacingly and he withdrew.

My sensations became instantly like paper twisting in the flame, but I pursued:

"My dress was altogether too long. It was not your fault that it got torn."

"All your clothes—well, maybe not."

"Clothes, what?"

"Act as if they were made just to be looked at."

"You don't mean that! *Gregory!* I put my hands on the boy's shoulders, and almost instantly removed them. Something in him seemed to shrivel.

"May I go?" His eye rested on me by accident, but neither of us took account of the fact, so perfect was the misunderstanding between us.

"Yes. Please do."

"And if I don't come back right away you'll know where I am, and not be worried?"

I made no answer.

The strain of warm reflection was too much for me, and I began to walk about from room to room through the house.

"It's queer! When the boy is away I feel that I know just

about how to take him. Then, as soon as we come together, it is sniff and snarl and off with a bang." I was standing with my foot on the rung of a chair, watching the fire, intent on easing my spirit, "I am a screw, I know. How people are to make themselves over, unassisted however, is hard to see." The fire shot up and sank, sending up a shower of sparks that flew out and vanished with a snap. I leaned forward and listened. A branch must have been scraping the window. I sank back again into vacuous discontentment. The hour grew later and later, and, unwilling to get up and go to bed, unable to see anything, with the firelight in my eyes, I sat fixed, as if a spell had been cast upon me.

Toward morning I came to my senses. The wind had died down. The sky was growing light near the horizon and the firs, still somewhat black and indistinct, were becoming a dead, mud-green. I rose and stepped outside, feeling, as I gazed about, like a man with a reach of two or three miles of barren seacoast to traverse. Hardly stopping to think why I was so bent on "setting forth," I started briskly from the house and pushed an entrance between the tangled snowy firs. The cold set my teeth on edge, and having walked for some time, I turned mechanically, and slowly began to retrace my steps. Almost back at my own door, I stopped, thinking I heard the fragment of a song.

"'Heave way, heave way.'"

I ground my heel into the snow with a crunch, and put my hand on the door knob.

"'For far away Australia.'"

I entered the house and slammed the door—then paused.

"An Australian crew is a very fine crew  
If your boat's leak proof,  
As a wooden shoe.  
'Heave way, heave way,  
For far Australia.'"

With my head still turned to one side, I caught a glimpse of my distraught face in the window, and fell to wondering how I could have done such a thing as sit up all night.

"I came back for my other gloves." Glancing up, I beheld my nephew.

"Oh, C—Catharine!"

"What?"

"You needn't have gotten up to *get* them for me."

I simulated a smile, and after a pause remarked:

"You'd better get warm, hadn't you?"

"Guess I had." The boy glanced at me curiously, and not being one of those individuals so unused to modern social and architectural conventions as to find difficulty in maintaining their equilibrium on polished floors, he acted upon my suggestion with a rapidity which made me smile.

At first wary, he could hardly trust me in my smiling consideration of him, and made a remark only occasionally, maintaining for a great time a suspicious silence. Yet there was something in my manner which seemed to flatter him, and in the midst of an explanation as to how rabbit tracks might be imitated, his chest fell and he said:

"If you'd only been along. I was coming back for you, but I hated to after all I'd said about your being snappish with me. Come on, I'll take you right away and show you where I made a little line of tracks this morning—coming back."

I replied with a trifle less sparkle perhaps than was fitting under the circumstances:

"We'll go back to yesterday, afterwhile. Don't let's be monkeys, yet. There'll be time enough to pick up the nuts we threw at the moon, when we've had some breakfast."

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

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*"AND THERE WERE GARDENS BRIGHT WITH  
SINUOUS RILLS."*

There was once a garden spot where lemon and orange trees, pomegranates and rhododendrons mingled their blossoms and fruits. In this spot the sunshine seemed to sift through the branches of the trees with a peculiar softness, and to bathe the thick dark moss and its little crimson flowers in a strange golden haze.

Here a wonderful bird flitted from tree to tree—a bird whose

colours surpassed the most gorgeous blossoms of the garden in radiance. His slender legs were blood red, his beak was golden, his iridescent crest shimmered only less brightly than his jeweled eyes, and the glory of the sunset tipped his feathers.

But in spite of the beauty of the garden and of his plumage, the bird grew sadder and more languid day by day. "No garden is large enough for me," he thought, "I would go where none have ever gone before." And one morning as, glinting in the sunlight, he rested against the dark leaves of the rhododendron and dipped his beak in the dew held by the freckled petal of one of its flowers, he looked away toward the silver river winding in the distance. I will be the first to trace it to its source, he thought, and with a triumphant song, he flew up the river.

After many days and nights of tireless flying, he reached its source, just as the sun was going down. A glittering spring leaped from a rock and threw up golden cones of sand in its bed. The bird, rejoicing, dipped his golden bill in the water, for he was faint from his long journey. But he saw a shadow cross the bottom of the spring, the water was alive with many coloured fish. "The fish have been before me," said the bird, and he rested sadly on the soft grass till the moon came up.

As he saw it roll high in the heavens his heart beat fast with hope. There at least none had been before him, and, though his wings were weary, he began to fly straight up towards the moon.

ELISE DONALDSON, '09.

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### *THE VALE OF THE FRAGRANT ZEPHYRS.*

Far away across the seas, in a land that has not been known for many thousands of years, there stood a mountain, so steep and high that none had ever scaled its walls, nor had they ever seen its summit, so closely was it always veiled in mist. The sides were sheer, straight slabs of rocks, and down them trickled ceaseless tiny rivulets, colouring the stones with damp, brown splotches, or sparkling brightly upon the patches of dull green moss and lichen. Ferns waved from the crannies

and strange flowers of brilliant scarlet that many a bold youth had striven in vain to reach, for their like grew nowhere in the plains below.

At the foot of this mountain stretched a green and pleasant valley. It was called the "Vale of the Fragrant Zephyrs," because, sometimes, of a summer evening, when the air was hot and heavy, a sudden light breeze, laden with a wondrous fragrance, like nothing else in all the world, would start fitfully down the valley. No one knew from whence the perfume came; it was sweeter than lilies, more pungent than cedar, more elusive than violets—but it was said to belong to the land; indeed it was often told that men who strayed away from there, and no longer breathed the sweetness of the zephyrs, sickened and died, but this is only rumour, and we have no means by which to test its truth.

They were a simple folk who dwelt in the valley. All day long they tilled the land or drove their herds to graze beside the stream; when evening came they sat at their cottage doors looking at the mountain-cliff before them, and they never wearied making conjectures or repeating to each other legends concerning what stood at its rocky height. Some thought it was the abode of a fairy who loved and watched over the land. She caused the river to water the fields, the grass to grow, the flowers to spring, and the flocks to flourish. They said that at evening, when she was arraying herself for the fairy revels, she waved her scent-bottle over the edge of the cliff as good night to her people, and this it was that perfumed the breezes of the valley. Others maintained that a mighty giant sat upon the peak, that for a million years he had brooded over the vale in ever-increasing wrath, and that some time, when his anger should have reached its full, great ill-fortune should come upon the people of the realm.

But these are only tales of simple peasant folk, and we are concerned with the king who ruled the land. His palace was built at the edge of the valley beneath the shadow of the cliff; so that it seemed a gloomy place, except when the sun stood in the west, and beamed upon the white walls of the castle until they shot back its radiance with the glory of a million precious jewels. It was at this time that Marigold, the little princess, loved best to play in the garden. She was as fair a maid as the gods could fashion. Her dark lashes lay heavy on her white cheeks, and her gold locks swept about her shoulders. She was as good and happy as a summer moth. All day long she danced and

sang, and when, in the sifting sunshine, she tossed her ball beside the fountain, she seemed like a thing of dancing flame.

The king loved Marigold with great tenderness, for he had no other heir but her. He allowed her to learn of the birds and the flowers, for he was a wise king, and he knew that if he would have his child a great and good queen, he must first see that she had learned the lesson of happiness.

So Marigold was gay and free as the sunshine. Sometimes, when she lay in her bed at night, she could not sleep for happiness. She would clasp her tiny hands and shut her eyes and weave such wondrous tales as you or I could never dream, for *we* are not of royal blood, and only princesses can have such thoughts as these. They were of her playmates, the golden-breasted bees, the yellow-tufted lilies, the drowsy rivulets that murmured rare secrets as they trickled down the mountain, and sometimes, even, she could fancy that a fairy was sitting on her pillow, and she held her breath, lest she frighten the gentle thing away.

But one night a strange, new vision came to Marigold. She saw herself playing beside the fountain with a human child,—a prince as young, and gay, and beautiful as herself. She trembled with pleasure; so carefully guarded had her life been that she could hardly remember ever having seen a real child before. She opened her eyes with a start. The moonlight flooded her room and made all the objects seem strange and new. Marigold laughed with joy and climbed down from her bed and went and stood beside the window. The grass and the bushes lay silver-white in the garden, and the fountain sparkled and sang. The mountain wall appeared brighter and more beautiful than ever it did in the sunlight. She could see the ferns and the flowers asleep in their crannies, and the water-drops shining on the moss. Then, of a sudden, she caught sight of something moving high up on the face of the cliff. She was filled with astonishment, for she knew no living creature could keep a footing on that sheer surface. But all the while the thing kept moving, growing, becoming more distinct, until she saw that it was climbing, climbing, steadily downward, with swift rhythmical motions. At last it stood safe upon the ground, and she saw that it was a boy. He walked straight to the princess's window. His limbs shone white and firm as marble, and his face was fair and sweet. He held out a

scarlet flower to the princess. "Come down, Marigold," he called, "and play with me beside the fountain." The princess saw that her vision now was true, and with great joy she hastened to join her play-fellow in the garden.

The next morning, when the king came to wake his daughter, he saw that she held a strange red blossom crushed in her hand. "Where didst thou find this flower, my child?" he asked.

But the princess would not answer. She knew that her father would not believe the story of the mountain boy; and besides, he had promised to return when the moon should again be at its full, and she feared that if her father heard the tale their sports would have an end.

The king, however, was sorely puzzled. He took the flower, whose petals, though broken, had still a waxen gloss that he had never seen in any plant in all his kingdom. It gave out a sweet perfume—pungent, delicate, elusive. The king started. It was as familiar as the air he breathed. "Why, it is——" he began. But he could not finish. For the memory, suddenly awakened, was as quickly gone. He knew that he had smelled the fragrance of the flower, but, for all his strivings, he could not tell where or when. In some anger at being thus baffled, he again questioned Marigold. But she would not tell him that the little mountain prince had plucked the blossom for her on his journey down the cliff.

As for her, she was happier than before, and every day she counted on her fingers the time until she should see her sweet playmate again. And he came. Always on those nights when the moon stood high and round, bathing the palace and the garden in silver light, he climbed down the mountain, and stood beneath the princess's window, and called:

"Come out, Marigold, and play with me beside the fountain."

And always on the next morning, when the king came to wake his daughter from her slumber, he saw that she held crushed in her hand that scarlet flower, the fragrance of which started in his mind uneasy memories that mocked him with their futility.

So the days went by and the weeks and the years, until at last Marigold was grown to be a woman, of such beauty and sweetness that great princes from all over the world came to seek her in marriage. They laid rich gifts at her feet, and many died for love of her, because



she would have none of them. Then the king and queen took counsel together. They had wished their child to choose a husband for herself; but now they knew it was time for them to act, because she was the hope of all the realm. They summoned the princess to them and told her they had promised her hand to a rich, wise king, whose lands lay in a nearby valley. They wept as they commanded her to obey, but Marigold only smiled and said nothing.

A proclamation of the marriage was sent out over the land, and a great feast was prepared in the palace. Once only did the princess go to her father and beg that she be allowed to remain forever unmarried, but he stroked her beautiful hair and told her that a woman could not be great alone; she must have a husband to show her the paths of wisdom. He was very happy, for all the long uneasiness he had cherished since he first saw the waxen flower in his daughter's hand had fallen from him. He felt that he might now shift his burden to the shoulders of the bridegroom. On the marriage eve, however, a new restlessness came on him. He called Marigold to his side and said:

"All these years I have not troubled thee, because I saw thou didst not wish to speak. But now, on this last night of thy maidenhood, wilt thou not tell thy father the mystery of the red flower on thy pillow?"

The princess bowed her head upon his shoulder and sobbed. "Nay, ask me not; oh, ask me not." The king was frightened; never before in all his life had he seen his daughter weep, for she was the child of sunshine and of laughter. He stroked her hair and promised that he would question her no more. Then Marigold raised her eyes and a strange smile shone behind her tears. "Good-night, dear father," she whispered, and hurried from the room.

The king was in no way reassured. He wandered uneasily about, too restless to sleep, longing vainly for the morning. After weary hours his feet led him to the princess's bed-chamber. He would look in upon her while she slept. For the last time he would see her bright hair lying across the pillows, he would see her breast rise and fall with her sweet breathing, and her white eyelids shine in the moonlight. He went and stood beside the bed, but the princess was not there. The silken coverlets bore the delicate imprint of her form, and when the king put his hands upon them they were warm. Then he became aware that the long window which opened upon the garden was open, and

fearing, he knew not what, he stepped out. The grass and the bushes lay silver-white in the garden and the fountain sparkled and sang. The mountain wall appeared brighter and more beautiful than ever it did in the sunlight. He could see the ferns and flowers asleep in their crannies, and the water-drops shining on the moss. Then of a sudden he caught sight of something moving across the level stretch between the palace and the cliff. It was white and running swiftly. It could be none other than Marigold. Full of wonder, the king started in pursuit; but he was old and his limbs were feeble and slow. He saw her pause at the foot of the rock, and he thought she meant to turn about and come to him. But to his amazement she put up one hand as if to clasp an invisible hand held out to her from above, and with the other she clutched at the bare face of the cliff and began to climb. Up she went and up, climbing higher and higher, still clinging to the invisible hand. The moon silvered her golden hair and struck brilliant flashes from the jewels upon her misty robe—the garment that had been fashioned for her wedding day. The king stood dumb with horror, his trembling hands outstretched, his white beard moving in the breeze, and the tears streaming from his eyes. Suddenly he heard a sound behind, and, turning, he saw that the queen was beside him. She had missed him and strayed out in the moonlight to seek him. With a quick motion he seized her hand and put his finger on his pale lips; but it was too late. The queen had seen the princess hanging upon the rock, and the shriek that she uttered rang from end to end of the valley. The mountain peaks that towered above took it up, played with it, tossed it back and forth in horrible clanging notes. Long before it had died away, however, a change came over the figure moving so steadily and easily up the cliff. It stopped, turned a livid, agonized face upon the queen, and, without a sound or struggle, loosed its hold and plunged upon the rocks below. The king and queen stood motionless, staring, dumb. One by one the people of the valley assembled, roused by the shrill agony of the cry. But they, too, remained silent before the grief and horror that they witnessed. But as they stood there stricken a miracle occurred. There was a sudden motion in the air, as of something lightly, swiftly fluttering downward from above, and in an instant a heap of scarlet flowers covered the still form of the Princess Marigold. And, at the same time, a perfume, pungent, illusive and delicate, filled the air.

"Ah," the people murmured in wondering awe, "it is the fragrance of the evening zephyrs."

The king then went and knelt beside the mound. He took in his hand one of the blossoms, and he saw that its scarlet petals were waxen. But now no longer did its fragrance rouse in him unsatisfied memories. With the simple folk about him, he whispered, "The fragrance of the evening zephyrs!" and then he understood it was the spirit of the mountain who had wooed his child.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

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*TRANSLATION OF FAREWELL OF JOAN OF ARC FROM  
SCHILLER.*

Farewell my mountains, my pleasant pastures,  
Farewell my still familiar valleys!  
Johanna shall wander no more in your stillness,  
Johanna's farewell is forever and ever.  
My mead that I watered,  
My trees that I planted,  
I leave you, I leave you!  
Grow green in all joy.  
Dark caves and cool waters,  
My clear singing echo,  
Dear voice of the valley,  
I hear you, I hear you  
Throw back your last answer!  
Johanna goes forth and shall never look backward.  
Johanna's farewell is forever and ever.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

*EDITORIAL.*

In two recent numbers of the *Evening Post* we find the same question dealt with from opposite points of view. They consider the place of the short story in literature. From one article we quote:

"The short story is the lowest type of imaginative writing," and from the other:

"It is beyond question that modern literature—on its creative side—began with the short stories."

If we are to let our opinion be swayed by the preference of the greater number, we shall quickly find ourselves converted to the former of these theories. Let us suppose the short story to be up for trial;—it would without doubt be found guilty by a large majority of being the "lowest type of imaginative writing." Yet we should hear a few, the champions of the second opinion, cry out that the short story had not had a fair trial,—that the jury of public opinion had been prejudiced. Whether we ought to uphold public opinion in its condemnation or whether we should, in justice, remonstrate on the side of the minority, is a question which can be solved in the end only by time, but may be answered now in part by reason. It may not seem right to call the above quoted sentence a condemnation, but let us take another from the same article: "The short story is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred nothing more than a whipped syllabub—a pretty confection for young ladies who want to kill time." A remark like this is not uncommon: "It would be a good thing if every magazine in the country were destroyed; they are all nothing but a collection of short stories."

It cannot be denied that the short story, as a lofty means of literary expression, is often deprecated; and the first cause of this is not far to seek. It is an innovation. In spite of Boccaccio's having established its worth in the fourteenth century, it is only in recent years that the short story has been thought worthy of the efforts of the most serious writers. It is new, and what is more, it has immense popularity, and therefore we approach it with suspicion, and set about to show up its weaknesses. From a conservative critic we hear even such a sweeping assertion as this:

"People write the short story because it does not require sustained imagination. It does not demand essential sanity, breadth and tolerance of view, or consistency or ability to think things through."

Should we not rather say that popular taste does not demand these qualities in the stories which are being produced in such numbers for its gratification. Because writers who have failed in every other line find success in this one, they create such an unlimited supply of this kind of literary production, that we cannot remain blind to its demerits. Although the public does demand, and hence receives, a greater degree of sustained thought in the novel, the modern novel is not above reproach. If we are to judge either the long or the short story we must take it at its best. Let us choose, not George Barr McCutcheon, but Meredith, not Mary E. Wilkins, but Poe or de Maupassant, as the defenders of that cause of literature which they are most fitted to uphold. In the true short story, in the one other than the ninety-nine, does one not find that there is sanity, breadth of view and the evidence, the promise of the existence of a power for sustained imagination? The men to whom we turn as creators of the true type are not authors who have stooped from the higher calling of novel writing to the short story because they believed it an easier and more profitable form of literature. The fame of Daudet, Stevenson and Hawthorne would be greatly dimmed without the tribute which the world has paid to their short stories. To-day we have authors like Kipling, William Dean Howells, Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Wharton who are helping to raise and maintain the high standard for short story writing which is a necessary prelude to its further development.

All this can prove no more than that the short story, although it is a new and overworked form of writing, can at times reach a high literary plane. It can never be classed above the epic and the drama, nor should we rate it below the lyric and the essay,—let us judge it in its relation to the novel. Balzac, Henry James, and George Meredith, it is said, each spent ten years in short story work in preparation for writing their novels. Here at once we have one function for the short story, perhaps it is to be the work in which the novelist first tries his strength. But it is more than this, as men like Hawthorne, for example, have proved, who, even after they have become recognized novelists, have not scorned to put some of their later efforts into this

less established form of fiction. The author of the best kind of short story cannot do without some measure of those gifts which are required for writing the best kind of novel.

This discussion, in a college paper, of a subject apparently so detached from college life, may seem but an obscure attempt to pick up the quarrel of a large, widely-read periodical. But its motive is otherwise. The short story is a daily occurrence in our college life, it appears either as the compulsory or voluntary expression of our thought. Though we may take it for granted that there is not the genius of a Poe or a Kipling lurking in our midst, we must realize that every effort, however humble, must try to estimate the value of the ideal towards which it strives.

S. P.

---

## *DULCI FISTULA*

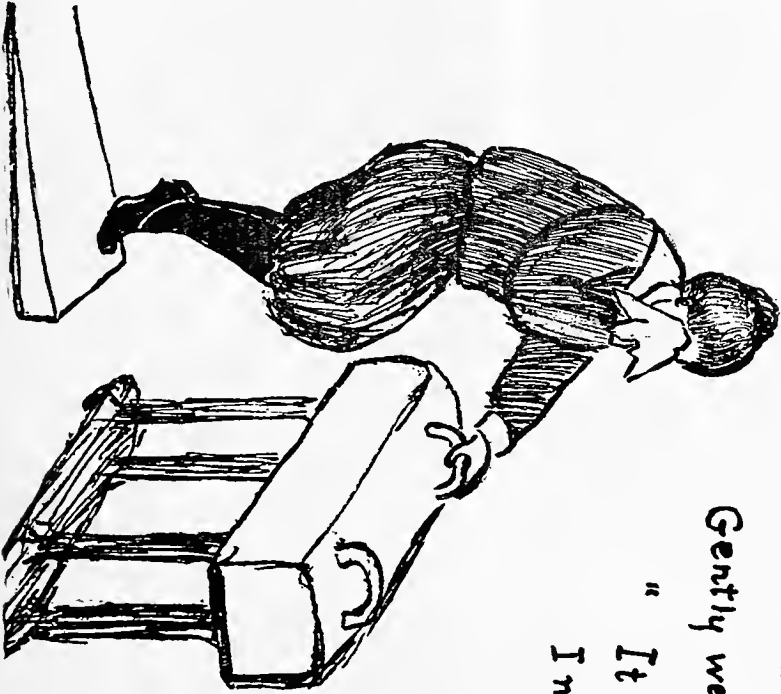
*TO ANNIE PARDEE.*

I wish that I were twenty-eight  
—Age mystic, dim, and sweet,  
For that is just the happy state  
Where youth and wisdom meet.

One casts aside one's girlish fears,  
And roams the world alone  
The envy of all younger years,  
One needs no chaperone.

One's lovely eyes are dark with fate  
And yet one's slim and gay—  
Oh quickly let me celebrate  
My twenty-eighth birthday!

M. P., '08.



A maid of great weight & great vim,  
Gently wept for the horse in the gym:

" It isn't my fault;  
I never could vault,

But it's awfully  
hard  
upon  
him!"

Charlotte V. Simmonds, 1910

*"POSTREMUS DICAS, PRIMUS TACEAS—"*

A plain-faced man once went to an artist and asked to have his portrait painted. Arrangements were made, the customer sat several times for the picture, and at length the work was completed.

The man was charmed with it, his delight knew no bounds.

"Surely you've flattered me," said he.

"You are right," the artist replied.

"How dare you say such a thing?" exclaimed the customer with bubbling rage.

"Courage once successfully summoned is never wasted," smiled the artist, for he was a cheerful fellow, "I had already painted the picture."

LILLIE JAMES, '10.

---

*TO THE POINT.*

Teacher:—"Now, Johnny, we should like to hear you read."

Johnny:—"Shall I read down to the fly-speck, teacher?"

M. E. H.

---

*ALUMNÆ NOTES.*

'03. Eleanor L. Fleisher was married January twentieth, 1908, to Dr.

David Riesman, of Philadelphia.

Louise Ottilie Heike has announced her engagement to Dr. William C. Woolsey, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Louise Park Atherton has announced her engagement to Mr. Samuel Dickey.

Gertrude Dietrich has announced her engagement to Dr. Julian Blackman.

'05. Madge McEwen Schmitz (Mrs. Walter L. Schmitz) has a son.



- '06. Marion Mudge Prichard (Mrs. Charles Prichard) has a son, Charles R. Prichard, Jr.  
Helen Williston Smith and Laura Frances Boyer have visited college recently.  
Helen Preston Haughwont has announced her engagement to Mr. William E. Putnam, Jr., of Boston, of the class of Harvard 1896, senior member of the firm of Putnam & Cox, architects.
- '07. Margaret Baker Morison, Grace Hutchins, Alice Martin Hawkins have been back recently.
- 

### COLLEGE NOTES.

The Science Club held a formal meeting in Dalton Hall on Saturday, January eighteenth. Dr. David Wilbur Horn, formerly a Professor of Chemistry at Bryn Mawr, addressed the meeting.

The lectures of the second semester began on Wednesday, February fifth, after the brief but highly appreciated post-mid-year vacation.

On Thursday afternoon, February sixth, the Philosophical Club held a small tea in honor of the speaker of the evening, Dr. Ethel D. Puffer, of Wellesley College. At the formal meeting, at eight o'clock, Miss Puffer gave an address—which her audience agree upon as one of the most interesting of the year—on *The Æsthetic Experience*.

At the regular meeting of the Christian Union, February twelfth, Miss Richmond spoke on *Charities as a Profession*.

The opera seems more popular than ever this season. Returning from *Die Walküre* the operagoers, in a compact procession, stretched from the train steps almost to Montgomery Avenue.

On Thursday, January twenty-third, Professor Paul Clemen, Professor of History of Art in the University of Bonn, gave an illustrated lecture on *Böcklin*.

The week-end conference of the Christian Union was held at Bryn Mawr College, February fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth, 1908. Friday, February fourteenth, at 4.30 p. m. in Chapel, Dr. George Albert Coe on "*The Non-Mystical Religious Experience*"; Friday, February fourteenth, at 7.20 p. m. in Gymnasium, Miss Carolina Wood;

Saturday, February fifteenth, at 9.30 a. m. in Gymnasium, Dr. Julius A. Bewer, Bible Class, Isaiah 40-55; Saturday, February fifteenth, at 2.30 p. m. in Gymnasium, Dr. Julius A. Bewer, Bible Class, Isaiah 40-55; Saturday, February fifteenth, at 8.00 p. m. in Chapel, Dr. A. C. McGiffert, "Trend of Modern Thought"; Sunday, February sixteenth, 9.30 a. m. in Gymnasium, Dr. Julius A. Bewer, Bible Class, Isaiah, 40-55; Sunday, February sixteenth, 4.00 p. m. in Chapel, Dr. Julius A. Bewer, Bible Class, Isaiah 40-55; Sunday, February sixteenth, at 7.00 p. m. in Gymnasium, Mr. Rufus M. Jones.

### ATHLETIC NOTES.

On Friday, January the seventeenth, the second swimming contest took place. The results of the contest were as follows:

140-foot swim on front—Biddle ('09), 45, first; I. Seeds ('11), 48.5, second; Schæfer ('08), 49.

140-foot swim on back—Ware ('10), 48.6, first; Ashton ('10), 49.4, second; Biddle, 53, third.

Plunge for distance—A. Wood ('11), 37 feet 2 inches, first; J. Brown ('10), 37 feet, second; Evans ('10), 36 feet 9 inches, third.

Under water swim—Biddle, 106 feet 11 inches, first; J. Brown, 74 feet, second; I. Seeds, 73 feet 11 inches, third.

70-foot swim on front—Schæfer, 20.4, first; Biddle, 21, second; Taber ('10), 22, third.

70-foot swim on back—Ware ('10), 23.6, first; Biddle, 24, second; Ashton, 24.6, third.

Dive for form—Platt ('09), first; I. Seeds and Goodale ('09), tie for second.

Fancy dive—Wesson ('09), first; I. Seeds, second; Platt and Biddle tie for third.

### *Class Relay Races.*

1908 vs. 1909	} 1908 vs. 1910	} 1910
1910 vs. 1911		

The college record for the plunge was made by A. Wood, 1911.

The college record for the under water swim, which was held by C. Woerishoeffler ('07) at 75 feet 2 inches, was broken by G. Biddle.

Of the class points 1908 won 6, 1909 30, 1910 27, 1911 17.

In individual points Biddle made 20½, I. Seeds 11, Ware 10.

Miss Sisson, M. Plaisted, '08, F. Brown, '09, and K. Rotan, '10, acted as judges of the contest.

The class of 1909 holds the swimming championship for this year.

Thursday evening, February the thirteenth, will find the swimming contestants again vying with one another, but this time they will enter obstacle and tilting races, tugs-of-war and other events which are to be a part of the booby swimming meet.

In less than a month the class track meets will take place, on the fifth and the twelfth of March. The captains and managers have now all been chosen. They are:

1908—Jeannette Griffith, captain; Virginia McKenney, manager.

1909—Katherine Ecob, captain; Georgina Biddle, manager.

1910—Janet Howell, captain; Gertrude Kingsbacher, manager.

1911—Margery Hoffman, captain; Kate Chambers, manager.

The form of winter exercise which is so rare and yet so much appreciated at Bryn Mawr, skating, has been enjoyed by us for about four days of the cold weather.

Mary Nearing has been elected Varsity hockey captain for 1908.

According to the new scheme by which "B. M.'s" are to be awarded only after the games of one season are over, a meeting of the Athletic Association was held for the purpose of announcing the names of those to whom the Board had awarded their letters after the last Varsity hockey game of the year. "B. M.'s" were given this year to M. Kirk ('10), M. Nearing ('09), M. Young ('08). They have been reawarded to H. Cadbury, M. Copeland, T. Helburn, J. Morris, M. Plaisted, H. Schmidt, S. Sharpless, M. Washburn, of the class of 1908.

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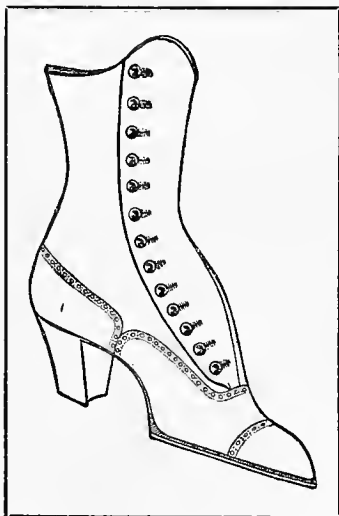
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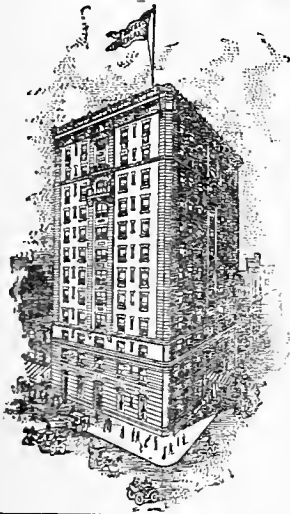
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o' Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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APRIL, 1908

No. 6

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RUTH GEORGE, '10.

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## *TO THE SUNFLOWER.*

Lovely Clytie,  
Turn thine eyes  
Where thy godly lover mighty  
Drives adown the summer skies,  
Over rifted blue and white  
Shedding his celestial light.

Wood-nymph fair,  
In the cloud  
Of thy scattered golden hair,  
Unabashed in love avowed,  
Gaze upon Apollo blest,  
Till he reach the burnished West.

In the star-shine,  
Azure, dim,  
Close those agate eyes of thine,  
Bow thy head in dreams of him,  
Till, from night and sleep released,  
Thou shalt greet him in the East.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

---

*PONEY MOORE.*

The first time that I saw Mr. Poney Moore was a little after noon of an Arizona mid-summer day. A white July sun that must have run the mercury to 120° in the shade, had there been any shade, sifted its heat through the coarse linen fibres of the parasol on our run-about, and flashed up at us from the blazing desert sand under our wheels. It was such a heat as had driven the gophers and swifts and desert birds to shelter long before noon, but Mr. Poney Moore—not unlike a sharp-nosed little gopher, or a lithe-bodied swift in appearance—tramped airily on the edge of the quivering trail, handling a neatly whittled staff in a manner that emphasized his jauntiness far more than his infirmity.

From the withering sun, Mr. Moore's head was protected by a twenty-two dollar Panama hat; from the scorching sand his neat brown feet were protected by nothing whatever. The price mark, of course, was not on Mr. Moore's hat, and Mr. Moore himself did not, I believe, mention the price as we passed, but since he introduced it gracefully upon almost every subsequent occasion of our meeting, it is impossible for me to separate the hat from the price in my mind. A Panamá hat, moreover, at any price, is worthy of remark in this land of sombreroed Mexicans and long-haired Indians, of unclassifiable American head-coverings and no head-coverings at all.

As he halted beside us for half a minute to raise his hat—in a manner much more in keeping with that article than with his bare feet—and assure my brother that he walked from choice, and not from necessity, it occurred to me that the desert sun seemed to have done for him very much what it does for that not very popular grocery product known as evaporated fruit. He was a little dried man, and, like the best quality of dried fruits, he had come from the tropics.

He had come indeed, earlier or later, from almost every quarter of the globe, but I think he regarded the Philippines and some small section of Jamaica as peculiarly his own. This and a great deal more concerning him, we learned in a few weeks after this first meeting, for personal histories are to be had for very much less than the asking in a country where men come alone to die. He was a man of tremendous experience. He appeared to have lived on exactly equal terms with all sorts and conditions of men: Indian rajahs, Persian pashas, Zulu princesses, Hawaiian queens, Chinese opium-eaters, German soldiers, French actresses, English jockeys, and American gamblers—he knew them all. When luck was good he slapped the rajahs and pashas on the back, and made compliments to the princesses. When his money was low he could slip to his place at Dives gate as if he had never seen past its bars. In New York, I fancy, he would have dined at Sherry's and supped at the Automat. In Arizona he dined at Mrs. Farrington's, and supped—often not at all I fear, or fried an egg for himself over the oil burner in his sleeping tent. I never before saw a man who appeared to have dipped so deeply into the problem of how the other half lives—so very deeply, in fact, that one could never be sure which was to him the other half. He himself seemed to hug the idea that the Sherry-Farrington “me” was his real “me.” But when some of the neighbours, suspecting that the Automat-supperless “me” was getting the upper hand at the expense of Mr. Moore's health, began to press upon him opportunities for enlarging his purse, he accepted eagerly. A fellow got tired, he said, sitting round doing nothing. Yes, he would just as lief help us out a few days if we were in a tight place. The little mystery concerning his poverty was always thus admirably kept up.

“Thought I should relish a change,” he would say every time he had to drop one of Mrs. Farrington's meals, until at last he was living quite monotonously alone and dining off the one dish he could cook.

For those of us who had no concern in the success of his labours he was an agreeable workman to have about. He did not eat such flattering quantities of food as the Indian house-boy or the American carpenter, but he was an excellent judge of salads, and never failed to admire a Mexican bowl of California poppies, or the first dewy La

France in a Cloisonné vase. "I can tell you how they make them," he would say, enthusiastically, meaning, to be sure, only the vase and not the rose; and, just when you were telling yourself that it didn't pay to get flushed and tired over an omelet for breakfast when scrambled eggs were quite the same,—“They'd give you two dollars for an omelet like that at the hotel,” he would say admiringly.

Then the time came when his long shapely hands seemed less and less fitted for the rough jobs the neighbours gave him. The women on the ranches said he ought to be in bed with such a cough. He began his days now at ten o'clock—now at noon. At last he staid in his tent all day. “Thought I'd take a day off,” he said. “'s getting rather warm—fellow needs a change.”

The neighbours dropped into his desolate tent with warm breakfast trays in the mornings, cool egg-drinks at noon, and extra blankets for the chilly nights, which poor Poney found more and more penetrating, as he withered more and more into a little dried man.

At last it was decided to send him to Phœnix for hospital care. Poney himself, still alive to the immense advantages of “a fellow's having a change,” gave his consent, and made his way, coughing harshly but smiling debonairely, to the stage.

“Says he's gettin' along fine,” the stage driver told us on his return trip. “Says he'll be comin' back with me about next Monday. Told 'im not to be in a hurry. Says he wants to come and finish up that chimney for you. Once again he sent a message. “Said t' tell you he aint a dead one yet,” reported the stage driver. The message passed all over the camp. The pluck of it warmed the hearts of lonely, discouraged men.

“Poney says to tell us he aint a dead one yet,” they told each other chuckling.

Thus it was not without a little shock of pain, after all, that the camp heard the news from the next day's stage that poor Poney had made another “change” and was indeed “a dead one.”

RUTH GEORGE, '10.



*THE VALUE OF THE OBVIOUS.*

The day of the bromide and sulphite is past. It is, at least, no longer a mark of social superiority to claim acquaintance with the terms, and their use is therefore confined to a reminiscent or apologetic mention. But the division is a fundamental and universal one, and although the terms are evanescent, the distinction is permanent. When Mr. Burgess' book, "Are You a Bromide?" first appeared, his idea was immediately seized upon as dividing the world into those who make original remarks, and those who repeat them. People and phrases were interchangeably called "sulphites," with the general understanding that they were unexpected, while "bromide" was just another name for the obvious. To be original is, without doubt, more pleasant than to be imitative, and, in the love of variety which is essential to human nature, the unexpected is certainly more desirable than the trite. But that "trite" and "obvious" are not identical, indeed, are almost antithetical, is a point which needs emphasis.

There exists, just now, a vague dread of the obvious; when it is recognised, it is usually recognised with an apology as if for a bore. Now the truly obvious is no more a bore than the echo or the rainbow is a bore. It is "ob viam," in the way, in the natural course of things, and, as a matter of fact, is infinitely varied. The monotony occurs when we have fixed on some form of speech as unobvious, and with a childlike faith in our own decisions we are trusting that it will always remain unobvious. But this very effort to be unobvious results in triteness, or "well-wornness." Consider how widely varied are the simple obvious adjectives to express a sunset compared with that onetime flight into variety, "If you saw it in a picture, you would never believe it." Every bromide is somebody's sulphite—a patient beast who never throws his rider, but whose gaits do not always show him to the best advantage.

The bromide, then, is trite, but not obvious; the sulphite is obvious in the real sense of the word, the sense of reacting on individual sunsets, for instance, and not on the sunset type. The sulphite, as I conceive him, is like an echo, obvious but varied, responding harmoniously and differently to every stimulus, while the bromide is like a music-

box, which always plays the same little tune, no matter who turns the crank. The comparison suggests that marked characteristic of bromides, their complexity. A bromidic remark is a round-about way of stating an evident fact, or a simple idea; a method which we feel to be undesirable because we are dimly conscious of the lack of harmony between the form and the substance. It is, for instance, bromidic to say: "Now you have found the way, you must come again," because the idea is the very simple one of invitation, and loses in conviction by being forced into semi-humorous form. The sulphite would not make such a remark, because it would not occur to him to express a spontaneous friendly feeling in a rather complicated impersonal way. Like the echo, the sulphite's response is the direct outcome of the stimulus, and varies with it; the bromide, on the other hand, is more concerned with his response than with the stimulus—as we have said, his stimulus is a crank, and it is all one to him who turns it.

If, as Mr. Burgess implies, the gulf between sulphites and bromides cannot be bridged, and remains for all practical purposes a division into desirables and undesirables, there would be no point in discussing it further, and it might stand as one of those world-pigeonholings which we all delight to make. But this gulf is not fixed. It is not a question of whether a person is quick or slow, brilliant or dull, but of whether he has a sense of fitness, a feeling for the harmony that should exist between form and substance, and whether, added to this, he has the courage of the obvious, which will always save him from triteness. Many people who are not necessarily bromides, are in fact so, because they never express in simple form what is simple in substance, but by habitually straining for variety, fall invariably into the trite. To say what we think as we think it will never lose in force by being common.

BARBARA SPOFFORD, '09.

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### *PHILIP THE SOBER.*

"Heavens what a spectacle!" Philip sat up in bed with a start, and half closing his eyes, gazed stupidly at a scarlet cloak which lay voluminous and unfolded across a chair, then glanced downward at an undried pool of rainwater glittering red beside it.

"Very disagreeable—must say. Such things are not often seen in a man's bed-room." His close squint relaxed and he sank back, leaving stars on the coverlet, where he had clutched it. He seemed to take for a moment a whimsical satisfaction in the uncertainty of some hidden thought. Then closing his eyes, he extended his feet rigid, the length of the bed, and gave himself up to enjoyment of a grateful sound, that of rain-drops pattering down heavily on large leaves outside the window.

A prince, Philip had the misfortune to be in love with a countess. Not that a countess is a mean personage, but that Philip was a prince and in many ways a foolish prince,—with strange ideas about the value of crowns and titles and other accidental trifles of a perishable character. He was almost in horror of those in whose lives tradition played no part. He had a superstitious feeling that under no circumstances could the ways of the unanointed be the ways of kings.

Instinctive in his desire to make the countess—Isabella—like him, he was, in all his efforts to make her do so, successful. He could never be quite sure, however, that he *wished* to have her like him—the flesh was strong, the spirit weak. An ordinary man with aristocratic tendencies would, in Philip's position as prince, bound by tradition to marry a princess, have swept away all considerations of marrying another, but Philip, of a nature intense and persevering, speculated a great part of the time as to whether he cared to marry "the fair Isabella" or whether he did not.

He was correct in supposing that he had a chance of doing so, could he make up his mind to. He had quite a talent for conversation, and a rather high-bred particular fashion, set off by a rather agreeable voice, of drawling his vowels and crisping his consonants. He was extremely handsome, moreover, his face being at the same time spirited and thoughtful. He had a broad, low forehead with a suggestion of a diagonal furrow down it; eyebrows sweeping apart like a bird's wings; a mouth which closed with sensitive determination more firmly on one side than on the other, and that permanent deep colouring held to be indicative of a high level of fine feeling.

With the effect produced, of the imaginary carnage, still in his mind, he dressed with lazy care. Without emotion or visible pride he looked at himself in the mirror, then stepping back, touched his foot

idly to the surface of the pool of rain-water which lay upon the floor still undried, and moved to the window. Planting his hands on the sill he was greeted by the deceptive hot-house aroma of a spring morning, and seized with a desire to be in the air—the rain having stopped—he descended the private stair from his apartment and was soon riding forth unprotected by a cloak or wrap of any description. He walked his horse for a time through shallow puddles and drying mud, his head bowed, in his eyes a look of vacant concentration. Then, as one subconsciously conscious of a person's presence, glances up, he thought he must be in the neighbourhood of what he had fancifully termed the Forbidden Mount, and looking up, found that it was so. He went chop-chopping along for a moment, oblivious to anything which might be happening, then glanced back. Catching sight of what he thought was a glimpse of something at a window, he took off his hat with a graceful sweep. His hand slackened on the rein and turning in a slow curve he urged his horse back at a rapid walk to the castle just passed. He abandoned his horse at the gate, as was the custom of the times, without fastening it, then, without waiting long enough for his patience to be tried, was admitted.

"I thought, Philip—"

"I was *passing*," answered Philip, mock-prim and jocose. The chivalrous ring of the words was of a character so pronounced as not to appeal to one so fond of the direct and the uncomplimentary as was Isabella.

"Of course," she smiled. She knew his ways. "I am glad the ceremony is so easily impelled." An evanescent spark of admiration lit her eye which pleased Philip, as he had come to regard the object of his affection as almost imperturbable. He reached out rather mock-ceremoniously a sprig shoot which he had stuck in his doublet and upon which he had been gazing down from time to time admiringly.

"Not that an addition to your attire is any way necessary, if I may be so crude."

Isabella took it, twirled it absentmindedly for a moment, stroked her knee first with one tuft and then with another, and after a moment, let it fall to the ground unnoticed. Philip folded his arms and said with precision:

"Isabella—" Then with a flash of ardour so hot and unexpected

as to startle even his Promethean-trained sensibilities—"I want you to marry me. Will you?"

A flickering smile played over the countess' down-cast features. Then with a look of determination she smiled again and shook her head.

Philip dropped his head back and said with calm persistence:

"You won't?" He planted his hands on the table. "Why not? In the course of time, you know, you would wear a crown, Isabella (to be inartistically worldly)."

"I know I should; and that is just it. It is not in the nature of things that I should. Not that you do not *want* me to." She gazed at Philip searchingly.

"You cannot care to marry me," remarked Philip with subtle carelessness.

"I care a great deal. It is from the *fact* that I care that I will *not* marry you," Isabella responded. "I do not believe in acquiescing in the things people that I care for ask me to do, as if their requests were matters of indifference to me."

"You cannot think me so frivolous, Isabella, as not to think I intend that you shall marry me, if you wish to, when I ask you to." Philip fixed his eyes on the ceiling, and Isabella, having walked the length of the room away from him, watched him for a long time, unobserved, her head slightly drawn back, her impassive, delicate features expressing a severity and sensitiveness contradicted by the look in her eyes. She felt that Philip possessed an underlying defect; that somehow he needed to be brought to his senses. She felt vaguely that his offer to marry her was, in a way which she could not detect, insincere. She felt subconsciously that he had had to persuade himself against his will to make the offer, that to make it he must have been carried on a tide of feeling which obliterated all feelings but those of the moment. A smile of evanescent conceit played for a moment upon her downcast features. She sighed, and advanced across the room, a deliciously pungent fragrance floating out from the folds of her skirt as it came hitching along carelessly after her.

"You do *not*, Philip, in your heart of hearts, Philip, want me to marry you. I am not going to—marry you."

The young prince glanced up at his accuser with doglike humility, and forebore to contradict her.

"My principles of life are crude and lawless from your point of view. An end is justified to my way of thinking, by any means, and you scorn that way of doing."

Nothing was being said. Isabella reached for a scrap of paper which lay on the table, lined with words in Philip's handwriting.

"May I read?" Her hand, lying across her knee, rose in protest as the author of the words stirred forward unconsciously solicitous.

"Philip!" The outburst had nothing to do with the words. "I am disappointed in you. You have no—" The girl gazed up at the ceiling. "You *lack* something."

"What?"

Taking a step forward, her fingers twisting together lightly behind her, the countess bent her gaze on the table, paused, and bit her lip, cutting off all possible speculation as to the probability of her intention. Rising and drifting near her mechanically, Philip paused, and with his head bent remained motionless. He jumped as if stabbed.

"You have what?" He began to arrange with care an already orderly part of his clothing.

"I have always liked you, Philip—*always*; but, unlike the most of people, you make it hard for one to like you." Philip smiled, vaguely flattered. "You remind me—of Pharaoh, you cannot decide."

She drew up her shoulders slowly, then smiled and gazed intently downward.

"Thoughtlessly heartless, ambitiously proud."

"Isabella?"

"Yes?" Philip took Isabella by the hand and led her to a window. Her hand dropped, inert and heavy, against the soft slippery silk of her dress. With a slow gaze of reproach she turned away and at some distance from her companion sat down. He stood gazing through the window.

"Isabella? Isabella, I can't think what I was saying. Are you ill? What is the matter?"

Shaking her head vigorously, she replied with slight disdain something it was impossible to hear.

"You want me to go?" The girl rose and, standing primly, inclined her head. "I—shall return—Isabella, if you will allow me." Philip advanced, then, with a helpless glance about him, withdrew from the apartment.

He traveled homeward, slowly, and producing the paper Isabella had been reading, he read over to himself a part of it.

"They come, I see them come this way,  
Advancing in a ring  
Upon their bending ranks,  
A thing which glitters as they swing."

"And then they crown him—And I—They do?" He twisted his scrawl into a spiral and swallowed calculatingly. Then, dragging down the bit and turning short, he galloped back on his tracks. The madness of a sudden hope caused him to spur his horse unmercifully.

"What fools are they who pray to crowns." He crisped the syllables contemptuously.

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"Isabella, I am back. If I were a peasant instead of a king, you would marry me. If I were to cast every crown, farthing, stone, in my possession, in your lap, to be sold for alms, would you marry me?"

He smiled at his gravity, feeling that he argued weakly.

"You never would."

Isabella looked up gravely questioning.

"Don't you see, Isabella? I now understand. See how well," and he fairly shouted, "'What fools are they who pray to crowns.' You do see now, don't you? and you will?"

Despite the surprise that shone upon it, Isabella's face betokened that she would.

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

*IN FRONTIER DAYS.*

A camp fire crackled cheerfully in the centre of a large clearing, casting a bright glow on the faces of the men who lounged about it. The night was very still, and the great dark trees which hemmed in the little group stood out clear and motionless against a cold sky. From a distance came the occasional rattle of a chain and the sounds of quick, jumping steps from the hobbled horses.

Four of the men were smoking and listening to the rambling talk of the fifth, who was a peculiar figure. He was short and strongly built, dressed in faded and stained khaki trousers and a rough woolen shirt. He was leaning forward, and his quick eyes gleamed from below shaggy eyebrows. He talked slowly, thoughtfully, as if trying to recall the events of which he told, pausing occasionally to spit into the fire, and always beginning anew with some strange and wonderful oath.

"One of the most excitable things I ever see was the time the Kid was a lyin' on the truck at Coolidge Station, and the old Dutchman was a hangin' on the telegraph pole nearby," he began. The men turned towards him with fresher interest, and he paused, as if for the pleasure of holding his audience in suspense, before he went on with the story.

"It was nigh onto thirty years ago now; them was wild times in this territory: those days won't come no more. There was two Kids in the American Valley that year, and neither of 'em ever drunk; they was him and I. I was in the A. L. C. bunch and he was in the Star Cross outfit, and we never took whiskey, though we spent our days cuttin' around with fellows who was drunk all the time. So after a while those boys knowed us and never tried to make us drink. But then the old Dutchman came.

"He was workin' on the railroad and livin' in a box-car, and one morning he invited the Kid over to breakfast. The Kid had no sooner come than the Dutchman pulled a quart of whiskey on him. The Kid says, 'Here! you know I never drink;' but the Dutchman up and says, 'By ——, I'll make you drink.' And at that the Kid jumps out of the box-car and starts a runnin'. The Dutchman he pulls out a pistol and shoots him in the back. Then he shuts the door of the box-car.



"We runs up to the Kid, two or three of us—he was awful well liked—and we laid him on the platform. The old Dutchman was so well fortified that we had to break a hole through the floor of the box-car, and one through the top, before we could get at him. And then we didn't wait to go far, it was two telegraph poles from the station that they hung him.

"Just at that moment the Limited from Chicago was a pullin' in, for that was a breakfast station where the passengers had half an hour for refreshments. The train had whistled for the station and started to run slow, but I guess the engineer seen what was a doin', for he jerked the throttle open, and the train went right by full speed, and them passengers got no breakfast that day."

He stopped, as if the story was over. One of his hearers broke in: "Did the Kid die?" he asked.

"Die? By Gollies, he was a dyin' as they was a stringin' up the Dutchman. I was with him—him and me was great chums, both bein' kids—and he said to me, 'Just show me that Dutchman. I want to get a shot at him;' he said it just that away, and them was his last words. And I said to him, 'Don't you worry about that Dutchman. It'll be all up with him before it is with you.' And he looked at me as if to say, 'Why?' And I said, 'The boys are goin' to hang him.' They was a hangin' him when I said it. And the Kid he just laid over and died."

There was a pause for a moment. The story-teller seemed to have forgotten his friends, and was looking straight into the fire. They, too, seemed to have been carried into the past, and, for a moment, were thoughtful. One of them broke the silence with another query:

"What did the Dutchman shoot him for?"

The man looked around quickly, his reverie broken:

"Oh, just out of darn meanness," he answered. "He was drunk, you see, he'd been drinkin' all night there in his box-car. Ef it had been a fair fight between them, there wouldn't nothing more have been said about it."

MARGARET CHARLTON LEWIS, '08.

*THE SONG OF ORPHEUS.*

"Sail, stately Argo,  
Over the wine-dark sea.  
Radiantly gleameth the fleece of gold,  
Tempting the spirit of heroes bold."  
So sings Orpheus, bard of old,  
Out on the wind-swept sea.

"Rest, weary heroes,  
Struggle and strife are o'er.  
Ah, Jason, Medea is strangely fair  
With her deep dark eyes and her cloudy hair."  
This was the lay of the singer rare,  
Out on the Colchian shore.

"Sail away, Argo,  
Over the bloody sea,  
There's a hot, red light in Medea's eyes,  
Bitterly won is the golden prize."  
Orpheus sings and Orpheus sighs,  
Out on the misty sea.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

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*THE WORLD UPSTAIRS.*

All children look upon the habits of the grown people around them with alien eyes and minds; in time their own world fades about them so that they enter that other world naturally and their own has become blind to them before they know it. But it sometimes happens that their childish world is kept whole about them longer than the time allowed for them to pass over, and the result is never happy. In my own case this outside influence was nothing more than the change from

the nursery to my own room, a change which all children make, but not often with such results.

Before this change, back as far as I can remember, my brother and I slept together in the nursery in a short crib bed. It was short—I have sen it since—but it did not seem so to us. To what length, we thought, must a person have reached who could at the same time touch the head and the foot! Every night we raced undressing, and afterwards (for Julia was an efficient nurse who believed in having you in bed as quickly as she could get you there) we raced through our prayers which Julia umpired, for whichever got into bed first got the side next to the window where the side of the crib was not put up. When Hugh got left he pretended to be asleep and then kicked his side as viciously as only a consciously asleep child can kick. But if we both got into bed at the same time and landed in the middle on top of each other, we got into a perfect glee and turned "somersets" backwards over the bed or jumped up and down with that delicious motion that only a bed-spring can make. Julia threatened us and turned out the light if she were in a bad humor, but usually she would promise us two things if we would cross our hearts that we would go to sleep. I always asked her to sing—her songs were desperately sad and, I suppose, desperately bad, but I did not notice then. Hugh always interrupted and asked to be "tented." I would have asked for "tenting" too, if I had not been sure that Hugh would. "Tenting" is lifting the sheet high in the air and letting it fall with a delicious breezy motion, covering you up "head and ears." If a foot stuck out she had to do it again, and we waited in anxious ecstasy for fear that nothing would show and that would be the last time.

After Julia had turned down the light to a blue flicker, Hugh would tell me terrifying stories gathered promiscuously from the "Arabian Nights" and the Bible and "Uncle Remus," from Sunday-school and old "Aunt Fanny" and from his own private reading. There was the old man of the mountain, who was especially recurrent, who had a long white beard and a bag and horrible powers. I feared him more than all the others; some were bloodier but none were more effective. He always figured in the smooth ghostly stories which turned your white dress on the back of a chair into a crouching creature, and your curtains into mysterious "forms," even more dreadful because

of the wind behind them. We would pull the bed-clothes over our heads and cling together, for Hugh frightened himself as much as me with his stories. Then I would dream my "smooth" and "rough" dreams, dreams wherein everything was of a vague and sickening smoothness or where things were topsy-turvy, angular and distressing. I could tell what sort they would be by the waving of the window-blind as the wind raised it in uneven motion and crackled through, or lifted it smoothly and whispered behind the flat surface. Queer dreams! and most hateful to me. But I did not always dream them, probably not most of the time, for the sun woke me with the feeling it gives to all sound-sleeping children, of time obliterated between sunset and sunrise. Near the fire-place I could see Julia bending, and presently a bright flame flickered behind her. Oh, dear funny nursery! What a pleasant place it seems now! But at that time I remember no sentimental love for it, rather a little feeling of disgrace at the affinity it implied with my baby brother.

When Hugh and I could touch the head of the bed with the end of a finger and the foot with the tip of a toe we were old enough to leave the nursery. I was tall enough then to have my hair curled in front of the bureau instead of on a chair in front of the window, and I agreed perfectly with my mother that it was time I had a room of my own. I remember thinking with a certain sedate pride, "Now I shall have a place to read in."

It was a little room in the top of the house, chosen by mother and me because it had blue walls and a window seat under a short small-paned casement. I remember the first night I ever slept in it when I found it "ready," sweet with dimity and freshness, my cherished prints on the wall, my cherished books on the shelf. There were violets on the small white table near the bed and I spent my first night in "heavenly-wise." To that little room I sped as soon as Miss Constable had closed the "*Libre des Enfants*," to read, to play, to dream. It was there that I learned to hate the afternoon sunshine that meant walks without books. It was there that I learned to fear fully to love the twilight when I could draw the curtains across the window-recess to shut out the dark inside and look down upon the cool, dim tops of the trees. But most of all it was there that I read. When my own little store gave out I brought up armfuls from the library, stray volumes of Thack-

eray, fine-print Scott with atrocious pictures, "Undine," "The First Violin," novels of all sorts and even poetry. I remember with what amazement Aunt Carrie and I regarded each other when she found me reading "Don Juan." It was in no way comprehended, and she might have spared her excitement, because even her distressed looks could not arouse enough interest in me to finish it. One day I found another book lying sideways on the top shelf of the bookcase, "The Ancient Mariner," in the large Gustav Doré illustrated edition that everybody knows. I lugged it up to my room—it was rainy and I could read—and, stretched out on my stomach, I read and gazed. Pictures that one could never come to the end of, verses that one could not understand, only feel, combined to impress the book deeply, shudderingly upon my mind. I was afraid to carry it back past the shadowy corners on the stairs, so I kept it by me for days, reading in trembling. There were other books whose very names I have forgotten, but which held then all the sweetness of life.

It was but shortly after I came to this room that I commenced to gather about me that wondrous company who remained with me throughout my childhood and whose gradual falling off signalled the loss of childhood itself. I found them sometimes singly, sometimes in companies, in books, in things people had told me and out of my imaginings. In order of their station (though not of their discovery) these were Mary, Queen of Scots, and (much later) the little Prince of Spain, Richard Cœur de Lion, and old King Arthur with Launcelot and Galahad, there was the Marquis de la Fayette (the only available in my history) and a monk whom I modelled after one I found in a book I never finished. There were others, too, besides all the gods in the Greek Pantheon whom I found in my mythology. These last were only minor characters, so, in spite of their dignity, must come last.

At first I only found them in my room when I was alone, but afterwards, when Miss Constable left, they accompanied me to and from school. In the first place they came simply to amuse me, people to whom I could read the uncomprehended parts of my books, or talk to about themselves, but later I came to look upon them as my subjects and upon myself as a disinherited queen to whom only they were loyal. Our intimacy increased, I got to be utterly dependent upon them, unhappy when I was with other people and so without them. It was

to them that I carried my grievances against the world downstairs, and they comforted me by robbing things of their reality and taking it to themselves; to them, not to the others, I turned for amusement in my childish illnesses. They meant to me the world as I would have it, the others the world as it was. Consequently the world downstairs and I grew further apart, I became independent of them and finally indifferent to them. Hugh was jealous and angry because I did not need him any longer and received his gifts of tadpole eggs and live insects without enthusiasm. I lived above such things. When we quarreled I wept from pure nervous irritation. Father came across me weeping one day, and to punish him had Hugh's tonsils cut out. It was only an excuse, they had to come out anyway, but it was months before Hugh forgave me. Mother naturally took Hugh's side, so I lived apart, looking with strange, unfavourable eyes upon the world that should have been my only one, judging it in secret. I waited for slights and took a wretched pleasure in being treated with what I called injustice, I hated them all and loved the world upstairs to make up for it.

In this state of things I was sent upstairs for impertinence to mother. After a little while she herself came up and found me sitting dry-eyed over a book, but I was not reading it. She took it from me gently. I let her have it, but straightened up stiffly. "My own child," she said, "what is the matter with you; you are wretchedly ill; it is time for the country." "I am perfectly well," I said with a child's grandiloquence, "do not disturb yourself." She took my stiff little body in her arms. "My own darling child, why don't you love me any more?" But I did not yield. "The people up here," I said, "are kinder." She held me closer and looked into my eyes. "What people?" she asked. Then she understood. "You mean the people you find in books. I knew some once. My dear, dear child, can't you see what you are doing, giving us all up and Hugh and me for this wretched make-believe? Promise to give it up, promise to come back to us." "All right, mother," I whispered, "all right,"—but I did not know what I was promising.

GRACE BRANHAM, '10.

*THE BEST-LAID PLANS.*

There was silence in the private office of Baker Bros., Bankers and Brokers, as the senior partner gazed intently at the figure before him. For thirty years, Jacob Ross had been his farmer at "Linden," and a good and faithful servant. The memory of this kept the great man patient under delay.

"Well, Jacob?" he asked at length.

Jacob slowly revolved his hat between his hands without answering. At home, in the hayfields or truck-gardens, he could have talked without embarrassment, but here, the click of many typewriters, and the sound of footsteps, incessantly hurrying outside the heavy doors, robbed him of his speech.

"You know, Jacob," the banker continued, "I only advise this for your good,—I think you may trust my voucher. Your security is unquestionable, and the interest higher than I can give you. What do you say?"

"I—no—that is, Mary and I think we'd best leave well enough alone," he stammered.

"Oh, the dolt," sighed the questioner. "He must draw out, I can't let him be caught, after all these years, and he won't understand. "Now, see here," he went on, in a jovial tone, "you're getting on in years, my man, and you should not continue to slave for money. Make your money work for you. Do as I tell you, and you'll thank me for your good fortune, and rejoice in your wisdom. Here is your check for the last six months according to the books. The amount is correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now I want the accounts straightened up, to begin the new half afresh. So I am going to give you a check for \$10,000, the amount you have deposited here. Take it to the bank, and get it certified—you have time before three—and then, if you still will not take the bonds, you can redeposit the check with me. Do you understand?" As the door closed behind the visitor, the banker breathed a sigh of relief.

With the checks safe in his breast pocket, Jacob, greatly perplexed, walked out past the brokers' offices and the 'change. The usually busy

street wore an air of drowsiness. It lay basking in the penetrating warmth of the sunlight, like a beast which, for a time, forgets its strength, and lazily luxuriates in comfort. On the curb, a group of newsboys were idly pitching pennies, but there was no zest in the play. Something of the languor in the atmosphere stole over Jacob, and almost before he knew it had soothed him of his burden of anxiety. With rising spirits, he entered several shops on sundry errands for his household, and finally, with arms full of bundles, came out at the head of the street, opposite the bank. As he waited for a break in the stream of traffic,—for the street was now alive and bustling again,—he had a sudden vague remembrance of something yet undone. He counted the packages. Everything was safe, and the checks were in his pocket. On he went to the stables, where the horses were harnessed, waiting for him. And he drove slowly home, sunk in meditation, thankful, in his quiet way, that his life had prospered under a kind and thoughtful master.

That night he decided to take the advice proffered him, and buy the bonds. Accordingly, the following week, on market day, Jacob went to get the checks cashed. He had left home before daylight, and the market had been unusually long-drawn out that morning, but buoyed up by excitement, he felt no weariness. If he trembled, it was with delight at the thought of handling so much money all his own, the savings of a long life. But his voice was firm and well controlled as he asked the teller to cash the papers. The man peered at him in silence from behind the barred window, and then he looked again at the checks.

"When did you get these?" he asked.

"Last Friday. Mr. Baker told me to bring them then, but I could not make up my mind to draw it all out. I'm sorry to trouble you," he faltered, shaken a bit by the steady gleam of the gray eyes.

"No trouble to me," the teller replied, harshly. "But it's too bad for you that you didn't take his advice," and he pushed the checks back through the hole in the grating. "Haven't you seen the news, this afternoon?" he asked in answer to Jacob's questioning look. "The house has failed—badly, too. Naturally, we can't cash checks on their account. If you had brought them before, and had them certified, we would have paid the money whenever you wanted it. Rather well for us that you didn't," he added.—"Next!"



And as he counted over the pile of notes, he saw Jacob walk out as one hypnotized. He felt a sudden pity for the bowed, gray head.

"Wonder who he is?" he thought, "If Baker really wanted him to have the money before the crash, why didn't he tell him to be certified. He's feathered his own nest well, I'll wager. Gentleman failure, humph!—with his pockets full! Wonder if the old chap belongs to him! Took it mighty calm! Well, it's not my business, though I do admire his coolness."

Outside, some impish newsboys were teasing a street-cleaner, who was burning a pile of rubbish in the gutter. The lithe, mocking figures seemed to jeer at Jacob, while they pranced about their gesticulating urchin. Hardly knowing what he did, he dropped the miserable papers on the smouldering heap, experiencing a vague satisfaction as the edges curled and blackened. Then, turning his back squarely on the poor symbol of his vanished riches, he went home to tell Mary.

ELEANOR RAMBO, '08.

---

*TO MY CUP-BEARER.*

A lady or a tiger-lily,  
Can you tell me which,  
I see her when I wake at night,  
Incanting, like a witch.  
Her eye is dark, her vestment rich,  
Embroidered with a silver stitch,  
A lady or a tiger lily,  
Slave, come tell me which?

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

*EDITORIAL.*

The psychological theory that every mental condition can be traced to a physiological cause is one that we, most of us, rebel against believing. We do not wish to think that our moments of exaltation depend upon a good night's sleep; still more irritating is it to admit that our fits of depression are due, not to the peculiar sensibility of our emotional equipment, but to the unsatisfactory machinery of our digestive system. We deny that our mood is at the mercy of sunshine and storm. It cannot be doubted that a skepticism toward such theories is essential for the self-respect of the ordinary individual; and yet it is interesting to observe, from an unscientific point of view, how largely we are the creatures of external circumstances.

Take, for instance, the single point of our reaction to this spring weather. In the new smell of damp earth, in the chill March winds that bear, with their very rawness, a tantalizing promise of softer air to come, there is an influence, a force which works upon us as inevitably as it does upon inanimate things. It creates in us the desire to do and to act. It starts the small boy to whittling whistles out of sticks and to damming up the torrents that pour down the gutter-ways. If you tell him his bridge is a silly thing that will be washed away in an hour, he replies inconsequently, "Oh, no, this is Lake Ontario," and perhaps he will cut a passage through the dam to show you the glory of Niagara Falls.

Although we are, through voluntary training, more impervious to the mysterious inner forces than the small boy, yet we find ourselves splashing across miles of soggy fields, looking at the inundated earth with new eyes—feeling in our hearts a glow of the same ecstasy that carried Sir Galahad on his search for the Holy Grail. The rapture we experience at the discovery of a branch of Pussywillow or a sprig of *Arbutus* could hardly be increased if we had suddenly set foot on a new continent. In other words, a mere breath of moisture-laden air, a whiff of growing things has the power to free us momentarily from the conventionalising effect of complicated civilization, and to restore in us the old instinct for adventure.

I do not mean to say that an odour of spring sends *everyone* romancing across muddy fields in search of the unattainable. Adventure, in any case, is a matter of temperament. There is, on one hand, the type whose darling exploit would be the slaying of lions in South Africa, and on the other, the type that would find its highest excitement in a conversation with a dimly-smiling woman across the plate and glass of a dinner table. To return to the inspiration of the breezes, there are many of us who, though not energetic enough to respond to the call of the woods, nevertheless feel, as we huddle sluggishly beside our fire-places, the stirrings of long-extinguished romantic tendencies. "After all," we think, "there is no one so dull and insignificant but that *something* must become of him. Everyone must have his great adventure," and we become rather stirred in speculating about what our own great adventure is likely to be, and whether we shall recognise it when it comes. Or, if we are more sentimentally inclined, we begin to reflect on the proposition we have so often heard formulated, that there are some people born for adventure. For them life is always varied; their paths lie in unusual places and among strange people. But we, we tell ourselves, as we glance discontentedly over our familiar surroundings, are not of that favoured class. It is our lot to walk in the straight, dusty path which stretches away to eternity, and which we must traverse ceaselessly with our faces set toward the horizon. And then perhaps, if the breeze is strong enough or fragrant enough, there comes the inspiring thought that, perhaps, after all, the capacity for adventure is not a talent divinely bestowed. It is rather a power of observation which we ourselves create. It is a comprehension of the things we see about us, ordered and beautified by imaginative insight—and this is the birthright of all of us, if we choose to use it. We find that the straight, dusty road is, after all, a highway over which many men with strange faces are traveling; and by the wayside are pleasant wells at which we can rest and gain refreshment.

All these are happy things to think upon. We say that, if we are to derive our lesson from the breezes of the springtime, we do not mind being creatures of circumstance. The momentary abandoning of ourselves to the realm of romanticism, has lifted us out of ourselves, has made us better. We forget that our new inspiration, in its turn, is at the mercy of the summer's beams. We submit to the warning of the

first enervating breezes and relinquish interest in the unexpected. We fall back languidly into our dim-walled chambers, reach out for a fan and a lemonade glass, and with placid contentment, allow our thoughts to become as the thoughts of a summer vegetable.

M. P.

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## *DULCI FISTULA*

### *THE LIBRARY FIRE.*

Always dying, never dead,  
Always black and never red,  
Which of us does not admire  
Such a contradict'ry fire?  
Tell us, pray,—we cannot rest  
Till we've put you to the test—  
But don't say that we're pedantic—  
*Are* you classic or romantic?

You have anarchistic views  
Of the saws logicians use,  
"There is fire where there's smoke"  
Seems to you a solemn joke;  
You disprove it every hour  
And thus show the rebel's power.  
Such a bold ironic twist  
Stamps you sheer romanticist.

Yet it seems that you are bent  
On destroying sentiment,  
And with truly classic notions  
Cheating us of all emotions.  
Like Volpone or the Fox  
You delight in paradox.

Expectation of your death,  
Fairly makes us hold our breath,  
Yet perforce our eyes are dry,  
For you never wholly die.  
So we find that in the end  
You have quite a classic trend,  
Anti-sentimental missions  
And Jonsonian traditions,  
Say then for which mill you're grist,  
Classic or romanticist?

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

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### MORNING CHAT BETWEEN DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS "SCOTCH TERRIER."

Boswell (blithely) :—"Good-morning, Dr. Johnson. What, in your opinion, is smaller than an ant's mouth?"

Johnson (with dignity) :—"Your propensity, my dear sir, for propounding peculiarly inane inquiries is pre-eminently astounding; indeed, sir, your discourse, which in character resembles the verbiage of a deranged mentality, as well as your insalubrious inquisitiveness about trivial matters, bespeaks, sir, a state or condition of intelligence bordering on the maudlin. Will you venture to contradict me?"

Boswell (crushed) :—"No indeed, sir."

Johnson (angrily) :—"Silence, sir, I am thoroughly cognizant of what I speak! Your loquacity, sir—can you not attend to my words without distorting your body hither and thither as if incited by Saint Vitus?"

Boswell (wildly fumbling in all his pockets) :—"Please, sir, I have mislaid my note-book!"

Johnson :—"Your note-book! Is it possible, sir, you entertain the hope that I shall occupy my intellect with your absurd propositions concerning the ant? Consider, sir, the infinite extent of a list of objects smaller than the aperture mentioned. Each infinitesimal molecule, each minute atomical particle, each—Misericordia, sir! Where did you get such a question?"

Boswell (busily taking notes on his cuffs):—"Just a minute, sir, till I get this collar off; my cuffs are filled, sir; why, sir, Edmund Burke just asked it, sir, at the club, of that fellow Goldsmith."

Johnson:—"And what was his answer, sir, to this apparent boundless question? Narrate the circumstances."

Boswell:—"Why, sir, to my mind this Goldsmith is a very stupid man, not worthy to be called your intimate; for when Burke inquired of him—much as I inquired of you: 'What, I pray you, is smaller than an ant's mouth,' Goldsmith, instead of seeing the innumerable possibilities opened by the question, merely replied, 'What is smaller than an ant's mouth? Why, the thing that goes in it.' He is, indeed, of scant mental attainments!"

MADELEINE EDISON, '10.

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### *THE SENTIMENTALIST.*

Sometimes in a rough beam sea,  
 When the waves are running high,  
 I gaze about for a sight of the land,  
 Then sing, glancing up at the sky,  
 " 'Here's to the girl I love,  
 And I wish that she were nigh,  
 If drinking beer would bring her here' ..  
 I'd drink the ship's hold dry."

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

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### *ALUMNÆ NOTES.*

- '93. Helen Thomas Flexner gave a tea at her home in New York City on February twentieth, for the College Equal Suffrage League.
- '95. The engagement of Edith Pettitt to Adolph E. Borie, 3d, a Philadelphia artist, was announced in February. The marriage will take place on April eighth.

- '96. Ruth Underhill White has a son, William August White, Jr., born December 28, 1906.
- '99. May Blakey is to be married to Mr. Thomas Ross, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, on April twentieth.
- Frances Anne Keay has been writing a series of articles on the "Conditions Among the Seamen of Philadelphia" for *Charities*. These were written as a result of her investigation as holder of the joint Bryn Mawr and College Settlements Fellowships for the past and present year.
- '00. Margaretta Morris has announced her engagement to Mr. Samuel Scott, of Philadelphia.
- '01. Madge Miller has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard S. Francis, of New York.
- '03. Eunice Follansbee has been elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Bryn Mawr Club of Chicago.
- '05. Katherine Southwick has announced her engagement to Mr. Ernest A. Victor, of New York City.
- Clara Herrick has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Havermeier, of New York City.
- '06. Adelaide Walbaum Neall has been back recently.
- '07. Eleanor Ecob has been back recently.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

College fortnightly sermon was preached on February nineteenth by Dr. Matthews, of Chicago University.

An address on Esperanto was given on February twenty-seventh by Mr. Edmund Privat, lecturer before the Philadelphia Esperanto Society.

On Thursday evenings, March fifth and twelfth, the interclass track meet was held in the gymnasium.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was led, on Wednesday, February twenty-sixth, by Grace Albert, '03.

At a formal meeting of the Graduate Club, on February twenty-first, Dr. Carleton F. Brown spoke on "Paganismus Redivivus."

The College fortnightly meeting on March fourth was led by Rev. Charles F. Shaw, of the First Presbyterian Church, Rahway, N. J.

On Monday evening, March sixteenth, Miss Jane Addams addressed a large audience in Taylor Hall on "Woman and the Ballot." Many visitors were present. At the close of the evening the Equal Suffrage League, under whose auspices the lecture was given, was able to register twenty-seven new members.

There was a formal meeting of the Science Club in Taylor Hall on March sixth. Mr. Willis L. Moor, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, gave an illustrated lecture on storms.

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held on March eleventh. Mrs. Fanny Sinclair Woods gave a talk on Chinese women.

Dr. Richards, of the Brick Church, New York, preached the regular college sermon on March eighteenth.

The annual inter-class debate was held in Taylor on February twenty-eighth, on the following subject: "Resolved, That a graduated income tax be made a part of the federal tax system." The teams were: 1908, Louise Hyman, leader, Rose Marsh, Virginia McKenney; 1909, Barbara Spofford, leader, Evelyn Holt, Shirley Putnam. The judges—Dean Reilly, Dr. Barton and Dr. Ferree—rendered their decision in favor of the negative, 1908.

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### ATHLETIC NOTES.

The results of the two interclass track meets, which were held on March the fifth and twelfth, are as follows:

Dash—Kingsbacher, '10, first; Kirk, '10, second; Sharpless, '08, third.

Hurdles—Ecob, '09, first; Kirk, '10, second; Platt, '09, third.

Rope Climb—Platt, 11 seconds, first; M. Nearing, '09, 14.4 seconds, second; M. Scott, '11, 16 seconds, third.

Running High Jump—Biddle, '09, 4 feet 3 inches, first; Griffith, '08, 4 feet 1½ inches, second; J. Allen, '11, 3 feet 11 inches, third.

Standing High Jump—Biddle, 3 feet 5½ inches, first; Richter, '08, 3 feet 5 inches, second; Childs, '09, Kelley, '10, 3 feet 4½ inches, third.



Shot Put—Young, '08, 30 feet 9 inches, first; Allen, 26 feet 8½ inches, second; Biddle, 25 feet 5 inches, third.

Tug of War—1908 vs. 1910, 1909 vs. 1911, 1909 vs. 1910, won by 1910.

Standing Broad Jump—Richter, 7 feet 4 inches, first; Platt, 7 feet 2½ inches, second; Wesson, '09, 6 feet 10¾ inches, third.

Hop, Step and Jump—Wesson, 20 feet 11½ inches, first; Emerson, '11, 20 feet 10 inches, second; Platt, 20 feet 4 inches, third.

Three Broad Jumps—Emerson, 21 feet 9 inches, first; Richter, 21 feet 4¼ inches, second; Wesson, Kirk, 20 feet 11 inches, third.

Fence Vault—Wesson, Platt, 4 feet 5½ inches, first; Emerson, 4 feet 4½ inches, third.

Ring High Jump—Platt, 6 feet 10 inches, first; Emerson, 6 feet 9 inches, second; Wesson, 6 feet 8 inches, third.

Class Relay Races—1908 vs. 1911, 1909 vs. 1910, 1909 vs. 1908, won by 1909.

Two college records were broken: one by A. Platt, in the rope climb, for which she held the record at 12<sup>2</sup>/<sub>5</sub> seconds, the other by C. Wesson, who went beyond the record in the hop, step and jump by 9½ inches.

At the close of the meet the class points stood as follows: 1909, 67; 1908, 20; 1910, 1911, 17.

The cup for the winner of the greatest number of individual points was awarded to Anna Platt, who made 25½ points, Wesson came next with 17 points, and the third highest winner of individual points was Emerson at 12 points.

The championship cups for swimming and track were awarded by the President of the Athletic Association to G. Biddle and to Katherine Ecob, as captains of the 1909 swimming and track teams.

On Friday afternoon, March 27th, the results of the winter's gymnasium work in apparatus, dumb-bells, bar bells, clubs, wands, and tactics were shown in the contest between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The judges—Dr. Tait McKenzie, of the University of Pennsylvania; Miss Addams, of the Friends' Select School, and Miss Cherry, head of the gymnastic work at Drexel Institute—awarded the shield to 1910, which won forty-eight points against 1911, with forty-five points. In the middle of the gymnasium contest, 1908 and 1909 gave a short exhi-

bition of classic dancing and fencing, followed by a fencing contest, in which Georgina Biddle, 1909, won the foil presented by Miss Applebee.

There was a meeting of the Athletic Association on Thursday, February the twenty-seventh, in the chapel, for the purpose of discussing a rebuilding of the present gymnasium. The athletic events which have just been held, and the unwieldiness of the regular gymnasium classes, have only served to make us realize more strongly the fact that the Bryn Mawr gymnasium is the least efficient of all the college gymnasiums in the East, and that our need for more space and better equipment is imperative. At the meeting of the Athletic Association it was announced that, according to the plans which President Thomas has had drawn up, the estimate amounts to between seventeen and twenty thousand dollars. An undergraduate has already promised five thousand, provided that the rest of the amount is collected by June. Several sums have been promised since the meeting to Marjorie Young, the President of the Association. Pledge slips may be obtained from any member of the Athletic Board. The main features of the proposed improvements are an enlargement of the floor space as far as the present outer wall of the alcove, a more convenient arrangement of offices, and the replacing by a gray stone exterior of the present brick walls, in order that the gymnasium may no longer be the one break in the harmony of the campus buildings.

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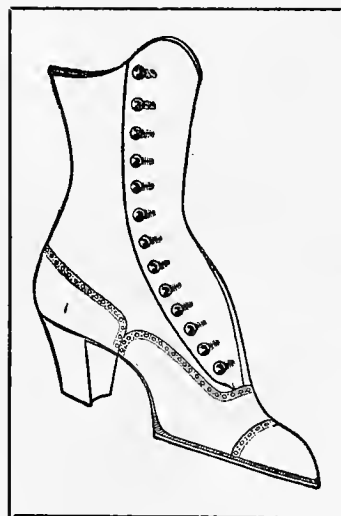
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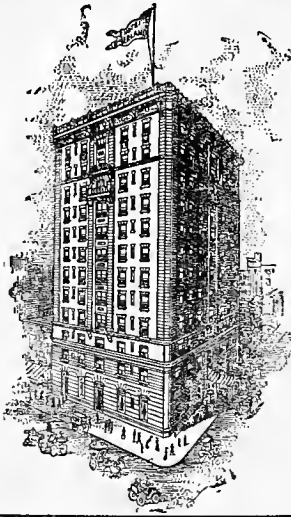
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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## *THE BREACH.*

Everybody who lived in Hopedale knew the Jenkses and the Jayneses, and everyone who knew them was aware also of the bitterness which had existed between the two families for generations, of which the ever present symbol was the board fence, pinnacled with projecting nails, which ran along the boundary-line between the neighbouring estates at the upper end of Main Street. Many worthy townspeople went so far as to distinguish between calling the hostility the Jaynes-Jenks or the Jenks-Jaynes affair, without knowing clearly in their minds anything more about the quarrel than that it still existed. Their lack of information on the point of causes, however, in no way hindered them from supporting ardently whichever side aroused their respective and active sympathies.

Of late years the Jenkses had rather won the ascendancy, partly because the erstwhile mighty tribe of Jenks had dwindled down to one solitary descendant, whose residence in the city gave him the added assets of distance and enchantment, while the Jayneses were represented by three resident members, Sophrina Jaynes, a "maiden lady" (all unmarried New England gentlewomen over thirty are "maiden ladies"), who kept house for Laetitia and Rufus, the daughter and son, respectively, of her deceased cousin. The weight of popularity being thus slightly in favour of the Jenkses, there was no prospect of a future change in the balance; Roger Jenks was removed from the scene of action, and on the other side of the fence, Sophrina's and Laetitia's forces pulled equally in opposite directions with neutral effect, while Rufus was still too young to exert any influence one way or the other.

Sophrina was endowed with a brittleness of temper which did little to ingratiate her into popular favour. For her part, she was divided between feelings of resentment and scorn at the attitude of the townspeople. At times she felt distinctly ill used at coming under the ban proclaimed against a family of which she was but a distant member. At others she was only too proud to set her face firmly and bear the consequences bravely of the righteous quarrel of Jaynes vs. Jenks. If the truth were out, I am tempted to believe it would be known that her real state of mind was more sorrowful than angry. In spite of unending efforts to unveil the mystery, her knowledge of the facts of the feud was as hazy as any seamstress's in the village, and because of this unsatisfied curiosity her sense of injury must have been more assumed than natural. Therefore it was to be considered all the more praiseworthy that before the world she consistently acted the rôle which had fallen to her part through family ties. Her histrionic success was attested to by the lack of cordiality with which she was treated by the anti-Jaynes element of the population.

The general antagonism toward the Jayneses was somewhat ameliorated by virtue of Laetitia's graces. She was usually referred to as "that sweet Miss Jaynes," and since docility coupled with an even disposition, and embodied in pink cheeks and blue eyes, made up the Hopedale ideal of feminine perfection, Laetitia had won her way into popular favour with comparative ease.

Few residents observed that their rose had its thorns—happy

Hopedaleites; and happier still, even if they had realized that, according to the nature of roses, such a blemish must exist, they would not have felt called upon to run their fingers down the stem to feel the prick. But to the less unsophisticated mind, Laetitia's much-admired submissiveness was but a current indication of the lack of dynamic force at the other end of the circuit. Those who knew her best never trusted her with little commissions, probably without even guessing the cause of their reluctance. But if all were known, it would be seen that Laetitia's cardinal faults were indecisiveness and procrastination.

Indeed, fate had led her so exclusively into the quiet places of the earth that she had needed the positive of neither quality, and the less she needed them the less she cultivated them. In her childhood, her mother had always been willing to make her decisions for her and was only too gratified by Laetitia's ready obedience. If she were momentarily annoyed by the effects of her daughter's procrastinating tendencies, her wrathful indignation was soon subdued under the tactful excuses offered by Laetitia's conciliatory and all too indulgent father. By the time of his decease, Laetitia had learned the fine art of apology for herself, and at the age of fourteen she found herself to this extent equipped for life.

At just about the same period her mother, noticing a tendency toward gregariousness in Laetitia's choice of associates, decided that her daughter must go away to school, and as surely as the report follows the explosion Laetitia, having supplied herself with the necessary overshoes and woolen underwear, turned her face to the institution of learning her mother had chosen.

For the first four years Laetitia fared well among her new associates. They were heroically forgiving towards her unhappy fault, so distractedly charmed were they by her utter self-abasement when brought to task for the consequences of her guilt. Her schoolmates, moreover, were no doubt gratified by her willingness to abide by their verdicts, and by her eagerness to absorb the opinions of other people on all subjects.

Now I am afraid I have gone to the opposite extreme from that adopted by Hopedale in its attitude toward Laetitia Jaynes, and I shall feel that I have not done her character justice unless I mention the fact that she possessed the sterling quality of family pride and loyalty

to ancestral interests. It was not to be expected that she would take an active part in broadening or lessening the breach that existed between the Jayneses and the Jenkses. It would not have been surprising, on the whole, if she had even gone so far as to relinquish the old hostility. The possibility of such a course was further strengthened by the fact that, with the departure of the Jenkses from Hopedale, the immediate source of annoyance was removed, and besides, Laetitia shared with Sophrina the obscurity and black night, surrounding the cause of the original quarrel. In view of these reasons, it would appear that there must have been a strong strain of her mother's blood in Laetitia's veins to account for the continued staunchness of her feudal attitude even after that lady's demise.

Contradictory as Laetitia's inherited and acquired characteristics may appear, it is to be noted that she lived on with comparatively little mental struggle until toward the close of her eighteenth year. Then, in her last term at school, she was called upon to make an important decision, the formulation of which brought into play all the conflicting tendencies of her nature. The matter was so extremely delicate that she hesitated to confide her difficulties to her hitherto infallible referees. At the same time she was totally incapable of coming to any conclusion by herself, especially because of the complication of considerations of family honour. Her mind, consequently, was in utter turmoil.

Fortunately for her, the problem was dismissed, although only temporarily, as is to be seen by the close of the school year and her subsequent departure for Hopedale. She reached home in comparative peace of mind, although matters were still in mid-air.

Now and then the unsettled question recurred to her mind. Over and over again her direct impulse was to appeal to Sophrina's judgment. Such a revelation to a distant though devoted cousin was deferred, partly because of the same instinct which had warned her against unburdening herself to her school friends; but more especially did she suppress the words which rose so often to her lips, when she and Sophrina might be sewing together under the honeysuckle arbour or in the sunny morning-room, because it seemed to her that the time for confession was not yet ripe. Surely a more fitting occasion might offer.

Laetitia's eighteenth birthday came as usual on the second of July.



On the last day of June a letter arrived bearing the city postmark. Sophrina had noticed this detail as she took in the envelope at the door, and she intimated, by calling attention to it as she gave the letter to Laetitia, that any further information would be gratefully received. Laetitia read the letter through with ascending perturbation, while Sophrina waited patiently at her side. As may be expected, the letter bore very directly on the problem ever recurring to her mind, and together with this fresh introduction of the matter came a renewed determination to tell Sophrina. But after all, need her aunt know just yet? Obviously, there was no immediate obligation. So she put the letter back into the envelope and abruptly left the room, explaining that she smelled something burning in the kitchen, and leaving the expectant Sophrina to infer for herself that the communication contained a matter of no importance, probably nothing more than school-girl chit-chat.

Two days later, matters reached a climax and a dénouement. Aside from the fact that Laetitia came of age on the second of July, that date turned out to be a red-letter day in her existence, for on that occasion her imperial procrastination met its Waterloo and was put to shame. But I am putting the cart before the horse and must chronicle the events in the order in which they occurred.

Laetitia was waked early by the flood of summer sunshine which poured in through the open window. Her sleep had been more or less fitful, because of her excited anticipation of the morrow and what it should bring forth. The letter she had received had given her a suspicion of what might happen, and she had been unable to decide whether to be pleased or annoyed at the prospect. The resulting state of mind was merely confusion.

On looking out of the window she perceived her aunt Sophrina and Rufus in the garden gathering the late roses and arranging them in a little fluted glass basket. Laetitia rightly surmised that this was to be a birthday present for her, but she was neither surprised nor startled at being remembered by her immediate relatives. It was something of a shock to her, however, to become suddenly aware that a third person had joined the family group. The newcomer was none other than the redoubtable Mrs. Chin, who lived no farther away than across the street, but who had never been classed as a frequent visitor in Laetitia's household, because of her known adherence to the Jenks faction.

What could have brought her into the garden, and at this early hour? Laetitia was consumed with curiosity. She dressed hastily and ran downstairs. No sooner had she arrived at the edge of the porch than her aunt's strident tones reached her ears.

"Such a thing is impossible. Laetitia can be counted on not to disgrace the family," and the sharp click of scissors cutting rose stems proclaimed the fact that Sophrina considered that the last word had been pronounced. Laetitia, on the contrary, felt that there was more to come, and as her aunt's remark suggested many possibilities, she decided to watch developments from the porch.

She had not long to wait, for Mrs. Chin evidently had no intention of being summarily dismissed. She had not crossed the Rubicon to march only to the walls of Rome.

"But I tell you it is so. There, just look at the chimneys."

Laetitia herself involuntarily looked toward the only visible chimneys—the Jenkses.

"Yes, sir," this in the voice of Rufus, "there's smoke coming out of the kitchen," and Laetitia saw for herself that her brother's observation was correct.

"Rufus," Sophrina broke in quickly, "you may go and see if the hens have laid any eggs," and Rufus, overjoyed at the unwonted privilege, departed noisily.

With the only male heir of the house of Jaynes out of the way, Sophrina's rigidity in the matter of family policy relaxed. Perhaps, too, her long subdued curiosity was finally getting the better of her, for she adopted a conciliatory attitude toward the dispenser of possible information, without, of course, divulging the fact that she herself needed to be clarified on points with which it was a matter of pride for her to appear familiar.

"After all, Mrs. Chin, perhaps it is true that Roger Jenks has returned to Hopedale, but I am sure it can only be for a little visit. As for Laetitia being interested in his doings—why no Jaynes would ever forget that affair of—well you know why those nails were put along that fence rail." Sophrina finished thus evasively, trusting, no doubt, that Mrs. Chin would fill in the details. But whatever Mrs. Chin's motive may have been for trespassing, it certainly was not that of gratifying the desire of historical research—at least no other than her own, as it may appear.

"No, I don't know," she replied, "I'm not one to pry into secrets—although of course I take a kind of neighbourly interest in what goes on right across the street from me. All the same, I must say it does look pretty funny for young Jenks to come home and live next door to a pretty girl he has met in the city if he harbours any hostile feelings towards her, and it isn't likely that he would thrust his company where it wasn't wanted. Is it now?"

"He met her in the city," repeated Sophrina, more as if to make the words sink into her consciousness than with any deliberate intention to hold up her end of the conversation.

"Yes, didn't you know?" rattled on Mrs. Chin. "He came to a dance at the school and the affair began there. My niece in the city goes to the same school and her mother wrote me all about it. Love at first sight, now isn't that romantic?"

"Your sister would do well to mind her own business," Sophrina retorted. By this time she had been able to connect "city" with the letter which had come into her hands two days before, and finding her feet once more on comparatively firm ground, her natural valour returned.

"Oh, dear Miss Jaynes," Mrs. Chin hurried to interpose, "my sister in the city still kind of takes an interest in all that goes on among Hopedale people, and 'all the world loves a lover,' you know," she added as if by way of self-justification.

By this time Laetitia's feelings had undergone all the stages of heat and cold natural to one who is touched by the fires of anger and by the chill of embarrassment at one and the same time. When she had recovered from the first shock of viewing her own innermost secrets scattered abroad in full daylight, her first impulse was to give some sign of her presence within earshot. Then the awkwardness of the situation made her hesitate. She knew she was blushing furiously and she realised that if she made her appearance in the garden just then the final effect of her act would be little more than a confirmation of the rumours, and her perturbation would be stretched even so far as to include the direct acknowledgment of an engagement existing between herself and Roger. Why, oh why hadn't she taken Aunt Sophrina into her confidence at the time of receiving her letter? If that ally had only been forewarned, she would not have been so hopelessly off her

guard before the doughty Mrs. Chin. As an added complication, she realised that her aunt would be slow to forgive her for placing her in such a handicapped position. Perhaps it was not too late to redcem the situation, if only Mrs. Chin would be content to retire from the field with the laurels she had already won so easily, and it was with unutterable relief that at length Laetitia heard the guest remark:

"Dear Miss Jaynes, your roses are charming. I must run over and cut mine before the sun gets too hot. Good-bye! Do come over some time with Laetitia and see my night-blooming cereus. It is perfectly lovely, even if I do say it as shouldn't."

As soon as Laetitia heard the front gate click, without stopping to consider the fact that the closing visit was an indication that the sturdiest henchmen of the Jenks faction were ready to bear the olive branch into the camp of the enemy, she stepped out into the gravel path and walked to the garden bench where Sophrina had sat down to recover herself.

"Cousin Sophie," Laetitia begun, employing that ingratiating little softness of manner which had served her purposes so sturdily in past difficulties, "it was just too outrageous of me not to tell you. I'm terribly sorry."

"Well, I should think as much," replied her aunt vindictively. "So you know just how much of a fool Sarah Chin made of me. Is there anything more to this terrible affair that she didn't have the pleasure of making known to me?"

Laetitia did not answer immediately, for she did not feel sure whether, after all, it would help matters a whit, to clear away the last clouds of mystery. She let her eyes pass aimlessly up and down the garden, then across the spiked fence into the next yard, where she was startled to behold a man walking. His general direction seemed to be toward the street gate, although his slow pace tended to indicate that he had no objective point in mind. Laetitia, however, was not deceived by appearances, and by force of antecedent probability she was able to argue that Roger Jenks would soon appear in her own garden. Aroused into activity by the remembrance of the scene Mrs. Chin had just created, and frightened by the prospect of another equally trying ordeal, she felt the need of an enlightened adherent and, with a hitherto impossible celerity, she determined to make a clean breast of the whole affair.

"Roger Jenks and I would be engaged if it were not for the spikes on that fence." She made an impressive gesture. "You see, he asked me to marry him just before I left school, and I couldn't decide whether I ought to or not because of course our families haven't been on overfriendly terms." Out of the corner of her eye Laetitia saw that Roger was now walking along the main road in the direction of her gate, and she hurried on with the last sentences. "He—he said it was all tommyrot, and that we didn't have any families anyway; but I couldn't decide, and I just came home without telling him one thing or another. Then that letter came to say he would arrive on my birthday, and I still couldn't make up my mind, and I couldn't bear to tell you because I was afraid you wouldn't understand—and—oh—dear me" (this in a whisper), "he's coming up the garden walk now. Do try not to seem surprised to see him;" with this parting injunction Laetitia turned away from her speechless and amazed aunt to address an even, "Good morning, Mr. Jenks," to the young man who was approaching.

"Good morning, Laetitia," he returned, ignoring the formality of her greeting, "I thought I'd find you here, so I came right along without stopping at the house, and dear—"

Laetitia was quick to notice the warming tone in his voice.

"My aunt, Miss Jaynes, Mr. Jenks," she put in quickly, indicating the apparently calm (because speechless) lady who rose to shake hands.

"I am delighted to meet Laetitia's aunt," politely asserted Roger, "but I say, Laetitia, I've got to tell you something I found out last night from old Squire Hornbeck, or die in the attempt."

Both ladies signified their readiness to hear.

"Well, it's about that little difference of opinion the old folks indulged in. You see that stump over there," he pointed to a spot close to the spiked fence. "That used to be an apple tree. It appears that a generation or so ago it bore such a superabundance of fruit that it had to deposit some apples on our side of the fence, and some question as to the ownership of the windfalls arose. In the course of time, the difference of opinion grew so hot that the matter ended in court, and Squire Hornbeck decided in our favour, whereupon your grandfather, or it may be your great-grandfather, cut down the tree and put up that fence and row of spikes, and before long the whole fuss was forgotten.

Now, Laetitia, you aren't going to let an old stump, a few boards and nails stand between us and our happiness, are you?" he ended thus persuasively.

It would be impossible to describe the wreck which this torrent of explanation left in Sophrina's mind. As for Laetitia, the clearing up of the mystery did little more than remove the possibility of further procrastination, but for Sophrina her whole mental vision was blinded by the dazzling brightness of the revelation. Every nook and corner of her mind was lighted up, and the obscurity, which her own best efforts had failed to pierce, was dispelled as if by magic, by one great shaft of light.

Before she had been able to adjust her faculties to the new conditions, she was startled by the gently insinuous sound of tearing woollen cloth, quickly followed by the rumble of boyish heels on wooden boards. Sophrina turned abruptly in the direction of the fence, whence the disturbance proceeded, and caught sight of Rufus, who was making his way toward them, utterly oblivious or heedless of the fact that a large corner of blue serge dangled triumphantly from the right knee of his trousers.

"Yes, Mrs. Chin was right," he volunteered; "Mr. Jenks has come back. I've been over talking to the cook and—why, hello, Mr. Jenks."

"Rufus," Sophrina broke in, finding relief from her mental discomfiture in the need for immediate action. "You take that cobblestone from the corner of the pansy bed and pound down every one of those nails. Then come straight into the house and I'll darn those trousers."

MARJORIE YOUNG, 1908.

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### *ON AN OLD FUNERAL-URN.*

Within this carven urn are laid away,  
In calm security of marble gray,  
The ashes of a little child who died  
Long, long ago, when Rome was in her pride.  
With tender cherishing, for many years,  
The mother kept the urn, and many tears

She shed in lonely hours at twilight time,  
When grief is sorest, that before his prime  
Her son was taken, and, with vow and pray'r,  
Confided him to Proserpine's care.  
Through what long wanderings in what far lands,  
The precious vase at length has reached my hands,  
Unopened, whole, I cannot say, but now,  
O son and mother, hear me make this vow:  
With fond solicitude, through years that creep  
Too soon apace, this marble will I keep,  
And, at the last, a silent safe repose  
Will it receive within my garden-close;  
Among sweet violets and lilies white,  
Gold suns of day and silver dewes of night,  
With it will all be fragrant, still, and well,  
While we three walk among the asphodel.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

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### IN HIGH LIGHTS.

I found Eleanor sitting alone by the side of a tiny stream, in the shade of a stump willow. The droop of her long shoulders, the sadly serious expression on her face, and the pale lavender of her gown distilled an atmosphere of gentle melancholy about her.

"Oh, Niobe, whom are you weeping for now?" said I, as I joined her.

"I am not weeping," she replied, faintly petulant.

"But your frock?" I hazarded. She looked her reproaches at me.

"Sit down."

I obeyed in silence, and at last Eleanor spoke again.

"I have made Cassandra unhappy," she said.

"Then why not go remedy it, instead of sitting sorrowing here?"

"I can't. I spoke of something she wished me to keep silent about."

"And you knew she wished it?"

"I should have known."

"Are the results stupendous?"

"How *can* you? I have betrayed her confidence."

"But quite unintentionally," I supplemented. "You have probably done little harm or no harm—and, anyway, what good do you expect to accomplish by moping over it? There is no use feigning a blackness for the whole day because a single cloud rests on the horizon. If you can't blow that away, forget about it, or look for a silver lining. Be cheerful at all costs," I ended with a little laugh.

"I believe that is your moral code," observed Eleanor.

"It's not such a bad one," I half assented, and then, "'Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom,' you know," I quoted sententiously. "It is the privilege of youth if it can't achieve total pessimism—and I assure you I have tried for that in vain—to go in for the absurdly optimistic."

"If you wish to argue by quotations," rejoined Eleanor, "'Happiness is not the purpose for which we were sent into the world.'"

"I waive my right to question your confusing the words *happiness* and *cheerfulness*, but—"

"With you," interrupted Eleanor, "they amount to the same thing. The happiness of sadness is unknown to you."

"I am not marked for melancholy, perhaps, as you seem to be. But is that to my discredit?"

"The price you pay for your cheerfulness," Eleanor continued, heedless of my question, "is far larger than I think you realize."

"Larger than it is worth?"

"Yes," said Eleanor.

"Well?" I prompted after a pause.

"To those who know you superficially, you are apt to appear either conceited or insensitive, though neither of those adjectives is, I believe, really applicable to you."

"Thank you for those crumbs," I murmured. "I see you will not have me hanged on an empty stomach. But this impression, you say, is created by my cheerfulness?"

"By the way you attain it, yes," said Eleanor, "for while you do not consider yourself wonderful, nor credit people who are at pains to make you believe it, no more do you place yourself, so to speak, in 'the roll of common men.' You are, you may say with humility, a normal



person, but then the normal may be, of course, far from the average. To consider yourself in any way below this, would ruffle your serenity, wherefore you refuse to accept any criticism particularly derogatory, just as from a fairly good sense of justice you reject any praise particularly complimentary."

"And this," I queried, "is unjustifiable?"

"No one," said Eleanor decidedly, "can exist entirely and consistently on one level; and this is what you are trying to do. Hence, too, your apparent insensitiveness. When you are hurt, you suffer, I know, for the time being intensely, and when you have injured anyone else your remorse is, at the moment, acute. But longer than a moment, figuratively speaking, you cannot live 'uncheerful,' wherefore you set about deliberately drowning the unpleasant recollection in a flood of new thoughts. You do not even allow the poor thing a decent burial, and if its ghost chances to walk you turn and flee from it instantly."

"But where," I demanded, "is the advantage of infinite suffering?"

Eleanor did not answer directly.

"We all, at our age," she said, "go in more or less for sensations. To you both painful and pleasant ones are pleasing so long as they wear the charm of novelty. But novelty once gone, you purposely forget every other incursion of pain into your life. You have maintained the 'even tenor of your way' on a high plateau so long that you will forget soon how to climb down or up, and we who are often in the valleys will be unable to get into touch with you." Eleanor ceased speaking and we were silent a moment.

"You have painted the cheerfulness I used to think a virtue in very black colors," I remarked at last.

"Not that, but its price."

"It amounts to the same thing," said I. "It seems, oddly enough, to mean lack of balance, lack of depth, lack of sympathy. And now one more crime has been committed in its name."

"What is that?" asked Eleanor.

"It has made you forget your injury to Cassandra. Please continue your exquisite brooding on that subject. I shall not dream of interrupting you again."

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

*BREAD OR A STONE?*

## PERSONS IN THE DRAMA.

BEATRICE.

CECELIA.

AN OLD MAN.

TWO BEGGAR CHILDREN.

## SCENE I.

*(A willow grove near a dark pool, across which can be seen a meadow full of daisies. It is early morning, and the sun shines brightly, through the leaves, making golden patches among the shadows on the grass. Enter a young girl in a long white robe, with an old man and a beggar boy.)*

CECELIA.

I am so sorry, so very sorry for you. What are the flowers and the birds for, when there have to be unhappy people in the world? And the poor little boy! Let me get him some bread and milk. Do you feel able to walk across the meadow to that house just beyond? You look so tired. How can you think of anything else?

OLD MAN.

You're very good. I am very old and poor and unhappy. I didn't know I was so tired till you told me.

CECELIA.

Then it would be better for me to go alone and come back to you. Shall you mind being left?

OLD MAN.

No. We shall be together.

CECELIA.

And you can rest on this mossy bank, and close your eyes so that the sunlight won't hurt you. Does the sound of the brook trouble you? How miserable you must be! Now I will run and get you something to eat.

*(She crosses the bridge that spans the brook, and disappears among the trees. The old man leans against a tree, and the boy plays discontentedly with some sticks. Finally they both fall asleep. Cecelia returns.)*

CECELIA.

Poor things! So tired that they can't stay awake! But they are fortunate to be able to forget their sorrow for a little while. How terrible life must be for them. No home, no happiness, burdened with their sins. How we ought to try to make them *comfortable*! We shouldn't stop to enjoy the woods or the flowers when people are hungry.

*(She walks slowly across to look at the sleeping figures before her. Then she sinks to the ground and hides her face in her hands.)*

## SCENE II.

*(The sun is higher, and the boy and the man have gone. A girl in pale blue is standing where Cecelia had stood, her long white arms outstretched and clasping the bough of a willow. She remains lost in thought for a time, then slowly raises her head and speaks.)*

BEATRICE.

It is all so still and beautiful! Noon time is the most wonderful, after all. It has more mysteries, more joy, more intensity. Ah, it has more life, which is best, and the joy of it is almost pain!

*(She drops her arms, and her head falls back against the tree. She becomes so lost in thought again that she fails to hear approaching footsteps, until a little beggar girl suddenly stands before her.)*

GIRL *(crying)*.

I'm so tired. I got lost, and brother went away, and I don't know what to do.

BEATRICE.

Don't you want to sit down on this bank with me? I have some apples, and we will listen to the birds.

GIRL (*eating*).

I don't hear them.

BEATRICE.

You will if you listen.

GIRL.

But I'm tired. I don't want to listen, and I lost my way, and I'm hungry.

BEATRICE (*absently*).

Why, you have apples, and they are so sweet and juicy. Lie on the bank, and it will make you feel rested just to look at the sky. Don't think about being tired. Just be happy.

GIRL.

How can you *be* happy, when you're already unhappy?

BEATRICE (*looking dreamily into the distance*).

How can you be? Why, I suppose—I never thought—why *shouldn't* you be happy? It isn't hard. It's like opening your eyes to see the sun. You can't see that, no matter how bright it is, unless you look.

*(They lie still for a moment and through the quiet air comes the drowsy hum of a stray bee and the jangle of a distant cowbell. Out among the flowers in the sun the butterflies whirl and flutter, and now and then a quiver runs over the willow leaves, like a faint ripple over glassy water.)*

GIRL.

I never felt so happy before. I wonder why. My heart almost stops beating.

BEATRICE.

Yes, it's the sleep of unhappiness in the woods.

*(Enter Cecelia with the other two beggars.)*

CECELIA.

Why, Beatrice, you have found the girl! Poor, poor child. So tired that she can't move. Why didn't you bring her up to the house? She has only an apple and she is lying on this hard ground.

OLD MAN.

She has come. She has come at last!

GIRL *(getting up slowly)*.

I felt dreadfully at first, but something has happened, and I'm so happy.

CECELIA.

Happy! What can she be talking about. Come! We'll all go together.

*(They go out, leaving Beatrice standing by the tree. The little girl has a bewildered look, but there is a glad light in her eyes.)*

### SCENE III.

*(It is late afternoon. Long shadows lie across the meadow, and the lower clouds on the horizon are already turning gold. Beatrice is still under the trees by the pool, but stretched out, now, on the grass. She stirs slightly as her sister comes across the bridge.)*

CECELIA.

Still here, Beatrice! Why didn't you do something for those poor people? They were here all day.

BEATRICE *(looking out toward the purpling hills)*.

Do something? I never thought. But *(turning quickly)* why should we?

CECELIA.

Why should we? How heartless you are!

BEATRICE.

What good does it do, I mean?

CECELIA.

I don't understand. You never seem to try to help people—give them clothes or food, or sympathize with them. You don't even feel sorry for your own sins.

BEATRICE.

What is the good? And maybe I don't even know what sins are.

CECELIA.

You talk so strangely. You don't believe in repentance!

BEATRICE.

What is repentance? I feel happy, happy, happy (*she springs up and stretches out her arms*). Repentance is feeling sad. I don't want to do that. It is better to come to the woods and lose oneself in the shadows.

CECELIA.

You should go into the world and bring people home and feed them and clothe them.

BEATRICE.

I bring them to the woods, and they are glad.

CECELIA.

And that is what life is for?

BEATRICE.

To be glad? (*She turns her face to the sunset glow and smiles.*)

*The evening wind tosses her hair, and imperceptibly the shadows deepen about her, but the inscrutable smile in her eyes still remains.)*

To be glad? Yes, that is what life is for!

HELEN H. PARKHURST, '11.

---

WHERE?

*Translated from Heine.*

Tired of the world and its wanderings,  
Where shall I lie at last to rest?  
Will it be at the foot of a rustling palm,  
By the warmth of a Southern sun caressed?  
Or will the lindens on the Rhine  
Quiver above my quiet breast?

Or will a stranger make my bed  
In some forgotten land?  
Or will a soft sea lap my bier  
Upon a lonely strand?

And yet—wherever I shall lie,  
My soul will have no dread;  
In any land, I still shall have  
God's heaven above my head.  
And in the night the silent stars  
Are candles for the dead.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

*A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY.*

There has recently come to the public notice a stout little band of would-be reformers whose voices rise in protest against the gorgeous and indiscriminate display of scenery in most of our present-day dramatic productions. They are a serious and scholarly little band, in spite of these revolutionary tendencies, and their real interest in the future welfare of the stage has forced their brother players, playwrights and playgoers, even while hugging more closely the cherished regalia, to turn and face the question of scenery, in its existing condition, as one of the objectionable features of the modern stage. Reactions, in moderation, are excellent things, protests against distasteful extremes healthy breezes of adverse criticism, but, unless directed early into the right channels, they are apt to become unmanageable and dangerous. So far the present reaction has amounted to no more than "much throwing about of brains," and one or two rather unsuccessful experiments, but there is a law of nature that the pendulum must swing as far backward as it has swung forward; if therefore natural forces have any influence on such a capricious and unruly element as theatrical taste, or if the demands of the reformers be catered to, we may in time be reduced to the bare blank walls and modest signboard suggestions of the sixteenth century stage.

By Thespis, what a calamitous state of affairs! What a "profanation of the purposes of a cheerful playhouse!" Shall our noble greenwood trees, under which so many a light-hearted Amiens has tuned his merry note, be flung out into some dark and dusty theatrical lumber room, and Orlando, forsooth, be forced to hang his verses on a door post? The flare and the tinsel we can gladly dispense with, but not the box-trees and marble benches of Olivia's garden, not the blue lagoons of Venice, or Juliet's moonlit balcony! But let us be reasonable, and hear the defense of those who would sweep away as unvalued trash all this bright pageantry of our fairyland!

Their reasons, indeed, for the proposed wholesale destruction are marvellously comprehensive, and leave us poor mortals, who take delight in a painted sunrise, scarcely a leg to stand upon. If the scenery is



bad, they tell us that it is a flagrant offense to the artistic sensibilities of the audience; if good, that it usurps the attention which should be undistracted from the serious business of the performance; whether good or bad, they say, scenery is always pitifully inadequate to the things it tries to represent, and is, moreover, an enormous and unnecessary expense. Therefore scenery should be abolished.

Not so fast! I think no one will dispute these premises, even if he take exception to the conclusion. They are sensible statements, just criticisms; but, examined more closely, quite beside the point. Crude and tawdry scenery is distasteful to everyone; perhaps even more keenly so to the persons who love beauty and harmony of scenic decoration, than to those theatrical ascetics who would transform the stage into a lecture platform. That scenery is often crude and tawdry is much to be deplored; but may it not be chastened and improved without being altogether swept out of existence? Artistic and appropriate stage setting is no more of an impossibility than good plays and masterly acting; indeed, it is not half so rare as either.

"This is perfectly true," concede the abolitionists, "but the beautiful and harmonious scenery is no less objectionable than the gaudy trumpery we have agreed to do away with, since it often turns powerful dramas into mere splendid spectacles which satisfy nothing but the eyes." This, of course, is not to be tolerated. A few strips of coloured canvas should not be allowed to spoil the poetry of a play; the action should not be clogged by a lot of gorgeous unnecessary trappings, or the noble lines halted while we watch a gondola sail by! The function of scenery is to form a suitable background for the characters and action, to supply the place of description in a story—and every tree and table and carved sun-dial (beautiful though it may be in itself) which does not help on with the plot, throw light on the personages, or sensibly aid in creating atmosphere, should be flung out into the wings without more ado; the judicious playgoer would draw a freer breath when they were gone. But let us take care that we do not sweep out the wheat with the tares.

As for the inadequacy of scenery, it is perfectly true that storms and shipwrecks, fairy islands and princes' palaces cannot be portrayed on the stage in a perfectly lifelike and convincing manner, but they may certainly be suggested much better by the aid of scenery than with-

out it. I do not believe the liveliest imagination would find a brown velvet curtain hung between two fluted pillars (the background adopted by some of the would-be reformers) a particularly soul-satisfying substitute for the seacoast of Illyria. Much better the darkened stage with its dim shapes of rock, and background (painted though it be) of wide-stretched gray water, and far-off naked mast against the sky.

The serious and scholarly persons of whom I have spoken, however, hold that our imaginations have become slavishly dependent on elaborate paraphernalia, and that the acting alone should be good enough to sustain the whole illusion. To the average playgoer this last seems the most extraordinary and unreasonable of demands on the players. Acting is sometimes very fine, very full of feeling for the time and place, very much imbued, so to speak, with that subtle thing called atmosphere; but it is beyond the art of the ablest actor to visualise a scene for his audience. He may, if he choose, indicate sunrise by a peculiar gleam in the eye, the seaside by a deeper thrill in the voice, or outdoors in general by an added freedom of stride; but after all he has only suggested the impression that surroundings make on him, while the audience sit in an outer world, and watch their heroes and heroines move about in realms as impalpable as Macbeth's airdrawn dagger. The players have their hands full in looking out for the action, the dialogue, and the characterisation, without our thrusting upon them the added responsibility of creating a pictorial illusion; even if it were possible for them to do so in any satisfactory measure.

There has been a recent attempt to present Shakespeare's dramas just as they were given in his own time, but this stripping away of the finery from plays that are in their nature so splendidly spectacular seems to me a blind mistaking of the purposes of the poet. He was not thinking of rush-strewn floors and unpainted backgrounds, any more than of limelights and ornate drop-curtains, when he wrote, for example, the "Merchant of Venice," but of a world of shining water and marble bridges, and mellow golden nights, and he would surely prefer that performance of his play which best renders the colour and beauty and magic of his dream-world, Italy. It is progressing like the crab, backwards, to fling away all the conveniences and devices of our modern theatre, by which we call up realistic illusion, and wilfully to adopt the crudities and inconsistencies of the Elizabethan stage.

Well, after all, the strongest bulwark of the reformers remains unscaled. It is a sad but true fact that, while thousands of dollars are being spent on magnificent furnishings for the Duke's apartments, the Duke's retainers and kinsfolk are skimping along on miserable pittance of salaries that a self-respecting office boy would scorn; and it is not to be doubted that the standard of acting is kept low by this starvation of the rank and file of the profession. It is also true, however, that vast sums are heaped nightly into the coffers of the important players, and the great injustice to their humbler brethren could be done away with by a more even distribution of salaries. If talent and energy were from the beginning given the price they deserve there would no longer be the excuse for overpaying the "stars," who contend that they are reaping only their rightful rewards for long, dark years of toil and want. There would no longer be the gloomy ante-chamber to a doubtful, far-off glory, which appals and discourages so many youthful aspirants. But, as in other professions, good work would receive just remuneration, and the barriers which keep many gifted and competent persons from before the footlights would be removed without any necessity for giving up that delightful enchantment to a fine play—appropriate stage-setting.

The expenses of the scenery, moreover, may be greatly cut down; the princely rugs and tapestries may be more limited in number; the hills and dales and forests, and vistas of blue water may be made a little less elaborate; but let them not be snatched away altogether. Let them remain, clumsy symbols, if you will, but better have symbols which suggest the realities than bare walls or velvet curtains which suggest, at best, nothing at all; at worst, something entirely foreign to the play.

KATHARINE FORBES LIDDELL, '10.

*USQUE AD MORTEM FIDELIS.*

Before the fretted doors to the great halls  
Of his own house, fair wrought with cunning art,  
Odysseus stood, and gazed, with troubled heart,  
Beholding changes in the steadfast walls.  
That he was once the king here, he recalls,  
Who now in loneliness doth stand apart,  
Uncouth and ragged, while the base upstart,  
Insolent, revels, blind to bloody palls  
That settle o'er him as the lyre resounds.  
Yet one there was that knew his master's tread,  
And welcomed his return, though not in pride.  
Lame Argos, once the keenest of the hounds,  
Now lay in filth, but joyful, raised his head,  
Faithful amid unfaithfulness, and died.  
ELEANOR FERGUSON RAMBO, '08.

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*EDITORIAL.*

Most people are apt to rate the modern college woman either too high or too low. At all events, they always classify her. She is either the white-garbed vestal of Pallas Athena guarding her flickering taper, that it may increase to the brightness of the torch of knowledge; or else she is one of those mythological creatures symbolized by the dress-suit case and the walking-stick, who are supposed to jostle their way through the world in ungloved sturdiness. Neither of these pictures, needless to say, is true. The only odd thing about the college undergraduate is, if the paradox is permitted, her extreme naturalness. The world, whether under- or over-estimating her, never fails to regard her as a very complicated type, as the high-water mark, in fact, of intellectual evolution. The college woman herself is inclined to favour this point

of view. The truth is, however, that, considering her all in all, she is far too natural. Instead of wandering through the complicated mazes of an intellectual labyrinth, she follows out a course of life that is simple almost to the point of being instinctive.

This accusation will doubtless provoke a shrug of protest from the undergraduate herself.

"Our life here does not prove anything about our complexity," she will object. "We seem uncomplicated because everything is so plainly marked out for us. We cannot follow a straight line circuitously."

It is quite true that everything is marked out for us here. All the roads and by-roads are well equipped with signboards, and there is no lack of guides for the more intricate ways. That is no reason, however, why we should follow like a flock of silly sheep, nibbling occasionally at the grass by the wayside, or drinking from the springs beneath the trees; but crying out always if the way is long and hard, without ever looking ahead toward the fair new pasture-land before us; or without even wondering what the goal of our wandering is to be. A rather significant instance of this irresponsible, inconsequent way we have of going about our work occurred not long ago. The members of a certain elective course, happening to arrive, on one occasion, rather early in the class-room, saw piled high on the official desk a heap of blue-books which betokened an unexpected quiz. A thrill of terror seized the class. "Let's cut," cried one excitedly, and cut they all did. In itself this occurrence is not very important—the students probably took their quiz at some other time, and suffered their punishment as they should; but, in reality, it points out a very serious intellectual lack—that of personal responsibility.

A rather more common, but no less ominous example of this failing, is our carelessness in paying small accounts. It is an old story that some time, long ago, one of the merchants on the Pike was forced to close his business because he could not collect his bills from the college students. Since then, of course, we have reformed, but not so radically that the proprietors of the tea-houses have not often come out very short in their accounts at the end of the college year, while the happy students, long since forgetful of the generous repasts charged prodigally to their accounts, have rolled away to their distant homes without leaving sign or token. And many are the duns sent out to us by the house-

keepers who allow our families, at Commencement time, to occupy their empty rooms. Indeed; it is rumoured that one of them found self-protection possible only by the employing of an attorney—an expedient that turned out to be highly successful. Our fault is not that we are, at heart, dishonest; or even that we are prone to contract debts we are conscious of being unable to pay. It is simply that we have no sense of our obligation as human beings. We do not like to think of our bills, and so we put them aside until our next allowance comes. In the meantime our blessed memories relieve us of all inconvenience and we are free to use our next instalment of capital as we choose. And yet we claim to be thoughtful, rational individuals! Perhaps we are. An absolute denial of the statement would be almost too gloomy a fact to face. But the existence of such instances as we have quoted show too plainly that, if indeed we are thoughtful and rational, we are so only *potentially*; and between the potential and the actual there is a cavernous gap.

When we are children, we are potential women; and when we are college students, though we are actual women, we are still, in the present rather deplorable state of affairs, only potentially intellectual. We still preserve the old, simple fashion of learning by the aggregation of units, instead of bringing in the comprehensive method of synthesis. It is a beauty in the child that she does not keep before her eyes the vision of her maturity; but it ceases to be a charm in us that we, who have voluntarily chosen to study and to learn, should not be able, at this period of our lives, to break away from our adherence to merely passive intelligence and to awaken our *understanding* from its infantile slumber.

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### EVERYFRESHMAN.

How impatiently we wait for the Freshman Show, the occasion when the new class is first discovered to us behind the footlights, and when we cannot possibly guess who the heroine may be! The first appearance of the actors, and the variations on old themes (for the first semester in college is bound to have the same dramatic possibili-

ties for one class as the next) are what we anticipate most. In *Everyfreshman* the variations on the old theme of English course were not as skilfully managed as the original ideas in the Latin, Elective and Biology choruses, which were picturesque and amusing. Since the show was mostly made up of choruses, the individual actors could barely suggest their ability; but in the Elective Chorus, Margery Smith's singing and dancing were charming and only too tantalizingly short. Margaret Prussing's dancing and the music which filled the entre'acts and accompanied the songs were both admirably suited to the play; especially the music, which might have been the result of many weeks of rehearsal. The best feature of the show from a dramatic point of view was the fact that the end was better than the beginning; in the third act we were dazzled by the many coloured choruses, by the splendour of the peacock itself as it swept in to free Everyfreshman from her troubles.

The task of writing a Freshman Show is difficult, for it must be a reaction on college, without being a reaction on persons; but the authors are repaid for their work by knowing that the entertainment has served the double purpose of amusing the audience and bringing together the Freshman Class.

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### LA BATAILLE DES DAMES.

On April eighteenth the Seniors presented, in honour of the Class of 1909, their last play, *La Batailles des Dames*. The play did not come quite up to the histrionic record made by the class; but, considering the fact that only a week had been spent on rehearsals, the production seemed more than creditable. The best parts were taken by Miss Marsh, who played with her usual comic vigour and spontaneity the rôle of Gustave de Grignon, the unhappy possessor of the two conflicting qualities of heroism and prudence; and by Miss Merle-Smith, who substituted for the dignity and loftiness of the parts she usually takes, the charming ingenuousness of the sixteen-year-old Léonie de la Villegontier. La Comtesse d'Autreval was a very difficult and complicated type. The

subtlety and egotism, the brilliancy and magnetic charm of this clever and enamoured noblewoman would have required weeks of the most careful rehearsing to reproduce adequately. Considering the time spent, Miss Elliott in representing the Comtesse succeeded perhaps in accomplishing the most difficult histrionic feat of the evening. In spite of her thirty-three years, the Comtesse so rivalled her pretty niece in looks that, with her added advantage of maturity and cleverness, we could not help being annoyed with Henri de Flavigneul for preferring the naïve Léonie above her very interesting aunt. The part of Henri was taken by Miss Young, who, on this occasion, was saved the necessity of acting. The graceful drollery and optimistic energy of her own personality, enhanced by her picturesque appearance in her garments of the French Restoration period, marked her at once as the adventure loving, chivalrous, all too unamorous hero.

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## *DULCI FISTULA*

### *ON LAUGHING IN CHURCH.*

I wonder why we no longer laugh in church, now that we are grown up. It is wicked of course, laughing in church, but so, too, is talking unkindly of our neighbours for example, and yet there are not a few of us who failed to shuffle off that habit with our knee-length frocks. Laughing in church is irreverent I know, and yet I scarcely dare hope that I have thus gained in reverence since the days when I first began to sit in the great blackwood pew, with purple and blue and gold light slanting down upon me from the stained diamonds of the windows, and longed to touch with the tip of my finger one of those sun-filled spangles on the chandelier, which, for me, was never a chandelier in those days, but a rare and holy symbol of the decorative scheme of Heaven.

No, I think it is not a mere matter of increased reverence, for the chandelier has come to be now only a peculiarly ornate gas jet, and yet I seldom laugh in church any more—never, indeed, as I used to



laugh. Never, now, do I double over a book in a perfect convulsion of ecstasy and pain that began for some sort of reason, and continues only because it began. Just to laugh and laugh and laugh until your little sides ache, and your mouth is stiff; to feel that one long breath would set you straight; to try to take breath; to make instead a gurgling snort, increased by all the volume of your pent-up lung capacity, a snort that turns upon you the questioning amaze of half the congregation; to stop with horror at what you have done—only to have the whole sum of your ludicrous impressions sweep over you again and throw you into such paroxysms as not even Aunt Lydia's black fan, poked into your little ribs from over the backs of two pews, can recall you from. If you could, you would stop and wink at her, but you are rolling off the seat as it is. And then you make an almost superhuman effort to gain control and, shocked as you are with your own impiety, you have gone off again with a sputtering and a snorting much louder than before.

Then suddenly out of a clear sky, so to speak, there is a rapid swish of skirts, and a flurrying, firm-handed rearrangement, and lifting up your downcast eyes, you assure yourself of what you already knew only too well—that this impregnable wall between you and Bobby is mother. No danger of funniness now. No *possibility* of funniness with this strange unaccountable pain suddenly tugging at your heart.

I think I can see myself to this day, trudging stolidly homeward, some steps ahead of my mother and father, my neck stiffly set straight to the front, my round clipped head hung forward, only my little legs doing their part to get me along—and on my heart, a dead weight. I think I could make a proverb for such a day, that she who laughs in church seldom laughs on the way home.

At home, you tell the whole story. You make it sound as funny as possible. You enhance it here and there with a happy thought of your own. You spare no pains to be entertaining, even diverting if it were possible. You draw the account out to its full length, and then you tell it all over again from the beginning. But you can't make your mother see that the wisp sticking out of the back of Miss Prudentia Allen's hair was probably the funniest sight ever yet vouchsafed to mortal man. And if she did not think *this* sight funny, how are you going to impress her with the amusingness of the drawing that Bobby

made in the front of the Psalm book of Miss Allen with a great long wisp of hair sticking straight out of her head? And of course there is no hope of recalling to mother how perfectly upsetting it was, just when you were growing calm, to have Doctor Kennedy give that funny yell in his sermon, which had sent both your heads snorting into your Psalm books 'once more.

Oh, I daresay we all have had rather good mothers, but I should feel quite safe to wager a handsome sum that none of us ever got her mother to appreciate, at what we considered its full value, the joke that upset us in church.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.



PUT YOUR BEST BOOKS FORWARD.



---

*TO THE CAMPUS CAT.*

A tiger or a lady-finger,  
Can you tell me which?  
He springs upon my couch at night  
So I can scarcely stritch.  
His eye is red, he sticks like pitch,  
Exasperatedly I twitch.  
A tiger or a lady-finger,  
Slave, come tell me which.

G. B., '09.

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*COLLEGE NOTES.*

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was held on April first by Esther Williams, '07.

There was a formal meeting of the Graduate Club on Friday, April tenth, at which Dr. Jessen gave a lecture on Nietzsche.

On March twenty-seventh the interclass gymnastic contest was held in the gymnasium.

There was an informal Law Club debate on Tuesday evening, April seventh, in Denbigh. *Resolved*, Chinese labour should be abolished in the United States. Affirmative: D. Nearing, '10; R. Wade, '09; J. Kerr, '10; negative: M. Bontecou, '09; A. Boggs, '10; M. Kilner, '11. The decision was made in favour of the affirmative.

Easter vacation began at 1.30 on Wednesday, April fifteenth, and ended at 9 A. M. on Thursday, April twenty-third.

On April eleventh, the class of 1908 entertained the class of 1909 with a play in the gymnasium.

The College fortnightly sermon was preached on April eighth by the Rt. Rev. William Nielson McVickar, of Rhode Island.

On Friday, April twenty-fourth, at a meeting of the Philosophical Club, Dr. Theodore de Laguna spoke on *The Psychological Basis of Pragmatism*.

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### ATHLETIC NOTES.

As soon as the regular gymnasium classes were over, that is, on Monday, March thirtieth, the spring basketball practice started in, and since then the first and second teams have played every afternoon on both the lower and upper fields.

First team captains: Martha Plaisted, 1908; Anna Platt, 1909; Gertrude Kingsbacher, 1910; Jeanette Allen, 1911.

First team managers: Louise Hyman, 1908; Cynthia Wesson, 1909; Julie Thompson, 1910; Leila Houghteling, 1911.

Second team captains and managers: Alice Sachs, 1908; Anne Walton, 1908; Georgina Biddle, 1909; Judith Boyer, 1909; Katharine Liddell, 1910; Mary Agnes Irvine, 1910; Margery Smith, 1911; Helen Tredway, 1911.

On Monday, April sixth, the first match games in water polo were played, with the following results:

1908 vs. 1909. Won by 1909; score, 10-4.

1910 vs. 1911. Won by 1910; score, 7-4.

In the final game, on Monday, April thirteenth, 1910 beat 1909 by a score of 5 to 3.

Although the tennis championship in singles was awarded last fall, the interclass doubles are now under way and will be played off soon after Easter.

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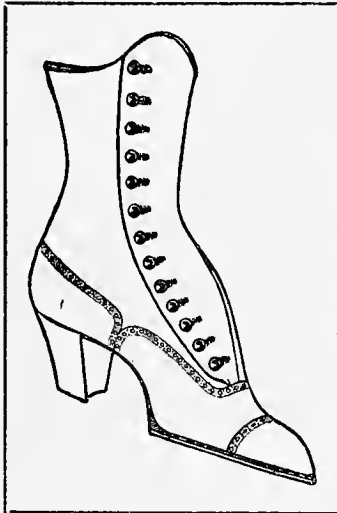
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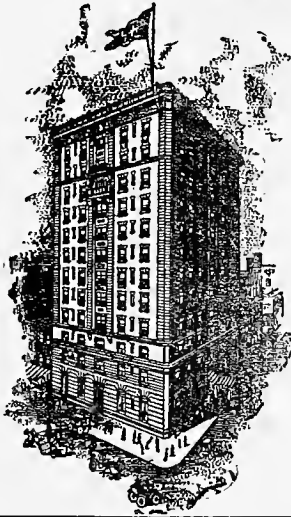
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

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GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

## *A Challenge to Critics.*

Mr. Bernard Shaw always prints at the beginning of a book of plays a very useful—in fact often indispensable—First Aid to Critics. So, too, Mr. Chesterton begins his book called *Heretics* with a statement and defence of the thing he is setting out to do. In Mr. Shaw's case the statement is often quite as necessary as the defence; in Mr. Chesterton's the statement might easily go without saying, since each of the essays repeats it in implicit, if not explicit, form. From each of them it is clear that his purpose is always to strike down to the idea at the bottom of a custom, or a book, or a word. He is always impatient of forms that signify nothing; he has a horror of art for the sake of art, of efficiency for the sake of efficiency. His "Introductory Remarks"

serve to strengthen and emphasize this position. "For these reasons, and for many more," he says, "I for one believe in going back to fundamentals. Such is the general idea of this book. I wish to deal with my distinguished contemporaries, not personally or in a merely literary manner, but in relation to the real body of doctrine which they teach. I am not concerned with Mr. Rudyard Kipling as a vivid artist or a vigorous personality; I am concerned with him as a heretic—that is to say, a man whose philosophy is quite solid, quite coherent, and quite wrong. I revert to the doctrinal methods of the thirteenth century, inspired by the general hope of getting something done."

I should like, in writing of Mr. Chesterton, to follow his own method at once and examine his philosophy of life. But there are many, strangely enough, who cannot believe that Mr. Chesterton really has a definite, consistent philosophy, really does wish to "get something done." There are many who condemn him, not as being too dogmatic—which he is—but as taking up no one stand at all, as being dogmatic enough, indeed, in manner, but as finally teaching nothing; as being, in short, a mere bundle of flippant jokes and meaningless contradictions. However it may be with Mr. Chesterton, these people, at least, are not earnest and serious; for they care less for what a man says than for how he says it. They have been answered already with admirable keenness and good temper, in the essay in *Heretics* on "Mr. McCabe and a Divine Frivolity." But since that essay is itself an instance of the light manner they object to, they will probably not read it, or at least not attend to it. It may be well, therefore, for one who is in no danger of being accused of sacrificing anything to cleverness, to endeavour to refute these critics with arguments as solemn as their own.

Their main objection, of course, is to the constant use of paradox. Since this is capable of being most solemnly refuted, I shall treat it last, for greater weight; and I shall take up first the general objection to frivolity. I concede at once that when they maintain that no earnest man, no man with a purpose, ever made as many jokes on a page as Mr. Chesterton, they are perfectly right. Serious men have been witty, they have been humorous, they have even made jests; but they have made very few jokes. *Joke* is a vulgar word, and joking is a vulgar thing. Mr. Chesterton himself seems not to realise the force of the

distinction. In the essay I have mentioned he says: "Whether a man chooses to tell the truth in long sentences or short jokes is a problem analogous to whether he chooses to tell the truth in French or German. Whether a man preaches his gospel grotesquely or gravely is merely like the question of whether he preaches it in prose or verse. The question of whether Swift was funny in his irony is quite another sort of question than the question of whether Swift was serious in his pessimism. Surely even Mr. McCabe would not maintain that the more funny Gulliver is in its method the less it can be sincere in its object." This is perfectly true, but the fact stares us in the face that Swift's manner is witty and satirical, while Mr. Chesterton's is jovial and jocular.

It is quite excusable, then, that on finding a book crammed full of jokes one should assume at first that it is not trying to "get anywhere," that it aims at giving amusement, and nothing more. I say it is excusable to assume this at first; but it is not excusable to hug the assumption in contempt of opposing evidence. We may very wisely, on seeing a black diamond for the first time, declare that it is not a diamond because all the diamonds we have known are white; but we should very foolishly stand by our decision after we had found that the jewel had all the other qualities peculiar to diamonds.

And if we can forget for a moment our *a priori* theory as to the incompatibility of joking and earnestness—why, then we shall never again remember it. For we shall at once see that humour, even grotesque, exaggerated humour, may set a seal, as it were, on a conviction or an emotion. There are, indeed, some essays in which Chesterton writes a sort of caricature of his own style; in "Science and the Savages," for instance, and in "The German Emperor," he runs absurdities to the ground. But there is as great a difference between these essays and the best of his humour as there is between Wordsworth's "Address to My Infant Daughter" and the Lucy poems. Some really telling use of an absurd freak of humour is to be found in most of his thoroughly serious passages. For instance, at the end of his essay "On Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Making the World Small," he says that the real life of man, quite unaffected by the so-called "large ideas" of our time, "watches from its splendid parochialism, possibly with a smile of amusement, motor-car civilization going its triumphant way, out-

stripping time, consuming space, seeing all and seeing nothing, roaring on at last to the capture of the solar system, only to find the sun cockney and the stars suburban." And at the end of a really moving and eloquent passage in the book on Dickens, he sums up his moralising on Toots of "Dombey and Son" with these words: "We know Toots is not clever; but we are not inclined to quarrel with Toots because he is not clever. We are more likely to quarrel with cleverness because it is not Toots. All the examinations he could not pass, all the schools he could not enter, all the temporary tests of brain and culture which surrounded him shall pass, and Toots shall remain like a mountain."

This is very amusing, but that reader must be very obstinate who is touched by such passages with nothing besides amusement.

The critics that object to the frivolous manner object to paradox as a part of this manner, but they also make a special attack upon it. Now these critics are generally not clear as to the nature of paradox. They have a vague idea that because a paradox is a form of contradiction in terms, and because most contradictions in terms are nonsense, a man that uses paradox is talking nonsense. But a paradox is unlike other self-contradictory statements in that it is a contradiction in *terms*, and in terms only. It is a statement which attracts attention by appearing at first sight to be nonsense, but which is in reality true. Let us take for example a passage such as this, full of paradox, yet full of vigorous and straightforward truth:

"The optimist is a better reformer than the pessimist, and the man who believes life to be excellent is the man who alters it most. . . . The pessimist can be enraged at evil. But only the optimist can be surprised at it. From the reformer is required a simplicity of surprise. He must have the faculty of a violent and virgin astonishment. It is not enough that he should think injustice distressing: he must think injustice *absurd*, an anomaly in existence, a matter less for tears than for a shattering laughter. On the other hand, the pessimists at the end of the century could hardly curse even the blackest thing; for they could hardly see it against its black and eternal background. Nothing was bad, because everything was bad. Life in prison was infamous—like life anywhere else. The fires of persecution were vile—like the stars."

I should be ashamed of having written at such length on the mere style of a man with such fascinating ideas as Chesterton, if there were

not so many people to whom style, even the style of a dogmatic essayist, is either an impassable barrier or a final resting-place. For there are those who like Mr. Chesterton simply because of his amusing style, as well as those who dislike him simply because of it. To these I would quote our essayist's own plea at the end of *Heretics*:

"In concluding this book, therefore, I would ask, first and foremost, that men such as those of whom I have written should not be insulted by being taken for artists. . . . If a man is first with us, it should be because of what is first with him. . . . If a man comes into Hyde Park to preach it is permissible to hoot him; but it is discourteous to applaud him as a performing bear. And an artist is only a performing bear compared with the meanest man who fancies he has anything to say."

Mr. Chesterton follows this method with complete consistency. He is always either more or less than a literary critic. Sometimes he writes like a demagogue; usually he is a sane and keen critic of life. He uses the books of other men merely as points of departure for the expression of his own ideas. To me it seems that this is a far more serviceable office than that of the man who feels called upon to give to the world his "personal reaction" upon reading a book, or to put his judgment of it on record. The most that the conventional critic can do is to give men new ideas about a book as a book. Usually he is glad enough if he can find any new words to express old ideas. But critics like Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Bernard Shaw give new ideas about the ideas of a book—that is, the soul of a book. "There is a great deal of difference," says Mr. Chesterton, "between the eager man who wants to read a book and the tired man who wants a book to read." The conventional critic is like a library assistant, finding something to satisfy the tired man. Mr. Chesterton is like a town-crier, increasing the number of eager men.

Let us take as an example of the non-literary method the essay in *Varied Types* on "Pope and the Art of Satire." The conventional critic, were he Charles Lamb or were he an American undergraduate, would have started with a definition of satire, and would have proceeded to show just how far Pope lives up to the definition, and just what kind of satirist he is. Charles Lamb would have written a delightful essay, the undergraduate would have written a very dull one; but the object would have been the same in both cases—to settle Pope's business,

as Browning would say; to find the perfect phrase and pin it upon him. If any moral were to be drawn from the essay it would be: Read Pope, or else: Don't read Pope, as the case might be. Mr. Chesterton, on the contrary, begins with a defence of Pope as a great poet, but devotes the main part of the essay to drawing the contrast between Pope's searching method of attack and the modern angry method. The purpose of the essay is the satire on modern attempt at satire, and Pope is simply used to point the moral. This habit of seeking the ultimate significance of the ideas of books is but one instance of Mr. Chesterton's general habit of mind. He is, indeed, something of a mystic in his persistent scorn of mere external facts, and in his desire to treat everything in its relation to some larger thing, or to a cosmic philosophy. He has the idealist's scorn of modern plodding realism, in fiction and in history. The common sense of his position is well shown in the essay on Alfred the Great. "Alfred," he says, "may not have done one of the things which are reported of him, but it is immeasurably easier to do every one of those things than to be the man of whom such things are reported falsely. Fable is, generally speaking, far more accurate than fact; for fable describes a man as he was to his own age, fact describes him as he is to a handful of inconsiderable antiquarians many centuries after. Whether Alfred watched the cakes for the neatherd's wife, whether he sang songs in the Danish camp, is of no interest to anyone except those who set out to prove under considerable disadvantages that they are genealogically descended from him. But the man is better pictured in these stories than in any number of modern realistic trivialities about his favourite breakfast and his favourite musical composer. Fable is more historical than fact, because fact tells us about one man and fable tells us about a million men. If we read of a man who could make green grass red and turn the sun into the moon, we may not believe these particular details about him, but we learn something infinitely more important than such trivialities,—the fact that men could look into his face and believe it possible."

Mr. Chesterton is especially fond of showing that things we are accustomed to think of as very different are essentially the same. In the essay "On Sandals and Simplicity" he declares that there is much less real difference between the artificial and the natural things in the world than there is between the sort of man who harps on the difference

and the sort of man who ignores it. In "Christmas and the Æsthetes" he says that the people who object to Christmas festivities as being vulgar "are the kind of people who in the time of the Maypole would have thought the Maypole vulgar; who in the time of the Canterbury pilgrimage would have thought the Canterbury pilgrimage vulgar; who in the time of the Olympic games would have thought the Olympic games vulgar."

A love of large resemblances leads, of course, into theories of the equality of men. Mr. Chesterton is a firm democrat, both as against aristocracy and as against socialism. The democrat has more faith in equality than the socialist. For the socialist believes that men must be forced to be equal by institutions; the democrat believes that they are equal already in the things that matter. The socialist believes that if all men were given equal chances, equality would be gloriously justified and established. But the democrat believes that if all men were given equal chances, not only would there be nothing romantic about equality—there would be nothing glorious about equality. There is something glorious about the idea that the meanest man may prove to be a "king in disguise." But there is nothing glorious about the idea that every man is a king. There is no great joy in coming out abreast in a race with a man with whom you have had an even start. But there is delight in coming out abreast with one who has been given a mile free. The aristocrat objects to socialism because you cannot make men equal, and therefore it is unfair to make conditions equal. The democrat objects to it because men *are* essentially equal, and therefore it would be monotonous if conditions also were equal.

In the essay "On Certain Modern Writers and the Institution of the Family" Mr. Chesterton says that "the thing which keeps life romantic and full of fiery possibilities is the existence of those great plain limitations which force all of us to meet the things we do not like or do not expect." It is this element that gives life the "colour as of a fantastic narrative." "Micawber's life," he remarks elsewhere, "never is a failure, because it is always a crisis." In socialism there will be no crises. In heaven there will be no crises. And the reason that even the most religious people do not really long to die is that they are afraid of the illimitable boredom of a socialistic heaven.

But if Chesterton is hostile towards socialism, he is bitter against aristocracy. I do not mean that he disapproves of an aristocratic form

of government, but that he has a healthy scorn of the aristocratic turn of mind. He especially dislikes the sort of men—whether slum novelists, writing about the poor, or popular journalists, writing to the poor—who make a study of “the people,” or “the masses,” as if they were a separate and peculiar race, with separate and peculiar mental organisms. “The belief that the rabble will only read rubbish,” he says, “can be read between the lines of all our contemporary writers, even of those writers whose rubbish the rabble reads. Mr. Fergus Hume has no more respect for the populace than Mr. George Moore. The only difference lies between those writers who will consent to talk down to the people, and those writers who will not consent to talk down to the people. But Dickens never talked down to the people. He talked up to the people . . . He climbed towards the lower classes. He panted upwards on weary wings to reach the heaven of the poor.”

We have not had since the death of Dickens himself, I think, such a vigorous and exhilarating plea for democracy as this book. Mr. Chesterton remarks of the people who say they wish that Dickens were more refined: “If those people are ever refined, it will be by fire.” I think that here he has kindled the fire that may perhaps refine them. At least, if they are not touched with shame by his satire, they will be moved to enthusiasm—in so far as they can be moved to anything so vulgar—by his eloquence. Even if they still feel that all men are as far as ever from being equally valuable because they are as far as ever from being equally clean and from speaking equally good English, they will at least begin to realize that all men are equally comic, equally tragic, and equally interesting. They will begin to prize “the inexhaustible opportunities afforded by the liberty and the variety of men.”

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

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### SWINGING SONG.

Swing, swing, with the summer breeze,  
Up through the branches of blossoming trees,  
Up to the clouds on the broad blue skies,  
Look far down where the green earth lies;  
Swing, swing, while the blithe birds sing,  
Swing, my little one, high, high,  
Bring me a bit of the beautiful sky.



What do you see in those wonderful clouds?—  
Cities and castles and glittering crowds.  
Swing to the castle, swing in through the gates  
And into the arms of the young prince who waits.  
But when mother calls, over the walls,  
Swing through the sea of warm blue light,  
And down through the drifts of the blossoms white.

Mother will sit in the long soft grass,  
Watching you and the swallows pass,  
Far, far, in the summer air,  
'Till only the bright little cloud of your hair  
Can mark the child from the swallows wild;  
Then down, down, swing down again,  
Air for the birds, but earth for men.

High, high,  
Swing and fly,  
Put out your hand and touch the sky;  
Low, low,  
Now swing slow,  
Give me your hand, I've caught you, so—  
Birds to the nest  
That they love best,  
And this sweet babe to his mother's breast.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

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*A FAINT SUGGESTION.*

The scuffle of sightseers had changed to the busy step of the guardians who, relaxing from their official rigidity, now chaffed with one another as they sauntered from hall to hall. On turning the corner into the Venus of Milo room, one suddenly held up his finger and the laughter broke off. The finger pointed towards the far side of the room where an easel was dimly outlined, beyond the edges of which showed an elbow and a skirt. A few feet away stood a figure in an attitude

of waiting, small, gray, motionless as the statues. The guards shrugged their shoulders with some word of a "special permit," then growled themselves out of the room. At that moment the loiterer stepped to one side, narrowed her eyes at the easel, then at the Venus, now vague and receding in the scant light; then threw down her charcoal with a sigh and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, what is the use of trying to finish this! they always shut us out just when I am getting started. And look at it—no, don't. No real woman ever had a head as small as that."

As her mother came around to render judgment Merab tore the paper from the thumb-tacks and crumpled it. The remonstrated "Oh!" was not quick enough to save the charcoal Venus, and a warning voice from the door sent Mrs. Imbrie to gather up her illustrated catalogue, Tauchnitz volume and bulgy cloth bag. The two went out in silence; the mother, glancing up timidly as the gate clicked behind them, caught a glimpse of a set mouth and flushed cheeks.

"Merab, dear," she began, "don't you think that you're a little impatient? This is just what happens to all your work. You start out with a fine fire, but it burns out in no time. Of course I know that you shouldn't be quite satisfied with what you do, but I do wish that you would make up your mind to work steadily. This is such— There! that automobile almost ran over us just because you never will hurry when we cross the street! This is such a splendid opportunity. Listen to me, dear, just a moment. You know, I was counting up while you were drawing, we have been in Paris four months and you really haven't anything to show for it. I mean,—that you have nothing finished. If you only hadn't wiped out that Monna Lisa,—and though you do say that she is smug—you really did get the mystery of it all, that faint suggestion—"

"Oh, please!" broke in Merab in a hard voice, then turning:

"Just look at that Atlas with the whole bale of flour balanced on the brim of his hat!"

Just as the cracked whistle sounded, they stumbled on to the penny boat, and the gang plank was snatched from under their feet. Mrs. Imbrie went inside to jot down her accounts, Merab leaned against a post in the bow quite surrounded by two large women with baskets from which hung limp asparagus tips and beet greens. But Merab

noticed them no more than the chilly breeze which scuffed up the water at the prow and blew a lock of hair into her eyes. The fainting sunlight caught at the spurts of the waves, but where there should have been a sunset there were only settled layers of gray cloud. Merab clutched her paper of charcoal firmly in one hand and steadied herself on the railing with the other. Then, fixing her eyes on the black skeleton of the Eiffel Tower, which was stretching higher and higher, she began to think.

What was the use of trying to be an artist? What was art anyway?—and she allowed herself to acknowledge for the first time that the winter abroad, which her father had contrived that she might carry back to her work at home the artistic fervour which is caught by breathing the Paris air, had been a failure. Was it her fault? No, no, she thought bitterly, it was *their* fault, they who had encouraged her to cherish dreams of a city where all was laughter and music above a current of solemn memories. In crossing the ocean she had ever before her a city through the heart of which flowed the Seine. On one border wandered in careless groups the artists of the Latin Quarter, their long hair brushing low collars and velveteen jackets, then standing apart, some bent scholar of the Sorbonne with stooping shoulders and deep-set eyes. The other bank of the river was bright with the “monde” in all its fluttering colors; high stepping horses and opera ballets all rioting in a whirl of gayety. And dwarfing all this world should loom the towers of Notre Dame.

She was on the Seine now and turned to watch the shore as it slipped by, in the hope of finding that she had been blind during those four months. But no,—the banks looked as raw as before, with great gouges in the side and piles of old lumber above, the wake of last year’s Exposition. At the left, behind a jagged iron arch, stood the Invalides in the middle of an acre of mud; and Merab thought of her Notre Dame, not on a high hill, but pushed out of the way, with the wooden morgue almost under its buttresses.

And the solemn memories, were they too set away out of sight, and the great men of the past jostled aside by the present? That morning, it being All Saints’ Day, Merab and her mother had wound about over the leaf-strewn paths of Père Lachaise until they found the tomb of Molière and La Fontaine; for, as her mother had said, “there

were some things that one couldn't see too often." Leaving this deserted they went up the hill towards the shaft of smoke that pushed up from the crematory through the cold air, and found the grave of Abelard and Heloise honoured with one visitor, who was frowning at the up-turned stone feet from under a fringe of front hair and black sailor hat. Then there flashed before Merab the different scene which they had come upon a moment later. On the brown grass in front of a narrow slab, a man and woman were adjusting a wreath of black tin roses and furry forget-me-nots. Merab's thoughts became distinct, in indignation over the popular neglect of these great men, and then they swerved to a new idea. Was not achievement after all merely opportunity, and fame only chance repute? In this way she came to believe that her winter had failed, not because Paris and its associations were different from her dream of them, but because she had lost faith in the idea of greatness and of any value in striving towards it. Then the conviction which she had long kept stifled in her mind made itself heard. In art, too, in her art, painting, all fame was traditional. Why was it that, seeking refuge from a sordid Paris in the Louvre, she had found its treasure tarnished? Murillo seemed sentimental because he was supposed to be melting, Rubens fleshly because he was supposed to be gorgeous. And yet Merab knew that in Paris there was art and beauty. Why could she not see it? The answer came: words hummed in her ears: "The mystery of it all, that faint (then a slight critical pause) suggestion." This phrase it was that tainted everything, the words and the tone of carefully weighed appreciation—Merab saw them as disfiguring labels, ready-made and pasted indiscriminately on all objects of art; and then she realised to whom the words and tone belonged. Her mother, yes, her mother was the cause of her "not having anything to show for it." And instead of regret at the thought of her mother's culpability, pride and self-pity rushed to comfort Merab, and she determined to hide her misfortune.

At ten o'clock that evening, when the gathering in the pension parlor had broken up with the usual excuse of a letter which had to go in the next mail, Merab was startled from her book by a knock. From a sense of habit she called an impatient "come in," then, remembering her new rôle, she stepped quickly to the door and greeted her mother with a kiss. They sat down on the sofa, hand in hand, under the red-

shaded gaslight. As the flame wavered brighter, Merab noticed that the intrusive part of her mother's pompadour was more pronounced than usual.

"What would you think of making that call on the Scarrets to-morrow afternoon, dear?" asked Mrs. Imbrie, in tones which set out by being alluringly bright, and died away as though shrinking under the expected rebuff.

Merab sighed, and closed her book with her finger in it to mark the place.

"Why couldn't those Scarrets have stayed as contentedly among their chandeliers and gildings as they did on the ancestral farm! That family, taking a trip abroad, is just like a cat in front of the fire that gets up and makes a perfunctory circle before settling down on the hearth rug. If the cat brushes your skirt on the way, you don't feel like interrupting her just to remind her of you."

"What I mean, Merab," came the patient reply, "is that we really ought to do our best to make their stay in Paris pleasant for them, because they are always so cordial to you and the boys in New York. I suppose that if you really think that to-morrow is the only day for St. Germain—but I wish—don't you think that St. Germain could wait?" And Mrs. Imbrie, with playful intimacy, tucked in a wavy lock that straggled over Merab's cheek. The head jerked away, and quick words followed.

"If you only wouldn't try to plan for me, mother. I really am old enough to be independent. If you think that our attentions will mean so much to the Scarrets, why don't you call on them alone and let me defy all those evil men who hang around the bridges in wait for American 'jeune-filles' and go to St. Germain by myself?"

The mother did not answer immediately. She slipped her hand away from her daughter's lap, then suddenly broke out in low, quick words, her eyes on the magenta cauliflower in the carpet:

"Merab, I often think," then taking new conviction from the indifferent twist in Merab's shoulder; "I often think that I must bore you. Yes, dear, I know that my ideas, as you call them, are not very new; and I feel that perhaps it is rather a nuisance to have me tagging along when you and the others do things together—when you and the boys have been to college—and then your talent and all—and I'm afraid I'm not quite as interesting as I might be, dear."

Her mother knew! Merab turned to her with both hands outstretched. She could not help it, she knew that it should not be, but she felt pity for her mother; and Mrs. Imbrie's tone had been one only of sympathy for her daughter's situation. She knew, but she could still be contradicted.

"Mother, how can you!" her voice was full, her eyes bright with tears; "when you know how much it means to me to be with you. Just think what this trip would have been without you, what my work would be without you to encourage me!"

Their good-night was like that which belonged to Merab's childhood. The next morning she was groping her way upstairs to the nineteenth lesson with Lamonte, last year's "grand prix" at the Salon. On the second landing she stopped as usual to gather inspiration from the charcoal drawing which hung crookedly on the faded wall paper. It was a death mask of Victor Hugo, which Lamonte, out of many candidates, had been allowed to sketch in the death chamber. The last flight was long, Merab found the three other pupils already perched at their easels. The model, even in the most impressionistic terms, could scarcely be called anything more sublime than a Tuscan peasant; but to Merab he seemed, with his flannel shirt, baggy trousers and pick-axe over his shoulder, the most accurate type of the Dago who patches American railroad ties.

Merab looked at her own reproduction, then she put in a few strokes out of her fancy, squinted at the model and erased them. Secretly she liked her work, but the fault, and she saw it, was that she had colored reality too highly. She had made, not a hard driven workman, but a man ground down in the machinery of the times, with a yearning for his mellow Italy. After all it was the model, and not an exiled peasant, that M. Lamonte wanted. The dust on the gray backs of the pictures slanted against the wall, the cobweb at the left corner of the fish net looped over the opposite end of the studio seemed to stifle her. She was very conscious of the brush in her hands, it felt thick, and moved awkwardly, and all this went back to the one cause, to the thought that had oppressed her on waking that morning before she knew what it was,—the thought that the failure of her life was going to be due to her mother, and that she must allow it to fail in order to spare her mother.

At twelve o'clock M. Lamonte sauntered in.

"Ah!" he said after a hasty glance at Merab's work, "it is as I said, mademoiselle, you no longer do good work for me. You have not conceived this subject, it is even out of drawing. It is a great pity, when you have anything as excellent as your first attempt, that copy of the Monna Lisa."

For the next half hour Merab sat on her high stool, her hands in her lap, gazing at a blur of color on the canvas. Her thoughts, too, were blurred, until one finally shaped itself. With a great wrench she decided to admit to herself that she had no talent, that she must put away, forever, this pretence of art. She must give up all the ideals about herself which she and her friends had cherished. She would tell her mother that she was homesick for America and wished this to be her last lesson.

Just as she was about to interrupt the critic and tell him that she was forced to leave suddenly, Mrs. Imbrie came into the studio. She hurried across to Merab.

"That's nice that you're coming home early, Merab; but you mustn't think that I am to be carried off without seeing your picture."

"There it is," said Merab dully.

Mrs. Imbrie went up close to the painting, then stood off a bit with her head on one side. "Merab," she called to her daughter, who stood with her back turned by the window; "Merab," in a tone of well-weighed conviction, "do you know, in this painting you have caught the mystery of it, a certain subtlety—what shall I call it?—a faint suggestion—"

Merab looked up suddenly, she stood straight, color rushed to her cheeks, there was a new light in her eyes.

"Do you really think so?" she said.

As they passed M. Lamonte on the way out, Merab said brightly:

"A new model to-morrow, isn't there, M. Lamonte?"

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

*THE SINS OF HARRIS.*

Anna Elizabeth turned over on her side and pretended to sleep. She always pretended to sleep when her mother came into the room to say good-night, first because it was embarrassing to kiss without hugging, which her mother's silken fluffiness seemed never to allow, and then because her father came in and, if she were asleep, talked of grown-up things across the bed. "My dear," he was saying, "when is Emmaline going? She is a nice enough girl to have around, but Harris is no man to flirt with. Three of his family have died with T. B. and he is coughing like the deuce here lately." "Yes," said her mother, "and besides he is poor. But do you think it's altogether impossible? I wonder sometimes whether we don't look at things in a worldly way. They say it's a sign of age." "You dear idiot," and her father came around to the other side of the bed, "this is no romance, it's pure flirting on her part, and you know what sort Harris is. He would make her marry him, too, in the end, and—well, I should not like trouble at the house."

Anna Elizabeth wondered what it was they did together; to-morrow she would find out; and it was with a vague remembrance of this intention that she woke up the next morning. She could not think exactly what it was she meant to do until after dinner, when she saw Emmaline and Harris go off to the music room together. They were musical and no one else in the house was, least of all Anna Elizabeth, so she never disturbed them. But to-night she remembered and followed. Emmaline was at the piano, as usual, and Cousin Harris was sitting near the fire with his head thrown back and an expression of peace in his eyes. "Emmaline, play for me to-night and let's cut out the lights." Emmaline was flattered, she let her fingers move up and down the keys before they fell upon the opening chords of the andante. This was more than Anna Elizabeth could endure. Talk she could listen to, even grown-up conversation, but music with little tune and no words,—never. "Cousin *Hash!*" he jumped, "sing 'There was an old woman who lived in a church yard.'" The girl at the piano missed a note and slammed



the pedal. The man was irritated himself, but he liked the child and disliked the girl's evident exasperation. "Run away, Anna Elizabeth. You know you don't appreciate music, and I've got a cold," he concluded weakly. "Oh, well, Cousin Hash, I'll sing it to you, only you have to make the boo at the end." Her eyes became fixed, she swayed to and fro and chanted:

"There was an old woman who lived in the church yard,  
One day her husband was brought to the church yard, ooh me,  
And they put him in a grave full of water, ooh me,  
And the worms crawled in, and the worms crawled out —

"Did you teach that child stuff like that? Why, Harris, it's criminal. It makes me creep, and you know I am not squeamish." "Heavens!" cried the man, "it is not crawley to her, can't you see? Any one with any insight into a child's nature—" "Good-night," the girl turned on her heel. She was always doing things like that. "Of course I have no insight. Women," she said with biting sarcasm, "usually know nothing about children." . . .

Anna Elizabeth was walking in the park with her nurse. "I suppose you know, Hannah, what a disappointment Emmaline was to me. Mother says she is my godmother; of course she isn't. God-mothers are different and come through the ceiling and carry wands, but all of it was mean, pretending she was. Oh," she broke off, "there's Daddy Gugley in his chair." She ran up to the old man to ask him his views and tell him her past Sunday School experience. "Yes," she was saying, "Andrew and I both went, and when he heard the bell, Andrew ran and I could not catch him, so I hollered to him to stop because, you know, it's a sin to run on Sunday." She felt some one near and looked up to see Harris and Emmaline smiling down upon her. She introduced them and carefully explained these characters. "Emmaline isn't my godmother, but she has a pin with three silver bears, big bear, middle-sized bear and tiny bear." Harris smiled at Emmaline and Emmaline at the child. Anna Elizabeth went on: "Emmaline plays on the piano and Cousin Hash plays too, and mother says,"— but Harris interrupted swiftly, "Come on, Emmaline, let's go, we can see the kid later."

That night Anna Elizabeth's mother went out with Anna Eliza-

beth's father, and Emmaline and Harris went again into the music room. This time Anna Elizabeth waited until she had been undressed for bed before she came down to ask Emmaline to hear her prayers. Harris got up. "I reckon I'll wait until you all get through." "Are you a Christian?" Anna Elizabeth asked gently, "if you are you can stay." He sat down. "What shall I say first?" "Now, I lay me," Emmaline said softly. "I don't usually, not to mother, but Cousin Harris taught it to me." The girl glanced at Harris, he looked into the fire, he did not remember, but perhaps he had. "Now, I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake,"—she buried her face in the fold of Emmaline's dress. "Hit me in the head with a buckwheat cake." "Harris!" Emmaline fairly screamed, "Harris! I knew you were not religious, but now I see you are not even—to teach a child a thing like that, it is, it is—no gentleman would do it." Emmaline could say nothing more than this. Harris was a little ashamed and a great deal angrier. A woman could say what she choose, it was the abominable privilege of the sex. He wondered whether they were all like this, pretty, stupid. Emmaline with her usual queenlike motions would have risen to leave the room, but the child made no motion, so she could not. "Say the other one, my dear. The one your *mother* taught you." "Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name—What does hallowed be thy name mean?" Emmaline explained. "Thy kingdom come,"—she looked up and smiled into her godmother's eyes,—“with a big bass drum, and we'll get there all the same.”

"Anna Elizabeth!" Emmaline was prostrated. She knew this was Harris' work too. She did not look at him, "all was over between them." "She was glad she had found out in time." She had once counted it a good trait that he had been fond of the child, but this is how he had wasted his precious influence. She pictured him in her mind's eye, his head bowed, his thin hands working, ashamed, hating himself. Perhaps, if he were penitent. She would turn, and he would be on his knees before her, poor Harris."

She did turn. He was sitting at the table, his face buried in his arms, and his body shaking. She did not know he had felt it so keenly. She touched his shoulder very gently, he rose instantly and then fell back in the sofa, limp with laughter.

· GRACE BRANHAM, '10.

*ON GEORGE MacDONALD'S "LIGHT PRINCESS."*

A princess light as the air is she;  
When the breeze slips down over glacier peakes,  
It is never so chill as her laughter free  
That ripples her words whenever she speaks  
As she floats where the wind through the pine tree creaks,  
    Tossing in unsought liberty  
    Above the dust of the earth's highway.

A princess light as the air is she;  
Bound by the spell of a fairy's wand  
To a foot and a heart without gravity,  
To a soul by sympathy never warmed;  
She must ever live with a heart unharmed  
    By love,—till a prince unwittingly  
    Shall melt her heart from its ice bonds free.

A princess light as the air is she,  
Save when swinging down by a willow bough  
She drifts in the cool of an inland sea.  
Here her prince, riding by to fulfil a vow  
Sees her floating away, and forgetting now  
    The weight of his armour, a lover he  
    Plunges in, and the waves close ruthlessly.

No longer a princess light as air,  
She lies in the flowers that droop to the lake,  
Through buttercups gazing to far sky where,  
One moment ago, she had skimmed the wake  
Of a swallow's flight. The fairy bonds break  
    And she sobs for the lover with golden hair  
    Who had died that her soul might awake and care.  
                                SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

## EDITORIAL.

For everything there is a season, and just about ripe is that one at which each Freshman class is accustomed to doff the sack-cloth of its Freshman humility and don the proud vestments of Sophomore importance by taking an official vote on the subject of hazing. There will be, peradventure, ten or twenty—as there always have been—who will persist in wet-blanketing the high fervour of this occasion by dragging in unworthy objections—notably, we venture to foresay, that time-worn and—as we all know—perfectly obsolete argument based on the demands of human kindness. So long as sentimental, inexperienced girls can pass our Freshman-Sophomore examinations, of course this argument is bound to reappear, but, thank heaven! dear fellow-students, the time has come when we may—as we now usually do—simply ignore it. Or, better still, if there are those who will persistently obstruct our paths with worn-out views of the obligations of courtesy and friendliness, we can *laugh*—ah, excellent diversion! They can never gainsay us if we but laugh loud enough and long enough. And especially let us laugh *loud*. Then indeed it is doubtful if we shall even have to laugh *long*. In short, let us cultivate the gentle art of derisive shouting, and it requires no “seer’s vision” to foretell the confused retreat of the *sentimental* argument.

It is an excellent thing, by the way, just at this point in the class proceedings, to have one or two fervid speeches on the subject of *what we owe to our college*—college tradition—that is the phrase! Hazing is a Bryn Mawr tradition. Ah! think of it, ten years old. Shall we pluck the silver hairs from its venerable head because a handful of profane quibblers insist upon twanging their string to the tune that it is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance? Oh, shame! Our Alma Mater *first*, the individual last—if ever!

And, now that we are quite warmed up to the subject, let us go on to consider the positive advantages of hazing, both in our college term and its effect upon our after life. Hazing, my dear colleagues, is twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

'Tis hazing lubricates the wheels of society. 'Tis hazing makes the world go round—the social world. If it were not for hazing, for example, how would a college girl ever learn to display the sweet graces of self-demeaning and abjection by floundering out into the snow as a tribute of respect to each passer-by, or to stand embarrassed one one foot for fifteen minutes when a roomful of preoccupied upper-classmen forget to tell her she may sit down. For not only are such performances a pretty and touching sign of modesty in undergraduates, but, for those of the students who are planning to hire themselves out, upon graduation, as household menials, can we not see that the advantages of such training are positively inestimable?

But this is not all. Consider, if you will, the society girl—supposing, that is, that any of our number shall be pushed into social pursuits after the ranks of the menial class have been filled. Picture to yourselves a situation in which the young woman in society is requested to entertain some new friends by a few simple accomplishments, such as sliding down the balustrade, eating two apples at once, scrambling like an egg, or singing like a tea-kettle. In such a case, the college-bred woman is completely at home. Without embarrassment or self-consciousness she is able to do her small share for the promotion of good fellowship. But witness the home-bred girl. How she blushes as she mounts the balustrade—if indeed she does mount it! With what conscious constraint she endeavours to preserve a dignified mien while scrambling like an egg, rather than make the little sacrifice of self which is the cornerstone, as it were, of our social system. Ah! when will our women learn that, before they can be permitted the right of large service for humanity, they must learn to surrender themselves in the little things of life. Whatever we do—if it be but to slide down a balustrade before an assembly—let us do it heartily and without constraint.

Do you doubt whether the spirit of good comradeship pays? Note then the home-bred girl as she goes in and out among her new friends. At the end of two or three days how much better does she know them than when she met them? As she says good-bye—only a cold handshake, the formal exchange of good wishes, and hopes for further acquaintance which we all know can mean nothing more than the mere superficial observance of convention. But note, on the other hand, the

college woman. What demonstration is too expressive between those who have slid down the balustrade side by side. Why should they express conventional hopes for opportunities for further acquaintance? Are they not already old pals? Ah, if you would have a friend on the basis of equality and good comradeship, meet her half way. Slide down the balustrade with her. Scramble with her like an egg, and see how the barrier between your natures will fall, never to rise again.

This, then, is the argument with which we would meet the objection that the effect of hazing is socially disastrous. Let every one in the class meeting affirm vehemently that the night of her hazing was probably the happiest night of her life; that it did more to put her on an equal footing with her classmates than all the so-called elevating educational processes put together. If we cannot all get together on a high social plane, surely, for the sake of our Alma Mater, we can descend in a body to the balustrade-sliding, egg-scrambling level. Equality first! On whatever plane, let us have equality (not, of course, equality between classes, for everyone understands that where one girl is a year older than another and has eight months more of college curriculum to her credit, any real intercourse between the two is forever impossible). But within our classes let us come together. Let us not be prudish and narrow-minded. Let us not be bound to a past. Let us, on the contrary, step boldly into the inheritance of a larger and nobler womanhood that is beckoning us. Let us rend, with a courageous hand, the veil which separates us from our brothers, and let us trammel down, once and for all, those prejudices which have bound us—lo, these many years—the slaves of convention, the strangers to good fellowship.

R. G.

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### THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.

On Saturday evening, May ninth, the class of 1910 presented Oscar Wilde's farce, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in honour of the Seniors. The play was probably the best, in general effect, that, has been given in College so far this year. The practice of giving plays that are in themselves so light and amusing as to require no serious or complicated interpretation on the part of the actors is very much to

be commended, so long as the time allotted us for dramatic practice continues to be limited.

Miss Dennison, as Algernon Montcrieff, caught, with praiseworthy whimsicality, the mincing step, the petulant expression of the paradoxical æsthete. Miss James also was charming in her representation of the naïve sentimentalist, Earnest Worthing. The part of Cecily Cardew's governess, Miss Prism was exceedingly well taken by Miss Cabot. Her play with the amorous but very respectable Dr. Chasuble was one of the most amusing features of the farce. The appearance of Miss Rotan as a middle-aged dowager was very surprising until we banished from our minds the remembrance of her sweeping plumes and Quixotic behaviour in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The skill with which she brought out the satire of Lady Bracknall's views of life left us, in a high degree, admirers of her versatility. Miss Romeyn represented the sophisticated smartness of Gwendolyn Bracknall with much ability, and her scenes with Cecily Cardew at Worthing's country place were delightful. It was characteristic of the æsthetic luxuriousness of the play and also of the generosity of the admirers of the players, that Gardenias figured so conspicuously in the buttonholes of the men and the girdles of the women.

An admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged to students who were not Seniors for admission to the gymnasium, and when, on the following day, the proceeds were computed; it was found that the class of 1910 had \$100 to present to the Gymnasium Fund.

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### THE JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER PLAY.

On Friday, May fifteenth, at the supper given in honour of the Seniors the Juniors presented *Romeo and Juliet*, which they repeated twice on the following day for the benefit of the gymnasium. It is said by Mr. King, and by many others who have been constant patrons of the Bryn Mawr dramatics, that never, in the history of the college, has so admirable a production been given. We can do no better, by way of criticism, than repeat some of the comments of those whose wisdom and judgment are beyond question.

It is perhaps very startling to say that *Romeo and Juliet* could hardly be better represented by professionals. It does not seem so surprising when we reflect that the actors in the Junior Class, besides possessing undeniable talent, and having had the advantage of the most excellent training, have also in their favour the charm of youth and intelligence, which is so painfully lacking in some of the middle-aged lovers of the professional stage.

Miss Nearing and Miss Baker, in their roles of Romeo and Juliet, gave us an emotional thrill we had not thought possible in amateur dramatics. Not only were they so graceful, so beautiful, so romantically Shakespearean, that our eyes were delighted; they were so impulsive, so passionate, so pathetically ingenuous, that our minds were convinced.

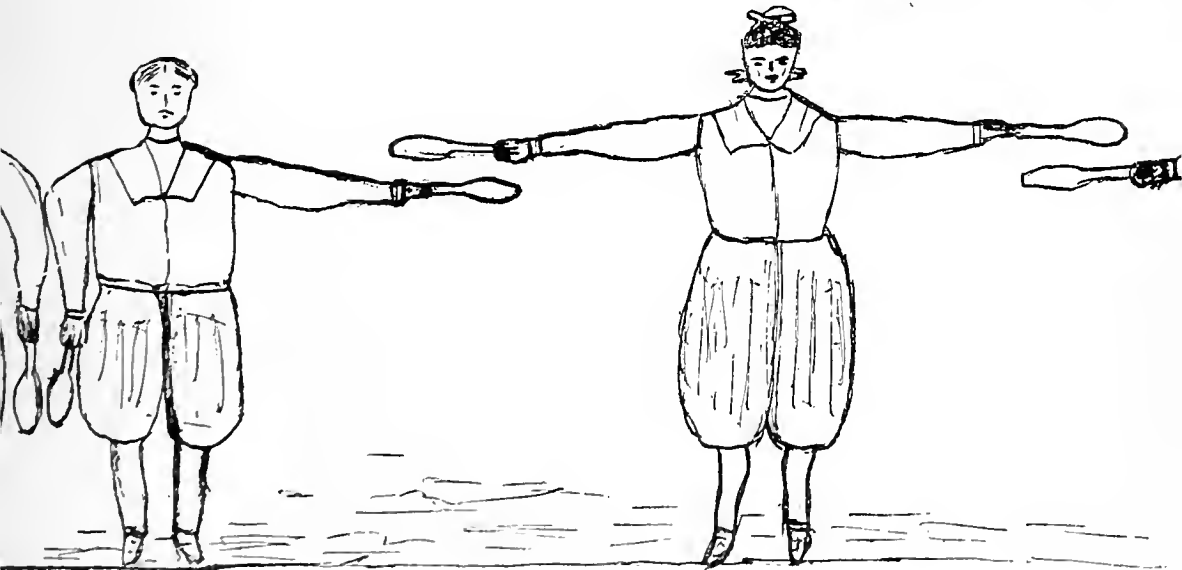
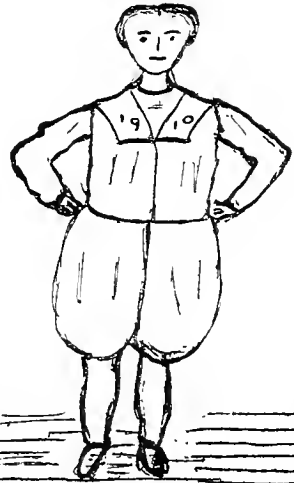
The minor parts of the play were also excellently taken. With the young beauty of the courtiers, the exaggerated fierceness of the Capulets and Montagues, the gay attires of all, our rickety old gymnasium stage was changed into a fairy-land of romantic splendour. The Class of 1909 deserves the thanks of the college not only for furnishing us with delightful entertainment, but also for setting so high a standard for our dramatics. The dark side to such glory as this is, however, that successive plays, if only ordinarily good, will seem poor and bare in comparison with *Romeo and Juliet*.



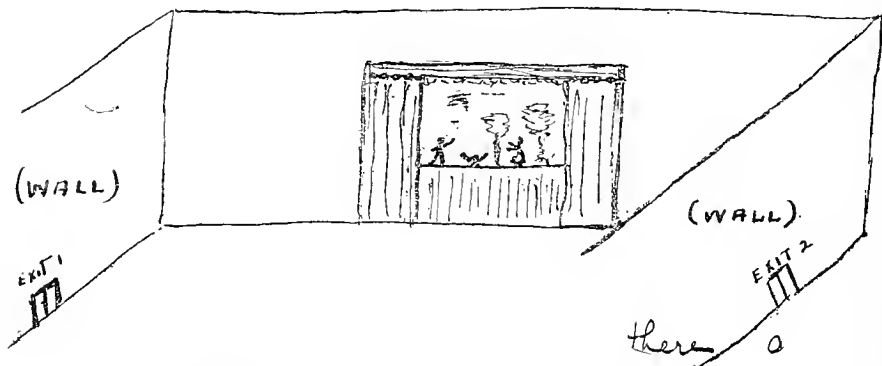
*DULCI FISTULA**THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE  
GYMMAKERS.*

I am the outraged student,  
I have a complaint which is meant  
For your ears alone,  
E'en a heart made of stone,  
At my pitiful plea would relent.

I wish to state clearly and plain  
That work in the gym is my bane,  
So unless it's built new,—  
I won't say what I'll do, —  
But they'll call me to gym class in vain.



No room to swing dumb-bell or club  
 Unless against neighbors I rub.  
     Marching tactics all winter  
     Are spoiled by a splinter  
 Against which my toe I must stub.



There's no room to run there at all,  
 For as soon as I start,—there's a wall!  
     And the bad ventilation  
     Causes much tribulation  
 In case of a fancy-dress ball.  
 The stage is so very minute,  
 (This argument you can't refute),  
     That the edge is so near,  
     Actors oft disappear,  
 Which would even annoy the astute.  
 And as for the play's audience,—  
 This point would pierce even the dense,—  
     The doors, only two,  
     In a fire would not do,  
 For the frenzied crowd's always immense.  
 "A *RED* gym amongst buildings gray!"  
 With great consternation you say,  
     Yes, that is just it,  
     This gym's a misfit,  
 So we want a new one right away.

H. W. SMITH, 1910.

## OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

LEONE ROBINSON, *President.*

MAY PUTMAN, *Vice-President.*

HILDA W. SMITH, *Treasurer.*

MARY A. WILLIAMS, *Secretary.*

*Membership Committee.*—Alta Stevens, Chairman; Frances Hearne, Mary F. Case, Frances Stewart, Catharine Delano, Georgina Biddle.

*Philanthropic Committee.*—Marion Kirk, Chairman; Suzanne Allinson, Isabella Rogers, Esther Walton.

*Bible Study Committee.*—Mary E. Holliday, Chairman; Anna Walton, Esther Cornell, Ruth Babcock, Charlotte Simmonds, Helen Emerson, Leila Houghtling.

*Religious Meetings Committee.*—Suzanne Allinson, Chairman; Elizabeth Swift, Beth Hibben, Frances Carey, Antoinette Hearne, Phyllis Rice, Marion Scott.

*Mission Study Committee.*—Dorothy North, Chairman; Zip Falk, Katherine Lidell, Florence Wood, Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret Prussing.

*Intercollegiate Committee.*—May Putnam, Chairman; Dorothy Childs, Katherine Branson, Norvelle Browne, Marion Crane.

*Finance Committee.*—Hilda W. Smith, Chairman; Elizabeth Tappan, Edith Murphy, Alpine Parker, Mabel Ashley, Frances Porter, Anne Russell Sampson.

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ALUMNÆ NOTES.

A contribution to the Endowment Fund is to be made yearly by each class.

Those visiting the College recently have been:

'01. Edith Crowninshield Campbell, Louise Colbourne Brown, Jane Righter.

'06. Caroline Elizabeth Harrington, Frances Marion Simpson.

'07. Julie de Forest Benjamin, Alice Martin Hawkins, Jeanette Cascaden Klauder, Margaret Baker Morison, Emma Carola Woerishoffer.

The class of 1893 expect to have a reunion at Commencement this year.

*COLLEGE NOTES.*

On April twenty-seventh, May fourth and May eleventh President Thomas was at home to the graduate students, and on April twenty-eighth, May fifth and May twelfth to the members of the Senior class.

College fortnightly sermon was preached on April twenty-ninth by the Rev. Father Huntington, of the House of the Holy Cross, West Park, N. Y.

May first found us, as usual, early awake and out. In spite of the cold north winds and the scattered clouds, the day brought with it the true spring gayety, and never did the Maypoles on the green look more festive nor the chant from the Owl Tower sound more inspiring. After the general rally around the Senior Maypole, President Thomas spoke to us about the origin of our May Day, and then added to the May Queen's violet crown (which Josephine Proudfit wore with queenly grace) a bright daisy of pearl-and-gold, presented by Miss Thomas and Miss Garret for the occasion. The day was further made notable by the announcement in chapel of the resident fellowships and scholarships and special prizes as follows: James E. Rhodes Junior Scholarship was awarded to Katharine Forbes Lidell, James E. Rhodes Sophomore Scholarship to Marion Delia Crane; Mary G. Stevens Junior Scholarship to Marie Ethel Ladd; Mary Hopper Sophomore Scholarship to Angela Darkow and Agnes Lawrence Murray; Elizabeth Duane Gillespie Scholarship in American History to Eugene Blow Miltenberger and Judith McCutcheon Boyer. Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholarship, awarded on the ground of scholarship to a member of the Junior class, was divided between Margaret Sidney Dillon and Margaret Bontecou; Mary Helen Ritchie Memorial Prize to Theresa Helburn; George W. Childs Essay Prize to Theresa Helburn. Honourable mention was made also of Margaret Ladd Franklin's work in composition. It is said that never before in the history of the essay prize have two candidates made such close competition.

On April thirtieth Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge; Mass., delivered the Founders' Lecture. His subject, connected, as is customary, with the history of the Society of Friends, was "The Hanging of Mary Dyer."

There was a formal meeting of the English Club in Pembroke East on May first. Mr. Paul Elmer Moore, Associate Editor of *The Nation*, read a paper on Sir Thomas Browne.

The regular Christian Union meeting on May sixth was led by Catherine Delano, 1911.

On Saturday, May ninth, the last of the Seniors passed the last of the Orals, and celebrated their success with an enthusiastic hoop-rolling, and the same evening were further cheered by a play from 1910.

Freshman class supper was held on May eighth.

The annual concert of the Bryn Mawr Glee and Mandolin Clubs was held in the gymnasium on Saturday, May second. The audience was large and the program interesting. The solos were remarkably good this year; and the "special attractions," in the way of Hawaiian love-songs, whistling solos and drum accompaniments, were greeted with enthusiasm. The higher price of admission, all agree, was more than justified by the excellence of the concert, even if the receipts had not been destined for our growing pet, the new gymnasium.

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### ATHLETIC NOTES.

On Wednesday, May sixth, a meeting of the Athletic Association was called for the purpose of choosing the officers for the year 1908-1909. After the reports for the past year had been read, the elections were held, with the following results: President, Cynthia Wesson, 1909; Indoor Manager, Anna Platt, 1909; Outdoor Manager, Elsa Denison, 1910; Secretary, Janet Howell, 1910; Treasurer, Helen Emerson, 1911.

The Association had an opportunity of showing, in some slight degree, its appreciation of Marjorie Young's work as President during the past year—of her capability in carrying on the regular interests of athletics and of her courage in undertaking the second task of raising the new Gymnasium Fund. The enthusiasm over her presidency was increased when Miss Applebee, as chairman of the committee for the fund, announced the results of its efforts up to this date. The undergraduates have raised 2,232 dollars, the alumnae and friends of the College have contributed 989, making a total, with the original 5,000, of 8,221. In addition to this, one alumna has pledged 5,000, and there

has been an anonymous gift of 5,000. Thus out of the necessary 20,000 dollars 18,221 are already secured, and we may look forward to having the gymnasium rebuilt before next winter.

The scores of the match games in basketball are as follows:

Monday, May fourth—1908 vs. 1909; score, 17-6 in favor of 1908.

Tuesday, May fifth—1910 vs. 1911; score, 7-6 in favor of 1910.

Wednesday, May sixth—1908 vs. 1909; score, 16-13 in favor of 1908.

Thursday, May seventh—1910 vs. 1911; score, 10-9 in favor of 1911.

Monday, May eleventh—1910 vs. 1911; score, 11-5 in favor of 1910.

#### *Finals:*

May 13—1908 vs. 1910; score, 6-3 in favor of 1908.

May 16—1908 vs. 1910; score, 13-2 in favor of 1908.

In the two second team games which have taken place, 1909 has won from 1908 by a score of 16-4, 1910 from 1911 by a score of 11-5.

In the tennis doubles 1910 has defeated 1911 in two matches, and 1908 has defeated 1909 in one match. The last match between the Seniors and Juniors as well as the finals are still to be played.

---

### *JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG.*

*(Music by Caroline McCook.)*

Purple shadows of the twilight gleam

On far hills and on fields of flowers.

All too short for our final partings seem

These perfect hours.

Oh, 1909, 'tis hard to leave

You who so faithfully have stood beside us

And 1908 will ever grieve

That lengthening years divide us.

Twilight is faded and now the warm stars gleam

On cool dew and on folded flowers,

We regretfully turn away to dream

Of vanished hours.

## JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG.

Golden days to come are few.  
Seniors, ere we part with you,  
Working, playing, wondering when  
Friends like you we'll find again;  
In youth or age believe us true,  
Time will but our love renew.

Soon must you cease your college play,  
Years will their burdens on you lay;  
Take, as you pass on life's unknown way,  
Echoes of joy that we wish you to-day.

Autumn's leaves are blown away,  
Bare white winter yields to May.  
At the ending of the year,  
Friends before, we're closer here.  
Here the last time, comrades true,  
1908 we sing to you.

---

SENIOR SONG.

*Tunc: Whistling Chorus from "The Red Mill."*

## I.

When we first came to college we thought everything was great  
(*Whistle.*)

From basketball to breakfast, we did not discriminate.  
(*Whistle.*)

We trusted all the classes, let the Seniors write our song  
To sing at their reception, and we practised it full strong,  
But just before the evening we decided—'twas too long.  
(*Whistle.*)

## II.

In Sophomore year again our young illusions still were rife,  
(*Whistle.*)

We never stopped at anything—we thought 'twas seeing life.  
(*Whistle.*)

We worked like dogs for May Day, by enthusiasm led,  
We learned to say our parts as if Elizabethan bred,  
And when the day came round we wished we were—that is—were  
dead.

(*Whistle.*)

III.

As Juniors we were left to face the facts of life alone;  
(*Whistle.*)

We looked upon the college and the world as all our own.  
(*Whistle.*)

We started with Pinero and we ended with Rostand,  
We made the Seniors all agree that our attempt was grand,  
But when the plague beset them—then they took a different stand.  
(*Whistle.*)

IV.

As Seniors, sentiment and spring combine to make us grieve,  
(*Whistle.*)

The world outside looks blank and drear, and my! we hate to leave!  
(*Whistle.*)

Still there are consolations which our eager souls feed on,  
Ere dramatics are forbidden we at least shall all be gone,  
And the cut rule didn't catch us—though we may have brought it on.  
(*Whistle.*)

V.

In years to come we'll be alumnæ settled and sedate,  
(*Whistle.*)

We'll come back again to college, weighty matters to debate.  
(*Whistle.*)

The undergraduates we'll watch at guileless work and play,  
We'll find that they sit up all night or rise at break of day,  
'Twill sap their young vitality—'twas not so in our day.  
(*Whistle.*)

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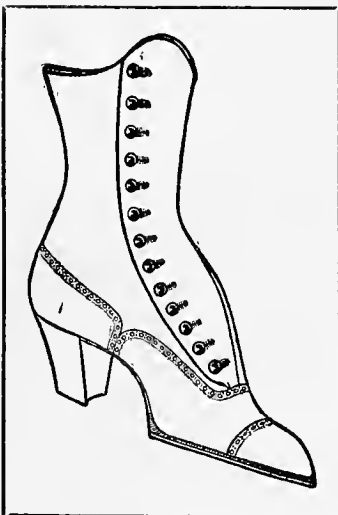
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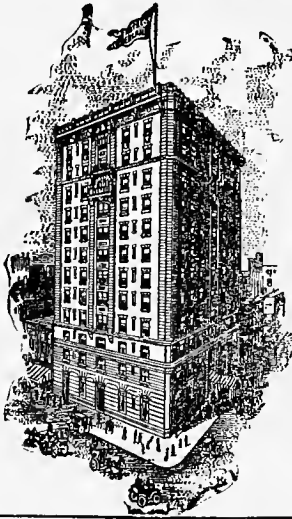
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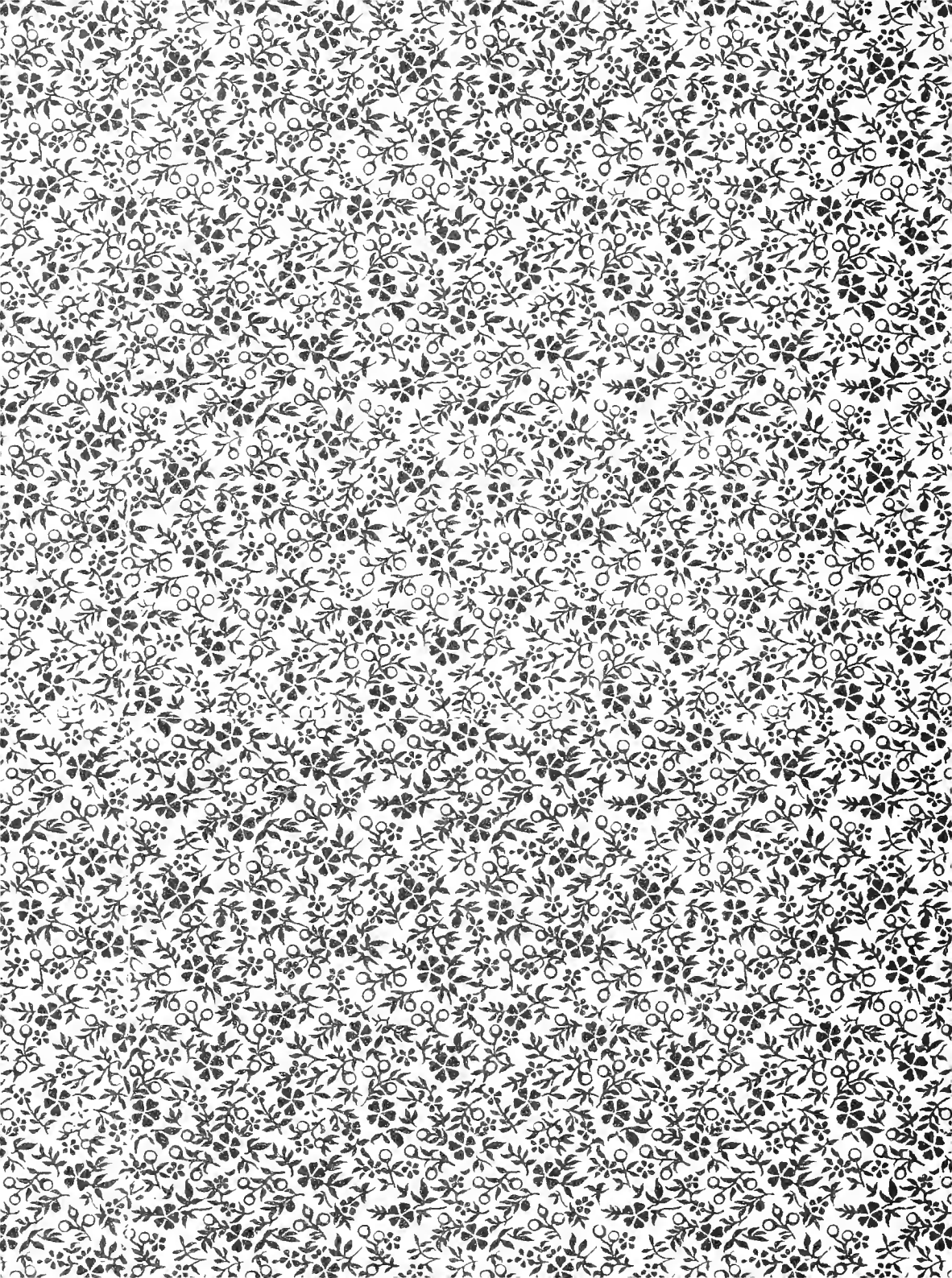


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